

The
TRUTH
About
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Movies

THE
STONES'
GRAND
FINALE

ROLLING STONE

No. 49

ACME

DECEMBER 27, 1969 UK: 2/6 35 CENTS



ROLLING STONE

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No. 49

'All the News
That Fits'

DECEMBER 27, 1969



ED CARAEFF

Neil Young: He made it clear that he belongs to himself. See Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, Taylor & Reeves story, page 20.

FREE ROLLING STONES: 'IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN!'

BY JOHN BURKS

AND LORAINA ALTERMAN
SAN FRANCISCO—All that remained for the Rolling Stones was the big free concert they had vaguely promised since they arrived in this country—vaguely at first, and then, as the tour progressed, city by city, more definitely, until finally Mick Jagger told a New York press conference that it was going to happen for certain: in San Francisco, at Golden Gate Park (or a nearby park somewhere) on December 6th.

The only trouble with the scheme was that by then they were too late to get permission to use Golden Gate Park or any San Francisco park. Their representatives—most prominently Sam Cutler, Mick's friend who had managed their tour, and Grateful Dead manager Rock Scully—had been trying to make arrangements for nearly a month.

But, with just one week to go, noth-

ing was firmed up—except near-universal agreement that if the thing could happen, it would attract a minimum of 200,000. It would be a Little Woodstock, and, even more exciting, it would be an *instant* Woodstock. But they still had no idea where it was going to be held.

With site-hunting and planning reaching a fever pitch in San Francisco, Jagger phoned to inquire how it was going. He was in Alabama with the rest of the Stones, he said. They were, in his words, "fishing." Were they catching anything? "Mostly grass," he answered.

The Stones were eager to do the concert, Jagger reported, but he sounded somewhat pessimistic. "It depends on whether we can get a place. There are so many obstacles put in front of us. It's gotten so fucking complicated."

Mick thought it would be great to do a sort of all-day thing—"not just play one set and then go, but make a day of

it." What did he mean by that, exactly? He wasn't sure. But it would come to more than just playing for an hour.

Asked at what point during the tour they'd decided to do a free event, Jagger said: "It was when we first fucking got to Los Angeles, the first stop. We decided right then to do it after the tour was over. We wanted to do Los Angeles, because the weather's better. But there's no place to do it there, and we were assured we could do it much more easily in San Francisco."

Why did they think it was worth doing—considering that it might cost them as much as \$50,000 to \$100,000?

"Well," said Jagger mock-serious, "I wanted to do the whole *tour* for free, because, you know, I'm richer than the other fellas, and I can afford it." Quickly, he added: "I'm just joking." He never did directly respond to the question.

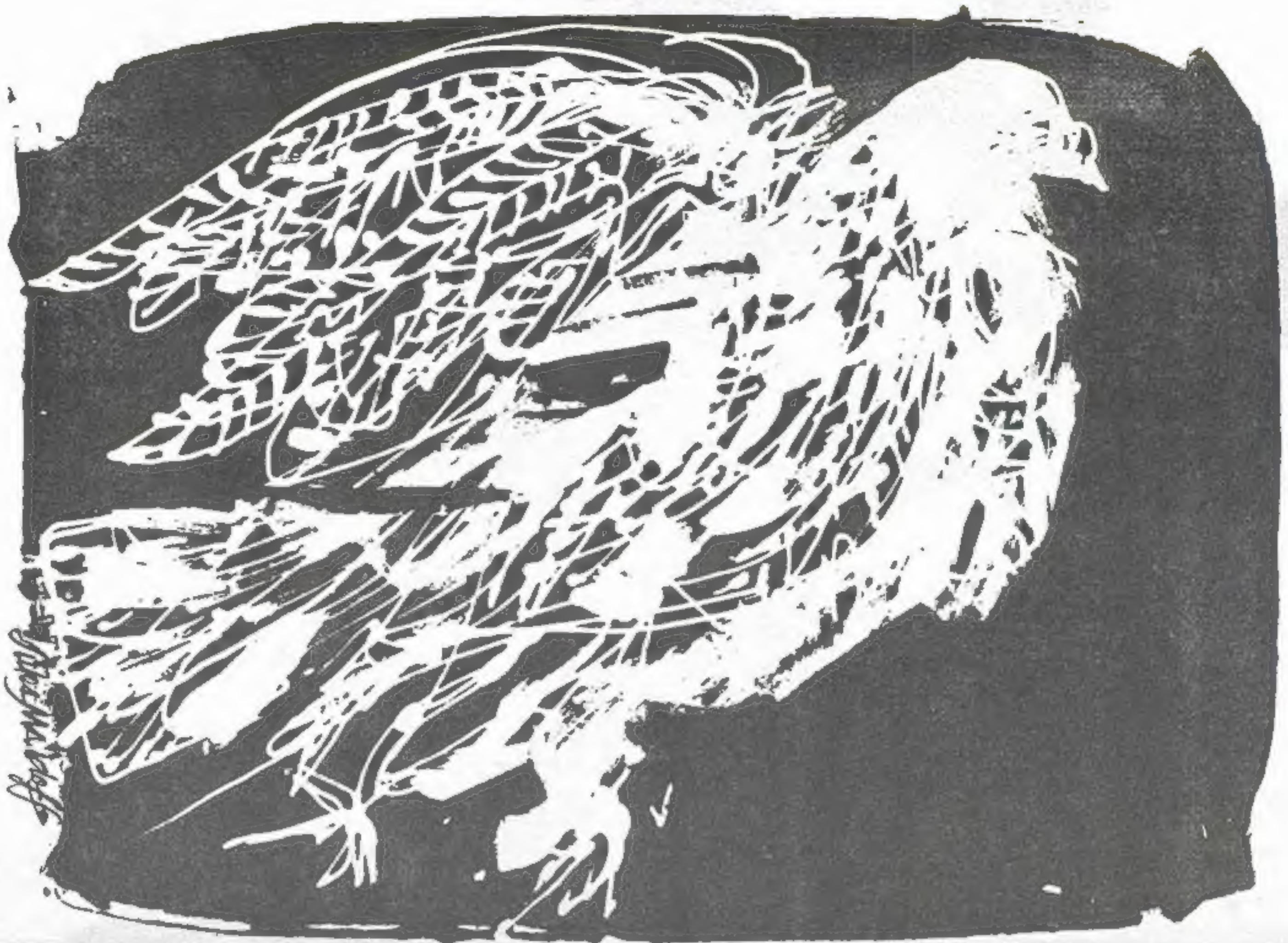
The week before Thanksgiving, the

Los Angeles Free Press had first broken the news about the free concert under the headline "Come Celebrate." (In fact, it had been known some two weeks previous, but nothing was published in respect to the organizers' feeling that to do so might fuck it up.)

The earliest news had it that the Band would appear, plus Ali Akbar Khan. Later it developed both had prior commitments. Since Grateful Dead functionaries have been involved in the planning, it seems safe to assume the Dead will perform, as promised.

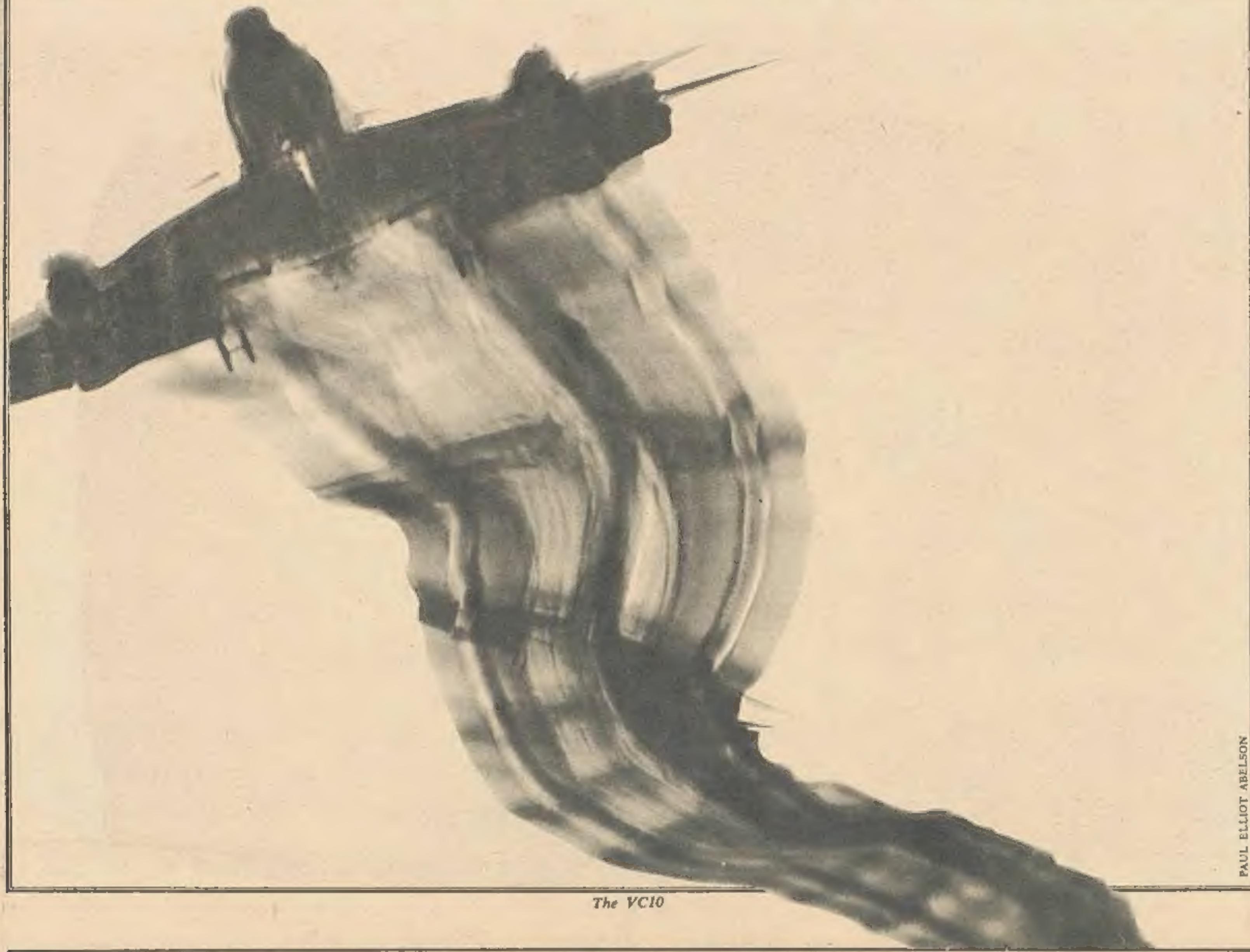
Word appeared in Ralph Gleason's column in the San Francisco Chronicle that the radical San Francisco Mime Troupe would appear along with other theatrical groups, elsewhere in the park, and that proceeds from the film of the event would go to "groups that do things free." At this point, nobody had even

—Continued on Page 6



PIANO

A dense grid of the word "NOW" repeated 100 times in a 10x10 grid. In the center, there is a faint watermark of a stylized bird logo above the text "VANGUARD RECORDS".



PAUL ELLIOT ABELSON

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

After reading your much-heralded, highly amusing and deeply disappointing Dylan interview, I remembered how the Beau Brummels put it a few years ago. Maybe they knew something more about the way our troubled troubadour thinks and acts than Jann Wenner does:

Travel your own beaten path
Wander where you can't be
grabbed
Beware of hidden dangers
And don't you go talking to
strangers.

There ain't no way, in other words, that Dylan's gonna be typed or hyped or tricked into saying what he don't wanna say—and he don't wanna say very much, that's for goddam sure. That's the sole conclusion one can draw from seven pages of a rap that is pure bullshit.

JEROME CLARK
MOORHEAD, MINN.

SIRS:

Well, you did it. Finest job of commercialization yet. Selling Dylan to the masses. Dylan's interview informs all of us that his music was not written for us, that his thinking is less than mediocre, and that his principal interests in life are non-political, non-community, and basically capitalist.

Yeah, Elvis ought to sing your stuff, Bob. Come on at Radio City in his best Motown style and do "Desolation Row" for an audience of Minutemen.

That smoky odor is a Dylan poster burning.

DENNY WEBB
ORLANDO, FLA.

SIRS:

Two friends of mine were arguing once rather heatedly because one had said quite innocently "John Lennon knows exactly where it's at" and the other pointed out that John himself had denied this most definitely in a recent interview. In the end, the explanation was that if John did know where it was at (even subconsciously) he would never tell US. We're just lazy enough to want him to spell it out so we could put ourselves there artificially.

Fake anything is as good as nothing. Somewhere in that diabolical genius

head of his Dylan knows and always has known this very simple fact. You can't tell them.

The interview was fantastic.
And, of course, Nothing Is Revealed.

KRIS MOORE
TERRYVILLE, CONN.

SIRS:

Your most recently published interview with Bob Dylan demonstrates his apparently consummate ability to move with the times and reflect mankind's progress. Witty, eloquent, vitally and acerbically polemic during the Kennedy years, he saw fit to embark on a program of escalation all his own during the Johnson administration. These days he appears as insipidly noncommittal as the stodgiest member of Nixon's "silent majority" while displaying all the intelligence and creative insight that we have come to associate with Spiro Agnew.

WILLIAM B. HINKLEY
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

SIRS:

I have written some letters to you about Dylan for President. Now I want to make one more statement about this.

Dylan's reluctance is perfect; and here is why we need him: "You have seen the beautiful and just and good in their truth. And thus our State which is also yours will be a reality, and not a dream only, and will be administered in a spirit unlike that of other States, in which men fight with one another about shadows only and are distracted in the struggle for power, which in their eyes is a great good. Whereas the truth is that the State in which the rulers are most reluctant to govern is always the best and most quietly governed, and he State in which they are most eager, the worst."

I don't say that. Plato did. In The Republic, Book VII.

ROB HUNT
SEASIDE, CALIF.

SIRS:

After having been a Dylan follower for many years, I can only now query, is he a sphinx without a riddle?

N. BARDACK
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

The article about the Beatles by the dropped-off Apple girl was the best thing you've run in months. And it was best for a very simple reason: it wasn't an interview, it wasn't reportage, it was a piece of her life. I know that the reality of your lives says that you are running a newspaper, and can give only fragments of those lives to any person or any group. Even despite the new style of interview, which brings maybe half an hour to life. Still her thing told us more about the boys than a year's worth of interviews laid end to end.

CARY JAMES
MILL VALLEY, CALIF.

SIRS:

So now rock has it's very own Mary Gallagher! Francie Schwartz of Apple! "Jewish (?) (!) witch" . . . "princess" . . . (famed faggot) Da Vinci . . . is Francie trying to tell us something? I mean, seriously, is she? If not, don't you think she (you) owe it to them (us) to clarify?

I found her story an exercise in scorned/emasculating woman-ese. Nothing, anywhere to show the kind of talent that would justify her claim to helping execute the fabulous double album. Funny she would gloss over the "how's" of this: but she sure is good at describing furniture.

SUSAN STEIN
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

In response to Greil Marcus' article on the moratorium and the sin of saying "peace," David Hilliard did not upset the crowd by saying that they had to recognize the injustices in the country. What Hilliard said in a "vicious and persecuted way" was that we have got to wait for peace until we "kill Nixon" and murder the rest of the "pigs." In Marcus' translation Hilliard said that "freedom means nothing without justice." I heard him say that we'd have to destroy human beings to get justice, and that all we need is a little more death to bring peace.

Later for that.

TOM WALSH
SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

I was happy to see the Kerouac homages. Only RS of all the periodicals I've read, newspapers and mags, did the man justice. However, let me point out one error. Ehrmann/Davis say his last piece was in the Washington Post. Not really. That piece was a reprint of his long article in the September 28, 1969 issue of the Chicago Tribune Magazine.

Washington, natch, missed the boat. The Star ran an obit with the head: WRITER JACK KEROUAC, 47, BEAT PROMOTER, DIES. Unbelievable, but true. On the bulletin board in the newsroom, a saving note soon appeared, however. It read:

WRITER R. W. EMERSON, 79, TRANSCENDENTALISM PROMOTER, DIES.

WILLIAM HOLLAND
WASHINGTON, D.C.

SIRS:

Jan Hodenfield's story on Billy Smith's Magical Fantasy Festival was right on target. Ever since I read the story in Billboard I have had the insane desire to read the story that would counteract it. Thanks for doing the rebuttal and for doing it so well.

DOMINIC SICILIA

NEW YORK

SIRS:

You have defamed us all most grievously with the one-word head "Pachuko" which appeared in the October 18 issue. The correct spelling is Pachucu.

OSCAR GARCIA

ALLEN PARK, MICH.

SIRS:

I'm glad to see that Dylan didn't swear once in the whole interview.

A. PLANT

LATRINBURG, S.C.

SIRS:

Last night I dreamt I bought the new issue of ROLLING STONE and on the cover was a picture of two people fucking in shit. What do you suppose it means?

JOHN CLARK

SAN FRANCISCO

ROLLING STONE

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The unauthorized Dylan albums may be only the beginning of an onslaught of black market rock and roll LPs. The latest to appear is one called *Getting Back & Going On: A Collectors' Album*, an illicit recording of John & Yoko's Toronto Pop Festival set with the Plastic Ono Band (including Eric Clapton). Sound quality is described as being "better than the *Great White Wonder*"—but then, the average transistor radio has better sound quality than the Dylan black market LP heard on the best possible equipment. Some 5000-plus John-Yoko albums have been pressed, and are being sold in Ann Arbor, where the black marketeers/college students live, and also in Chicago. Price is \$5.75.

Get way back: Ringo Starr's working on a solo album now, and titles known so far are rather startling: "Autumn Leaves," "Night and Day," and "I'll Be Seeing You." Well, he did say he'd do his "old favorites" . . .

Mick Jagger, meantime, wishes the Beatles had never gone back. Talking with the L.A. Freep's John Carpenter, he said, and we quote: "I don't like the Beatles' new stuff much—I mean I don't think the Beatles should get back. Rubbish. I don't really like what the Beatles have done very much. I wish they'd gone on: I think they were really going the right way, you know, *Sgt. Pepper* was really—whoo!"

The "right way," as Jagger saw it, would have been what Carpenter called a "Hey Jude-type album." "Yeah!" Mick agreed. "That was really something, really exceptional. Wow, yeah, I thought it was going to be like "Hey Jude" like all the way through Jesus Christ, that's going to blow everyone's mind, you know. But then it . . . that was just before the double album, wasn't it? So I thought, aw fuck, wow, that double album is really going to be something. But it was just ordinary, if you know what I mean."

20/20 News: The MC5, completely off their Ann Arbor/White Panthers/up against the wall/cat-skinning, audience-raping, flag-burning trip (at the Fillmore West, they did synchronized dance bits, smiled at each other, and even sang slow love ballads), have finished their first LP for Atlantic. It'll be out in January . . . Leigh Stephens, ex-Blue Cheer, is in London with his new band, Silver Metre, recording an LP for Buddah. Producer is former KSAN man Tom Donahue, who also produced the band's single, "Well-Known Gun" b/w "Compromising Situation" at Pacific High . . . Hands across the city: The Family Dog, in deep financial trouble, was helped a bit by \$3700 raised at a benefit. The event was staged at the Fillmore West, furnished courtesy of Bill Graham . . . And the man keeps rolling: Graham is into film production now. His first property being *Please Feed the Guerrillas*, a full-length feature by Robert Goldman of Oakland. It's about the takeover of a small Colorado town by a band of heads. Graham wants to cast the film with just rock stars, the exception being the part of a 50-year-old man. For that role, Graham sent a script to Lawrence Welk.

Surprise flash: When Connie's Insider, a bi-weekly music paper in Minneapolis, asked B.B. King who his favorite white blues player might be, what do you suppose B.B. answered? "It has to be a young man who sat in with me once in Beaumont, Texas, years ago. This singer was one of the greatest I ever heard, and I knew he was going to make a name for himself in the blues world. His name is Johnny Winter.

Random Notes



I do look forward to one day sharing the same stage with him again."

Changing partners: Lee Michaels, the two-man band, has been approached to do a gig with the Boston Symphony. Also awaiting mutual label clearance: Michaels jamming with Jimi Hendrix on his next Reprise LP . . . Another two-man band right now is Steve Miller, whose bassist, Lonnie Turner, is packing up this week, after three years. This leaves Miller with drummer Tim Davis and the job of finding a new bassist for concert gigs . . .

It wasn't exactly an *Easy Rider* trip, but it was still a large drag for Duane Allman, the Muscle Shoals guitarist and leader of the Allman Brothers. He'd gone out for a wake-up bike ride one morning in his home town, Macon, Georgia, and had gone maybe four blocks when a cop chased him down. Macon lawmen know Duane—and his whole weird hairy bunch—pretty well. They, along with narcotics and detectives, spend a lot of time following the boys around, so Duane, this morning, didn't expect to get off with a warning and a

pat on the head.

As it was, Allman was busted on 11 counts . . . speeding (60 in a 25 MPH zone), reckless driving, no helmet, running two stop signs, expired license tag; no driver's license, improper tag, failure to obey an officer—just about everything except jaywalking. But those were just for openers. The judge showed that he could count up to surprisingly high numbers, too, as he slapped a total of \$625 fines on six of the counts, with more, of course, to come.

The double dynamite team of soul men, Sam and Dave, may be on the verge of an explosion throwing them far away from each other. Rumors have been spread about Sam pulling a knife on Dave once, and showing up at one session "with a new Dave." On November 21st and 22nd Sam and Dave headlined a show at Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum with Ike and Tina Turner. Some observers at the Friday night show believed that the real Dave was not performing, but a look-alike stood in for him. Saturday night they came on stage late. When they appeared Sam was dressed in a yellow vest suit

and a black shirt but Dave was wearing street clothes, a green sweater and trousers. Asked if it was the real Dave on Friday night, the pair's manager, Jeff Brown, said that it definitely was. "There was a uniform problem Saturday," he went on. "Only one uniform for them was brought to the Garden and the shirt didn't fit Dave. That's why he wore street clothes. That's all it was—a uniform problem."

Lord Sutch, the British rock and roller who ran for Parliament once against Harold Wilson, has assembled, yes, a supergroup album (!) which Atlantic's subsidiary Cotillion will unleash in January. The record features Jimmy Page, John Bonham, Jeff Beck, Nicky Hopkins, and Noel Redding. Sutch cut the tracks in England over the last couple of years, and he modestly calls the album *Lord Sutch and His Heavy Friends*.

Blue Thumb Records has been issuing a twice-monthly newsletter, which doesn't give the company an exclusive in that department, but *thumb in it* is different from any other piece of house flattery. It chides radio stations when they need it, reprints film reviews and cartoons, and—get this—plugs records on other labels. Blue Thumb probably will send you a sample free: Blue Thumb Records, 427 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210. Attention: Michael Pearce.

The Youngbloods are writing the score for a children's TV special called *Hot Dog*, for January broadcast on NBC . . . Van Dyke Parks is producing Phil Ochs' fourth album for A&M, to be called (get ready) *Phil Ochs' Greatest Hits*; it is full of short, rock-type songs featuring some of Delaney & Bonnie's Friends . . . Joni Mitchell's song "Woodstock" will be Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young's next single (They were there: she wasn't) . . . Crosby, Stills, et al, have changed their concert billing so it now reads "... with Taylor and Reeves" . . . Together Records has acquired the rights to a short tape of one of the Acid Tests held in San Francisco in 1965; it includes the Grateful Dead (who'd just changed their name from the Warlocks), Quicksilver Messenger Service, Daily Flash, and Yellow Brick Road . . .

Dead at 59 is Spade Cooley, one-time "King of Western Swing," an oldie from the golden early days of TV. He played terrible C&W, fronting a big band. He was barely tolerable, and only because there was nothing else on the tube, hardly. The groovy thing is the way he died, not so much his music. Back in 1961, Spade (who was, of course, white) was convicted of beating his wife to death. He got a life sentence, and had served eight years in the slammer at Vacaville, California. A couple of weeks ago, they gave Spade a 72-hour pass to play a benefit for a county sheriff's pension benefit in Oakland. And it was there, just after he'd gotten a standing ovation from 2,800 people—and told them it was great "to be free for awhile"—that he played a violin solo, retired to the wings, and fell dead. Three hours earlier, a KPIX-TV news team had asked Spade how life looked to him now. He told them he was a heart patient and sometimes was unable to perform, but he thought it was going to go okay today. Sure hoped so, he drawled, because it was for a "good cause." What about his crime and his hopes for freedom? Said Spade: "I think it's gonna work out for me. I have the feeling that today is the first day of the rest of my life." Somebody has got to do a movie called *The Spade Cooley Story*. What a perfect ending!

TURTLE SOUP

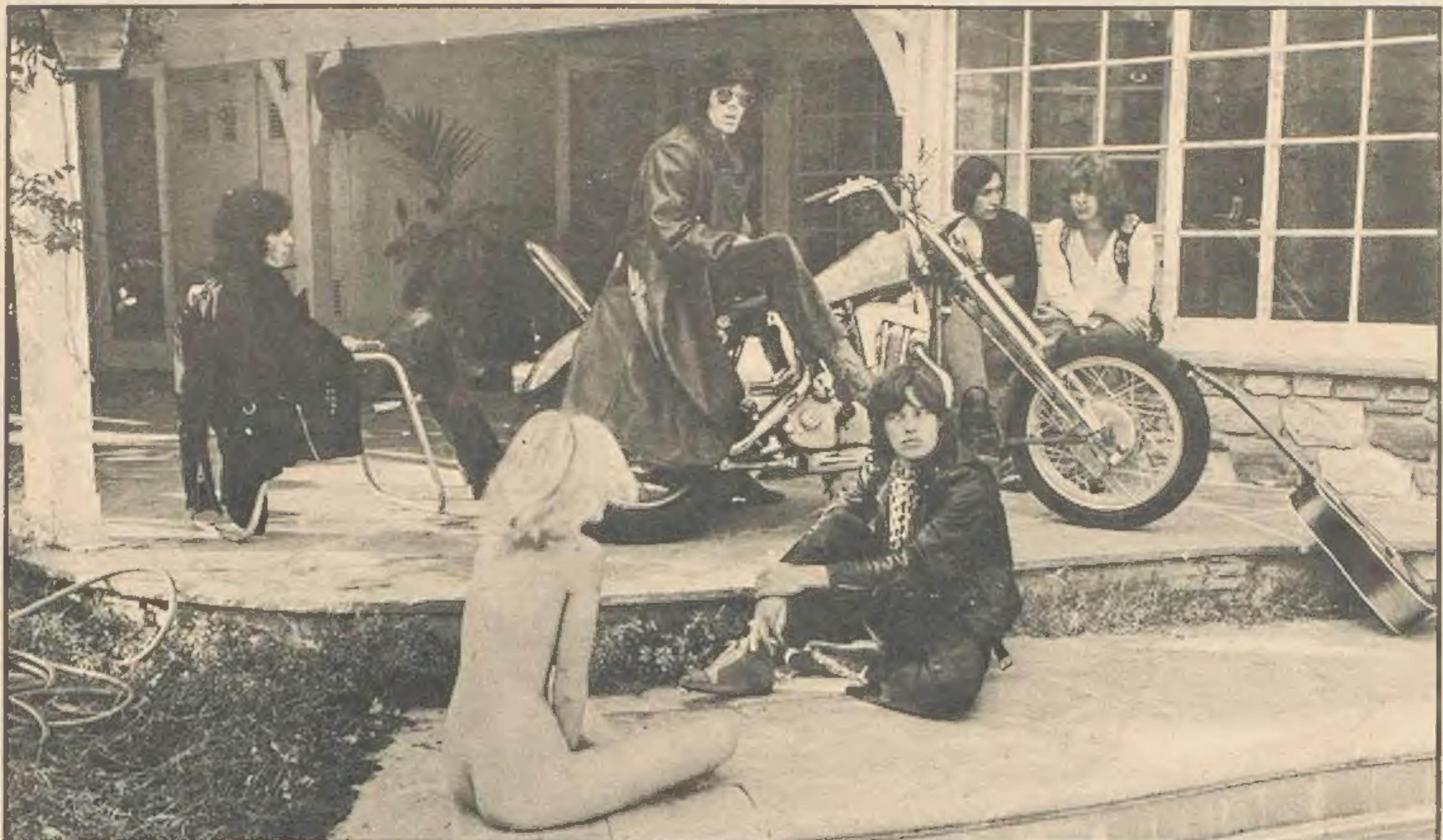


This is the New TURTLES' ALBUM, titled TURTLE SOUP. It was produced by RAY DAVIES. (Need we say more about the production?) All of the songs were written by the TURTLES; Howie, Mark, John, Jim & Al. It is the first TURTLE ALBUM that the TURTLES themselves have liked. It is a definite "Pop" extension in days when everyone is searching so hard for "Roots." It's really a good album.



WW7124

Kittyhawk



TERRY O'NEILL

Mick: 'It doesn't matter. It's all a joke . . .'

Stones for Free

Continued from Page One
made application for permits to Golden Gate Park (as it turned out, nobody ever did, formally).

But nonetheless, the Mime Troupe weighed in with a telegram to all the media, Gleason in particular, said that they couldn't make the gig because of heavy Movement commitments, "unless TV, record, movie residuals go to Weathermen defense fund."

There was talk of Haskell Wexler, who directed *Medium Cool*, coming out to film the free affair. But it developed that he was busy with something. So the Stones happily settled for the Maysles brothers, who are responsible for the remarkable neo-documentary called *The Salesmen*.

Once the Stones' full advance contingent got to town—stage manager Chip Monck and right-hand lady to Jo Bergman—the business of finding a concert site got into full gear. Monck, Cutler and Miss Bergman seemed to be on phones almost continually, radiating confidence, even if they were not entirely sure suitable land could be found.

"It's going to happen," said Jo. "Don't worry. We've always done everything at the end, at the last minute, and it works."

Chip Monck, the production wizard who stage managed the Monterey and Woodstock festivals (not to mention the Stones' tour itself) immersed himself in phone calls to airlines, to lumber yards, to friends who could help, especially to the people who'd helped him set up Woodstock.

"The only trouble is," Monck said, "that time is so short. At minimum, this is a 15-day trip, to have the time to get it all together. This is going to be like a little Woodstock, you know?"

With that, he plunged back into the telephone, trying to find enough of the right plywood to build a stage, enough of the right people—and especially enough time. They'd have three days to set up, and that would mean working around the clock, three straight shifts a day, straight through until it began, day and night.

The most promising site they had located by Tuesday (four days before the concert was to be held) was the 1000-acre Sears Point Raceway, a 50-minute freeway drive north of San Francisco, at the top of San Francisco Bay, in the hinterlands between Sonoma and Vallejo.

But there was a problem with it. Sam Cutler found it "esthetically unpleasing." By some small miracle, they had found a thousand serviceable acres—complete with access roads, parking, water, and facilities for medical aid—free for the week-end—and Cutler was concerned over esthetics.

Tuesday night, a meeting was held at the Novato ranch of the Grateful Dead, to determine what was to happen, how, why, and all that. It was, some of the less confrontation-oriented of the organizers noted, to be a "political" meeting—everybody would argue and shout about the Revolution. So the non-politicians stayed home. They could find out what had (and hadn't) happened the next morning, they said, but fucked if they'd get involved in that madness.

"Can't wear yourself out with all that shouting," said Monck, "when there's gonna be so much work to do."

When it was suggested that busting up a free event of this magnitude might be a spiffy political move for somebody like Governor Ronald Reagan to attempt, the organizers turned coolly silent, and one said: "We don't need to hear that. We don't want those kind of vibes to be injected onto this trip." Given that response, it seemed fruitless to point out that the sheriff of Marin County is, reputedly, a hard right-winger of Reaganesque coloration.

The Wild West and the Moratorium had given the Park and Recreation Department at least two months notice for use of Golden Gate Park. The Stones and their friends were trying to get it together in three weeks. A further obstacle was that a temporary cessation on rock events in the park had been ordered by the Park Department because of reported incidents of violence and firearms. What's more, no rock concert at the park had ever had an audience over 30,000. And the Stones people remained hopeful, to the end, that they'd get Golden Gate Park.

There were innumerable false starts and miscues. A meeting with the Mayor was announced. It did not materialize. Late one afternoon, the organizers put themselves on the Park Department agenda to ask for Golden Gate Park. The next morning they phoned to drop the request. No reasons given.

One question had an easy answer, though. Beyond doubt, the Stones could afford to give the free concert. Their tour had been an unqualified financial success.

The office of Stones manager Allen Klein was estimating that the tour had grossed \$2 million, after 20 appearances. \$286,542 of this came from three Madison Square Garden shows, and it was reliably estimated that the Stones' share of this came to \$160,000. Assuming this proportion held true nation-wide, the Stones' share from the whole tour comes to about \$1,120,000, before taxes and before paying a small battalion of sound men, recording engineers, stage hands and so on.

There were no announced figures for total attendance but if the \$2 million gross estimate has any validity, it means the Stones played to something like

350,000 paying customers.

The new Stones album, *Let It Bleed*, had been released for optimum sales effect, to coincide with the tour. The strategy had worked. Reported London Records national sales manager Herb Goldfarb: "I think advance orders on *Let It Bleed* were close to the million mark before the tour began, but when it started and got all the publicity, sales turned phenomenal." At this point, he says, sales exceed one million already, and it looks like one of the Stones' biggest ever.

Of 14 Stones LPs to date, 12 are gold. This includes *Let It Bleed*, which was certified a million-seller before it was even released. It was, according to Goldfarb, "the fastest-selling record in London's history."

The Stones brought their recording people along, and hope to be able to put out a live album, perhaps to two-record set, of the whole Stones show, with B. B. King, Ike and Tina Turner, and Terry Reid included. Legal matters, such as the fact that they're all signed to different labels, are for the moment complicating this enterprise.

It was in New York that the Stones received their most tumultuous response.

Outside Madison Square Garden, guards found one scalper selling pairs of \$3.50 tickets (the cheapest) for \$40 a pair. There were not too many scalpers, though, evidently because most ticket purchasers really did want to see the Stones.

The day tickets went on sale, November 6th (24 days in advance of the concert) the box office opened two hours early to accommodate the crowd of 6,000 that had already assembled. In eleven hours and 45 minutes, the two scheduled shows were virtually sold out, with 30,936 tickets gone. A matinee performance, added the following week, came within a couple of hundred seats of selling out as well.

In New York, the Stones did pretty much the same set they'd done everywhere else. Like they were supposed to, the crowd rushed the stage. No one seated on the main floor of the Garden could see through the crowds that jammed the aisles, unless they stood on their chairs. It was like that from the first number. For those who could see him, Jagger was the perfect, prancing, mincing advertisement for unisex.

The band got better and better the more they performed. That was clear to everyone who heard them on the West Coast, in San Francisco or Los Angeles, and then, later, in New York or West Palm Beach. It was clear to Mick, who noted: "Compared to the way we sounded later along, we were terrible in San Francisco. Ragged. By the time we got to Detroit, I'd say, it was like a one hundred per cent improvement."

"The band got better. The sound system improved, and we got better accustomed to performing again. It's really a matter of confidence. It takes awhile to get that up."

It makes a difference, having Mick Taylor in Brian Jones' place. "It's more of a band now," Jagger said enthusiastically. "It's definitely a different band. It's fucking incredibly hard now, I mean, we haven't got a lot of the things Brian could do. Like none of us play dulcimer and those things. I guess we could—the feeling here was that this was Brian's contribution, and somehow it would be false for another Stone to take on Brian's role—but we don't. I mean, I like to play autoharp, but I wouldn't do it onstage. At home, yes; you know? But not onstage. Those were things Brian did that we don't have now."

"But we're so hard now as a band . . . And, with Mick—Mick's really good—and it means Keith can sort of lay out and tune up in the middle of a tune. There's more time to think. And sometimes they'll get to tossing solos back and forth between the guitars. Like on 'Sympathy for the Devil,' and it's just great! It's beautiful to hear, and it's something we've never gotten into just that way before."

Leonard Bernstein came backstage to talk with the band in New York. He seemed thrilled by everything they did, digging one set onstage, hunched down behind the amplifiers. Jimi Hendrix did the same at another show.

Their farewell to New York came in a shower of some 5,000 rose petals loosed from the ceiling. They fluttered down in a pink cloud, fragrant and ethereal.

Their press conference, held in the swank Rainbow Grill, 65 stories high above Manhattan, was an event featuring non-stop booze, and, once the questioning began, towering silliness.

"What are your impressions of the U.S.?"

Jagger: "It's great. It changes."

"What are your views on the war in Vietnam?"

Jagger: (letting out a long groan) "Just leave and get it over with as soon as you can."

"What about Ed Sullivan blocking some of your vocals out?"

Jagger: "It doesn't matter. It's all a joke . . ."

"How do you feel about a press conference like this?"

Jagger: "It's like being in the front row of a concert in Philadelphia."

"What do you think about the worldwide revolutionary movement of young people?"

Jagger: (smiling) "How long do I have? You can't ask a question like that at a thing like this."

—Continued on Page 8

Dan Hicks AND HIS HOT LICKS



**HOW CAN I MISS YOU
WHEN YOU WON'T GO AWAY?**

I SCARE MYSELF

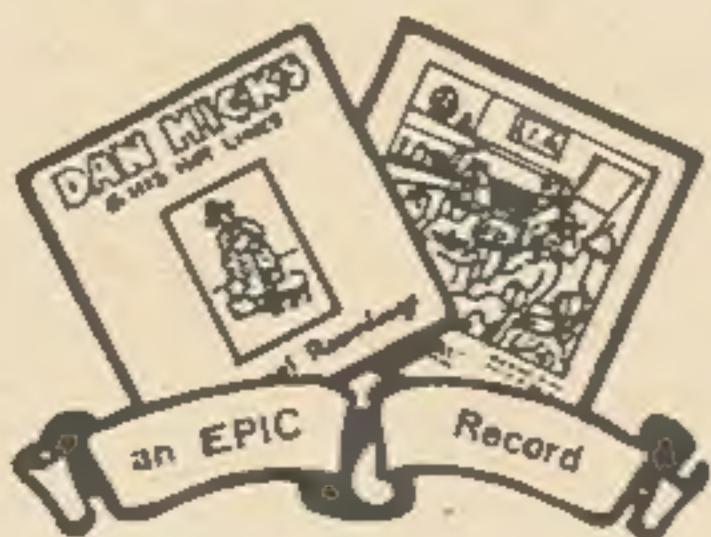
SHORTY TAKES A DIVE

EVENIN' BREEZE

**SHORTY FALLS IN LOVE
MILK SHAKIN' MAMA
SLOW MOVIN'
IT'S BAD GRAMMAR, BABY
JUKIES' BALL**



"Give your ears the rest they deserve..."



Dan



Bagging it in bed, for peace: he returned the OBE by limousine

World Tour Next?

—Continued from Page 6

"You sang you couldn't get 'no satisfaction'. Are you any more satisfied now?"

Jagger: "How do you mean, sexually or other? Sexually satisfied. Financially satisfied. Philosophically trying."

"Why don't you do a free concert in New York?"

Jagger: "New York is too cold. You can't do it outside. San Francisco is into that sort of thing."

"How did you like your Hyde Park concert this summer?"

Jagger: "It was very weird. We never played to that many people before."

"What do you think about Lennon returning the MBE?"

Jagger: "At last, he should have done it sooner."

"Would you have done it?"

Jagger: "We would never have gotten it in the first place."

"What do you think about the new sexual morality as reflected in all the sex newspapers? Is it catching up with you?"

Jagger: "No."

Twenty-five minutes of this and then Jagger: "Thank you gentlemen and God bless you all." Exit single file, as suddenly as they came in.

Curiously, while the Stones concert was the only topic of conversation (among our people) for days beforehand, there was precious little about it in the news media. Except, of course, for the Stones press conference, it was almost like a publicity blackout.

Mick did manage to find time to pose for Cecil Beaton for a *Vogue* magazine cover photo.

"When we think back about the tour," Mick said, "well, it's all happened so quickly, you know? It's all like one big blur and it's hard to distinguish one place from another." It some ways it had been a lot like their 1966 tour—in terms of the American audience's response—and in some ways quite different. "Like in Chicago, it was just like last time: a lot of screamer, a lot of young girls, really young, like 12 or 14. And other places there were some who don't listen to the music *at all*; it's just a fantasy experience for them. Like in Boston, that crowd had almost an identical response to what they gave us last time."

"But on the Coast, and a lot of other places, there was a very large cross section of people, all kinds of people, and they *listened*. A lot of them did. That was new in some ways."

Most of all, the Stones seemed surprised at the reception they'd received in the South, in places like Texas and Tennessee and Alabama. They'd halfway expected *Easy Rider* hassles, vaguely

feared violence. Instead, all was friendliness and courtesy.

The Chicago Sun-Times reported that Jagger was upset because three chicks had ridden on the top of his limousine. When their reporter tried to lead Jagger into a rap about groupies, Mick said fuck the stupid questions: "I'm an artist, ask me about my music." He didn't. So Mick wound up assuring him that "I'm not making this trip to go to bed with all those chicks."

It was 5 AM before the Stones performed at the West Palm Beach festival, in Florida, and plenty cold. In honor of the event—their last scheduled concert—and despite the chill—Keith stripped to the waist.

The Stones are presently laying plans for a tour of Europe, starting in March, Jagger said. And then on to the Middle East, and to India (where Jagger hoped to play for free), and on to Japan, where the tour would end in May. They've already been invited to appear in Poland and Russia. The way Mick sees it now, they'd play the first dates on this global swing in Germany, then France, and then onward.

Jagger was not certain just how soon he will feel like touring the United States again. Sometime after the world tour ends he intends to come back to the country to have a look around "in less hurried circumstances."

"The thing about it is," he explained, "touring's alright, but there's so many other things to do in life; do you know what I mean? In my life, I don't have to go onstage to get that buzz, that ego fulfillment. To tour and to perform, you have to get your ego way up there, where it's, like, *look, this is me*, you know? All ego."

"And I don't need that all the time. I'd like to sort of lose that now—all that ego that's built up. Just, um, do something else, sit home, maybe, travel about, for something like six months, before I start to think about any more tours."

The OBE: Lennon's Soul Redeemed

BY CHARLES ALVERSON

LONDON—Always one to enjoy a good flap, John Lennon is enjoying immensely the uproar here over his returning his Order of the British Empire medal to Buckingham Palace.

In returning the honor, Lennon said: "I sold my soul when I received it, but now I have helped to redeem it in the cause of peace. If by returning it, I direct people's attention toward peace, I will have done a good thing."

Almost as big a sensation was caused here by his reasons for returning the medal as by the act itself. In his note

to the Queen explaining the gesture, Lennon wrote he was doing it in protest against Britain's involvement in the Nigeria-Biafra fight, against its support of the U.S. in Vietnam and "against 'Cold Turkey' slipping down the charts." And he signed it "With Love, John Lennon of Bag." Bag Productions is the John-Yoko company formed to further the cause of peace.

The popular press and others in London take the last part of the message as a bit of cheek and wonder if including it in the note won't weaken whatever impact the gesture may have on the drive for peace.

Lennon told ROLLING STONE that is nonsense.

"I thought up the 'Cold Turkey,'" he said, contacted at Apple headquarters. "I thought it was a bit of camp. If we played it straight like Gandhi and Martin Luther King, we wouldn't be here. The thing is people don't like saints. And we're not going to be saints, crucified or otherwise. So, we keep throwing in a bit of shit. They're going to buy 'Cold Turkey' anyway." (This week, before the return of Lennon's medal, "Cold Turkey" rose from number 13 to number 12 on British charts.)

"On one hand," Lennon, "Cold Turkey's got nothing to do with it. On the other, 'Cold Turkey' is as much about dying in Biafra or Vietnam as it is about withdrawal from drugs."

John said that the fact that he had a bit of fun in returning his OBE doesn't change his motives for returning it. "I sent the medal back in my big, chauffeur-driven, white Mercedes," Lennon said, "and they sent the driver around to the tradesmen's entrance. I guess that's where they accept returned OBE's. And when the driver left, they took down his license in case a bomb was in the envelope."

Lennon said he didn't think the other Beatles will return their own OBE's. "I brought it up to the others about a year ago," he said, "but they said to hang on and maybe things will change. But when I got back from vacation I decided that was the time. I'd been waiting for some event to tie it to, but what I didn't realize was that giving the medal back was an event in itself."

Lennon explained the philosophy behind some of his tactics in the war for peace. "There's an old Chinese book on how to fight that says the castle always falls from the inside—like America," he said. "The book says that if you're defending—like me and Yoko—leave only one door open. The enemy will concentrate its fire on that one door and you can control it."

"Our door is things like mentioning 'Cold Turkey' in the letter to the Queen, long hair, drugs, hippie-beatnik or whatever it is. While they're concentrating on the 'Cold Turkey' and the hair, the peace movement goes on."

Adds Lennon: "They're all shouting here about how dare an entertainer speak out for peace and all that shit. As if you've got to be intelligent to know whether you like violence or non-violence. They're saying: 'Here's this young whippersnapper talking about peace and war. You've got to be old and intelligent to do that!'"

In other work for peace, Lennon said that he and Yoko had offered their help to a project trying to put a pirate radio ship called *Peace* off of the Gaza Strip to broadcast peace messages to the Arabs and the Israelis.

"The peace ship is Abie Nathan's gig," Lennon said. Abie Nathan is the Israeli fighter for peace who is masterminding the peace ship plan and now has the ship in New York trying to raise money and get it outfitted. "He's asked us for help, and we took some ads in music publications to help build some publicity for the scheme. If the plan really works, Yoko and I will either go out to the *Peace* next year or send tapes to be used in their broadcasts."

But Lennon added: "Nathan's got a long way to go with the project. He's still got to find out if the Arabs will accept him, an Israeli, as a neutral."

Last June, Nathan raised money in Holland to purchase a 570 ton ship which is currently anchored in New York where it will stay until Nathan can raise \$150,000 to purchase equipment for the radio stations and hire a crew. Currently he is living on the ship himself and volunteers help him out with chores on board.

Advertisements have appeared in American trade music publications asking financial aid and any other type of assistance for the peace ship.

During their recent vacation in Greece and India, Lennon said they'd done a peace broadcast on Greek television. "And that's run by the Greek Army," he said. "I couldn't believe it. We were talking about peace and revolution around the world, and the only part they didn't translate were the words 'revolution in Greece.' I suppose they don't think they had a revolution."

John added that "The Greek Army offered to sponsor us in a Bed-In, but we turned them down."

Of people who criticize them for going to Greece, John said: "Some asses ask me what I'm doing in Greece with that fascist regime, and I tell them the same thing I'm doing in England with its fascist regime."

Lennon said the Plastic Ono Band will not (repeat, not) play at the London charity concert for UNICEF on December 15th but that he and Yoko will very likely appear at the concert. However, he said, Plastic Ono will release a new LP, *Live for Peace in Toronto 1969*, and a new single on December 5th.

The new single, which is supposed to be a Christmas record, has "You Know My Name" on the A side and "What's the New Mary Jane?" on the B side. Lennon calls the B side, made when Yoko first played with the Beatles and featuring George Harrison, "freaky joke stuff" and "complete insanity" with some of the Apple staff playing shovels and the like.

SF Policeman: A Public Nuisance

SAN FRANCISCO—A switch of sorts is being pulled by underground papers here whose vendors have been hassled by cops. They're taking the police to court.

The Good Times, along with the Black Panther and the Berkeley Tribe, have filed suit in Federal court for an injunction to stop the cops "from intimidating, harassing and illegally arresting" their vendors.

The police, who've arrested some 50 vendors just since October, broke the Good Times' straw October 25th when they arrested two vendors in front of a bus station downtown. Instead of bowing to the usual sentence of \$10 and probation, the pair—Ed Skelly and Nellie Sharp—fought back, demanding a jury trial. At the trial, the DA, with only a lame "public nuisance" charge at his disposal, offered to drop charges—and a stiff \$1,000 bail—if the vendors wouldn't sue for false arrest.

The Good Times reports it hasn't been bothered since their counterattack on the cops. "And if they do anything more to us," one staffer said, "we'll press on the lawsuit."

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The Monkees, 1968. Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith, Micky Dolenz, Peter Tork

Monkees: 'Ho-ho-ho, Just Wait & See!'

When the Monkees appeared recently in Oakland, Ed Ward, who, fatefully, happened to be in town, and, surprisingly, admits to having dug their "Last Train to Clarksville," was dispatched to have a listen. His report:

OAKLAND—Oakland Coliseum is a big place; it holds 24,000 or 30,000 people plus ushers and program hawkers. Unlike a week earlier when the Stones had played, there were only 1500 (my guess) or 2000 (the guard's guess) people lost in the dim recesses of this huge plastic hall. Most of them seemed to be between ten and sixteen, although there were a goodly percentage of over-twenties with slicked-back hair and Woolworth's bell-bottoms, and, as might be guessed, the parents.

They sat through some of the worst bands I've ever heard, some of whom played only two numbers, and they applauded them. These two Bossjox from KYA appeared on stage in between and tried to get the audience to applaud more, but they knew what they wanted, and from time to time various sections erupted with cries of "MONKEES!" One of the Bossjox said, "The Monkees asked me if I thought San Francisco would still go for them, and I just said ho-ho-ho, just wait and see."

Finally, it happened. Some cardboard music stands, just like the sax section had used in the high-school dance band I'd played in, were set up. The word MONKEES was apparent on the front of them. And out walked these six black guys, five of them in black tuxes, one in a purple tux—Tony and the Goodtimes, formerly backup band for Ike and Tina Turner.

They played a tight, slick, professional, derivative rhythm and blues set. Tony did some lovable imitations of Otis Redding, some lovable soul routines—"Lemme hear you say YEAH!" and some lovable introducing of the band, and then they left the stage, the lights went up, the tension mounted, the audience pleaded, the Bossjox wasted time, the audience keened, the Bossjox wasted time, the audience shrieked, and suddenly there they were. Mickey, Davy, and Mike.

It was strange. Mickey and Davy, up there trying to do exactly what the band had just gotten through doing with infinitely more finesse (well, professionalism, anyway), and getting ten times the response. And Mike, up against the amp, trying to hide behind the band, back to the audience, tuning his guitar, which was inaudible during the entire concert.

They ran through "Daydream Believer," "Pleasant Valley Sunday," "I Wanna Be Free"—all their hits (except, I noticed, "Last Train to Clarksville").

In between were sandwiched little bits of comedy—imitation Smothers Brothers routines, Mickey getting sent backstage for messing up a song and coming back wringing out a handkerchief and putting on a crybaby act. The audience was eating it up!

Mike Nesmith introduced "Listen to the Band" by saying "I'm gonna sing this song 'cause that's what I'm getting paid to do." Davy Jones sang "For Once in My Life" and Mickey Dolenz sang "Summertime" with considerable histrionic effort. By the time Nesmith did "Johnny B. Goode" I was thoroughly confused. They really did think they were doing an R&B show. And girls were SCREEEAMING and rushing up to take pictures and being held back by security men and throwing beads and candy and notes and SCREEEAMING.

Somebody threw up a brightly colored sign, which Dolenz picked up and showed to the audience. It said WE STILL LOVE YOU.

Back at the hotel Mickey Dolenz was being very candid and honest about the whole thing. "Look," he said, "The Monkees is the name of a TV show. I was hired to play the part of a rock and roll drummer, but what I am is an entertainer trying to reach an audience of eight-year-old girls. I'm no more a Monkee than Iorne Green is a Cartwright. There'll be Monkee records in the future, done by Davy and me"—apparently Nesmith is going to start a C&W band—"but I'm into producing my own films and acting. That's where my roots are." On the bus home, Kathy, 16, from San Francisco, said they were "out of sight" and proffered no further comment. Bill Marks, 15, from Richmond, was wearing Davy's scarf, which Davy had given him. He was not smoking the cigarette Davy had given him. Celia was 16 and also from San Francisco. She was angry at the guards and the Bossjox who'd promised her a backstage pass and then reneged.

But the one who seemed totally out of place was Laura, who was fully twenty years old, and just as starry-eyed as Celia was about Davy Jones, the little English Monkee. She kept on casting glances at the scarf Bill was wearing.

Dolenz had said, back at the hotel, that Davy intends to go into Broadway shows and nightclub singing, and if Laura is any indication, he's got his audience already.

She and Celia talked a little of the last San Francisco Monkees concert. They weren't as good then, she said. In her handbag was a paperback entitled *The Uses of the Past*.

Up Sky River Without A Paddle

BY PATRICK MACDONALD

SEATTLE—John Chambliss, the University of Washington philosophy prof who put together both of the Sky River Rock Festivals, is facing monumental hassles and attacks by the Seattle media for his unconventional approach to "higher education."

Both of the Seattle newspapers, the conservative Times and Hearst's Post-Intelligencer, as well as the Mormon-owned TV station KIRO, launched sensationalist attacks after the second Sky River last August. The Catholic Church joined in with a two-page ad, "Rock Festivals—Sin, Sex and Nudity," in both Sunday newspapers and a barrage of propaganda to their "faithful followers."

A personal attack on Chambliss, signed "Devotedly yours in Christ, Thomas A. Connelly, Archbishop of Seattle," was read from the pulpit of all of the Catholic churches from the Oregon border to Alaska.

Inevitably, most of the counties in Western Washington hurriedly passed new laws that, while not actually outlawing festivals, make it so difficult to have one that there will never be a third Sky River—or anything else like it—in the state.

The only support Chambliss got was from Seattle's Helix, the underground paper, and KOL-FM, the hip station where Chambliss is head jock and pretty much weight with the lawmakers, gram director, and neither of those pulls.

Chambliss is also facing several lawsuits against him and his New American Community (official name for the festival promoters), along with an implied threat by several state senators and Gov. Dan Evans that he'll be bad by a special investigation by the next Washington State Legislature, allegedly for allowing dope traffic at the festival.

On top of that, Chambliss is fighting for his job at the University. He has been an instructor in the Philosophy Department there for six years, and now, according to the rules, he can stay on only if he's granted tenure. And he won't get tenure because he refuses to go through the PhD mill, which he calls "pure bullshit."

The University has lost several excellent educators in the last five years in similar situations and there is a general feeling among the students that they won't let it happen again.

Over 5,000 (in a school of 32,000 plus) have signed a strongly-worded petition for him, and the Philosophy

Department—realizing Chambliss is by far the most popular man on their staff—has taken the unprecedented step of recommending that he be given a three-year appointment and raised to the status of assistant professor.

Whatever comes down, Chambliss is determined to continue teaching. He's been offered several good positions but if the College Council cans him it's likely he'll be immediately hired by the UW Student Body to teach in their Experimental College.

TV Peace Show Aims for April

NEW YORK—A four-hour live TV "peace broadcast" featuring hundreds of major artists performing from all parts of the world is being scheduled for next April.

The broadcast, the project of filmmakers David and Albert Maysles and producer Porter Bibb, was announced first as a New Year's Eve venture, going from 2 to 6 AM on the east coast (and therefore 5 to 9 AM in the western states; 8 to 12 noon in Europe, etc.)

However, according to producer Porter Bibb, "It's been increasingly viewed by the networks, in light of Agnew's rantings and ravings, as a partisan venture, and we've been given increasingly difficult hurdles to mount. Some people now think that anything pro-peace would be considered anti-Nixon."

But the peace broadcast is just about definite for April 25th, 1970, the 25th anniversary of the first use of the A-bomb, on Nagasaki.

Despite the bad timing (for the peace broadcast) of Agnew's crepitations, the venture has the "tacit approval" of the White House, which gave the producers an OK to use a Nixon line—"Let us all come together"—as one of the program themes. "The main theme," Bibb said, "is 'communication is the first step to understanding,'" to be expressed through entertainment from studios in New York, Los Angeles, London, Rome, Moscow, Tokyo, and Mexico City.

"It's a totally non-partisan, non-political, non-profit thing," Bibb emphasized. "It's a group of unaffiliated people in the communications industry putting together that program, to bring the question of world peace to as many people as possible at the same time." Committed artists from all over the world include the Bolshoi Ballet, the Kabuki Theater, La Scala Opera Company, Bertolt Brecht, Jean Genet, Vanessa Redgrave, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Jean-Luc Godard, Leontyne Price, Leonard Bernstein, and Truman Capote.

Networks and stations around the world have agreed to donate free air time for the projected four-hour show, with only minimal operating costs being charged. And, Bibb added, "There are strong financial endorsements from a number of global corporations" helping the project.

Lawsuit: Dylan Strikes Back

VANCOUVER—Bob Dylan is suing a record pressing plant here for making and distributing the bootleg *Great White Wonder* LP which contains a number of unreleased Dylan cuts.

Asked whether they were in fact doing the bootlegging or had anything to say about the suit, a spokesman for the firm, International Corporation Ltd., said she "doesn't have anything to say." Neither did their attorneys.

Also named in the suit are Pat Althair and Dub Taylor, who are said to have taken the album to International for copying. It is uncertain whether they are the same two men who were distributing the *Great White Wonder* in Los Angeles, prior to taking it on the lam to Canada, but probably so.

Some 10,000 copies of the double-record set were printed in Vancouver, and sold for prices from \$6.95 to a top of \$12. The album is a big underground item throughout the U.S.

Dylan is asking that they and the pressing plant be restrained from getting out any more albums—and also demands a full accounting of sales, plus any other master recordings they may control. The suit does not seem to involve damages or any share of the profits.

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40,000 Freaks in Palm Beach

BY BOB FIALLO
AND RORY O'CONNOR

WEST PALM BEACH, Fla.—The beleaguered Rolling Stones took the equally beleaguered three-day Palm Beach Rock Festival through a frenzied climax early November 30th with 40,000 shivering fans greeting a dawn rendition of "Satisfaction" with a deafening roar.

The Stones, just in from New York's Madison Square Garden to conclude their three-week American tour, began their set at 4:30 Monday morning. The last day's lineup of bands had been delayed by a strike by the helicopter pilots hired to fly groups onto the Palm Beach Speedway. The Stones were delayed another hour when a station wagon hauling their equipment bogged down in the mud a hundred yards from the stage, crew members had to carry amps, speakers, and instruments in knee-deep mud onto the stage.

Despite the mud, rain (which poured down on the 144-acre grounds all through Friday night) and cold (temperatures shivering around the mid-30's), nothing broke the crowd's spirits. And despite the interferences and provocations of local and state officials, the violence expected failed to materialize.

After a local judge had cleared up a number of suits aimed at shutting the festival down, Florida's Governor, Claude R. Kirk, decided to pay a visit himself to the festival. But the Republican governor wasn't in a pop mood. "These kids think they can play in Florida," Kirk huffed. "Well, they are wrong. You can't play anywhere in this state or Palm Beach County."

Kirk then ordered a 15-year-old cat arrested after he told the Governor that he was "feeling pretty good" and refused to say where he was from. Kirk ordered him busted for being on dope.

Bill Jacques, editor of the underground paper in Palm Beach, confronted Kirk and told him, "If you start arresting people for not doing anything, then these kids are going to get violent and someone's going to get hurt."

"Good!" snapped the Governor, who spun and split.

A day into the festival, Palm Beach County sheriff William Heidman admitted, "Absolutely no violence has been connected with the festival at all." However, over the three days, 113 persons were arrested on dope charges. Heidman kept his cops across the highway off the grounds, but ordered narcotics agents dressed in bell-bottoms, beads, and "shabby hippie dress" (his words) to circulate among the audience. The short-haired lawmen in military sunglasses were easily spotted as they stood in total isolation, completely out of it wherever they went. Over the public address system, the people were warned: "Watch your brother—the nars are here."

The Rolling Stones topped a bill that included Jefferson Airplane, Janis Joplin, Johnny Winter, Iron Butterfly, Spirit, Country Joe and the Fish, Vanilla Fudge, Sweetwater, and Grand Funk Railroad, among others. The Railroad were the sleepers of the festival, turning in sets on Saturday and Sunday that kept the audience on its feet, roaring for more after each number.

Janis Joplin said Saturday that she and several other performers had lowered their prices to help pay for the festival, the court hassles that had kept the festival in jeopardy, then delayed it; and the explosion Thursday night that destroyed promoter Dave Rupp's used car lot in town. Sheriff Heidman admitted that arson was suspected.

Rupp, who also owns the speedway, would not release expense and revenue figures immediately after the festival. At the speedway, however, he seemed more concerned for the audience as he told them Sunday night to rip up \$60,000 worth of temporary wooden toilets and his raceway bleachers for firewood.

With Mick Jagger prancing around stage in his now-standard black, silver, and red costume (with a vest-like shawl on his shoulders as a concession to the cold), the Monday morning sun finally rose over the field, as groups huddled around scattered fires keeping warm, planning trips home, to Canada, California, or wherever they'd traveled from to be a part of this, the last pop festival for Florida (as far as Governor Kirk is concerned) and the last pop festival in the country for this beleaguered year.



Somebody could get hurt: "Good," snapped Kirk

Music Switchboard Holds the Line

BY AMIE HILL

SAN FRANCISCO—A hand-lettered sign above a doorway reads: "The name of the game is COMMUNICATION. Dig it?" The scene, at first glance, is pure early-Haight-Ashbury—a dash-piled sink in one corner, Indian-print curtains, warped posters, gods-eyes. Underfoot, dogs and old Superman comic books. Something like the old Haight-Ashbury feeling before Media-Overkill is around, too, the aura of people who just plain feel good about what they're making happen.

There, however, the crash-pad resemblance fades, edged out by a set of file drawers, a wall-length bulletin board, a work-piled desk. Another sign warns, "NO HOLDING!" Phil Towle, manning the musician's switchboard, drags his long hair away from his business ear to answer the phone. On the other end of the line could be anyone from a serious musician looking for a serious gig, to a thirteen-year-old groupie equally serious about Jerry Garcia's phone number, a horn man just in from Cleveland looking for a jam, a theatrical booking agency in search of a one-man band, a worthy cause seeking bands for a benefit, or a cat who's just discovered how to amplify a kazoo. And the odds are good (except on Garcia) that they'll connect.

The two-month-old Musicians' Switchboard is located at 826 Fell St. (387-8008) and is an offshoot of Towle's experience with Bill Graham's Fillmore seminars on rock business, and the influence of Judi Freeman's Musicians' Co-op itself once part of the Haight-Ashbury Switchboard operation. The Co-op, in contrast to the scene just described, is relatively invisible, although far from anonymous. To the outside world, it consists of a telephone number (431-1097). Physically, it's contained in a couple of file boxes on a desk in the house where Judi Freeman, manager promoter, and ex-singer ("That was a

long time ago") lives with her old man. Judi took the operation over from a friend who got busted in February of '68, and moved it out of the then-Haight Switchboard office and into her own house. Although she is on the Musicians' Switchboard's Board of Directors, and the two occasionally share information, the connection between Switchboard and Co-op is friendly but distant.

Since it works primarily on stockpiling and giving out information on an incoming-call basis, the Co-op has more time for being personal. Between the hours of 6 PM and midnight, she says, "a lot of lonely people call up, and people who are new in town." These Judi turns on to jams and gigs. She handles some information about equipment, music lessons, and transportation offers, but her main concerns are getting bands and musicians together, and, by keeping track of jams and benefits in the area, giving those short on experience or connections a chance to play.

The Switchboard is substantially busier, handling more calls (about thirty a day from 10 AM to 3 PM to the Co-op's average of ten a night) and a wider range of information and taking a more active part in actual arrangements. It also provides a common meeting ground, a community bulletin board, a complete list of all formal music activities and some jams in the area and a checkpoint for inquiries. Although both Switchboard and Co-op list bands willing to do benefits and/or looking for work, both are equally adamant in refusing to serve as booking agencies. They serve a marriage-broker function, tenderly arranging meetings and fostering exchange of information, but stop short of performing the actual ceremony.

Procedure for calls is similar in both cases. Deciding just what questions to ask callers was one of the biggest problems at the outset; now a formalized but flexible system is used by both—name, address, phone, age, instrument, experience, equipment and singing and writing talents being the basis of the files kept on musicians, while another series of questions applies to bands, would-be

managers, music teachers, etc. The Switchboard takes the caller's birth sign, the Co-op, more prosaically, his draft status.

The number-one problem in the music-communication business seems to be that of feedback, getting people to call back and report that they've found that bass player or drummer, to take themselves off lists when they're no longer available, and to report bands no longer interested in benefits, instruments no longer for sale, changes of address, and unforeseen cancellation of events.

Finances for the Switchboard at least, are also a headache. (Judi has a daytime job, and the Co-op's only direct outlay of bread is "ten dollars for office supplies every once in a while.") Although incorporation with the State as a non profit organization helps some, and applications for foundation grants are in process, the Switchboard's need for money and office supplies and equipment is constant. Neither Towle nor any of the volunteers manning the two-line phone setup and filing system are paid for their full days of work. Benefits, an obvious solution, are out, according to Phil, from personal scruple. "This town gets benefited to death."

It's a business with little visible profit. But Towle, for one, does it because "basically, I just like music." In the future, if hopes materialize, he'd also like to make a living at it. Judi is more outspoken, but no less modest; "I feel really rank about Haight St. I mean, I just hate it. But I feel sometimes that some kid sitting up there could be another Michael Bloomfield or somebody, only nobody's ever given him a chance. Somebody ought to give musicians the opportunities they deserve."

Kinks 'Enormously Gratified' in US

LOS ANGELES—After that spate of first hits and three years of frustrating obscurity, the Kinks have arrived.

The British group is finishing up its first American tour since 1965. Into their sixth week in Los Angeles, head Kink, Ray Davies, described reception to the band as "enormously gratifying."

Not only had every concert been sold out, he said, but "I think the audiences are more knowledgeable now. When we came here before, we played arenas and coliseums, places like that. It was just the image then, but now the superficials are gone. Now they know there are six strings on a guitar and sometimes they go out of tune and you've got to play a C-vamp to get a G sound on a harmonica, things like that. They know more about what makes up the group. It makes them more understanding."

The Kinks already had played the Fillmore East in New York and large clubs or theaters in Boston, Detroit, Chicago and Cincinnati before coming here for four days at the Whisky A Go Go.

The Whisky was the smallest house on the tour and opening night there nearly broke the club's three-year-old attendance record, with a line forming four-abreast down the Sunset Strip two hours before the band was scheduled to go on. "As crowded as when the Cream did three nights here" was the way a club spokesman described it.

Davies shared the evening's vocals with his brother Dave, the band's lead guitarist—Dave singing "Milk Cow Blues" (an Elvis oldie), Little Richard's "Rip It Up" and some of his own compositions, including "Love Me 'Til the Sun Shines," Ray taking the vocals in "Waterloo Sunset," "See My Friends" and "Fancy." Ray also sang several selections from *Arthur*, the music for a drama he had co-written for English TV.

Davies said he has a play of his own that may be broadcast in this country next spring. The play is about "a man who's done little in life but watch it pass him by" and will be on Granada TV in England in January.

In the Kinks' three-year absence from the U.S., the band has had almost no American hits. And the last tour itself is generally regarded as a disastrous one. The current tour may change things.

"They've already asked us to come back again, in February or March," Davies said.

"We're presently planning our next album and we hope to have it finished by the time we return. The way things look, we may record most of it here. Things are looking brighter now."

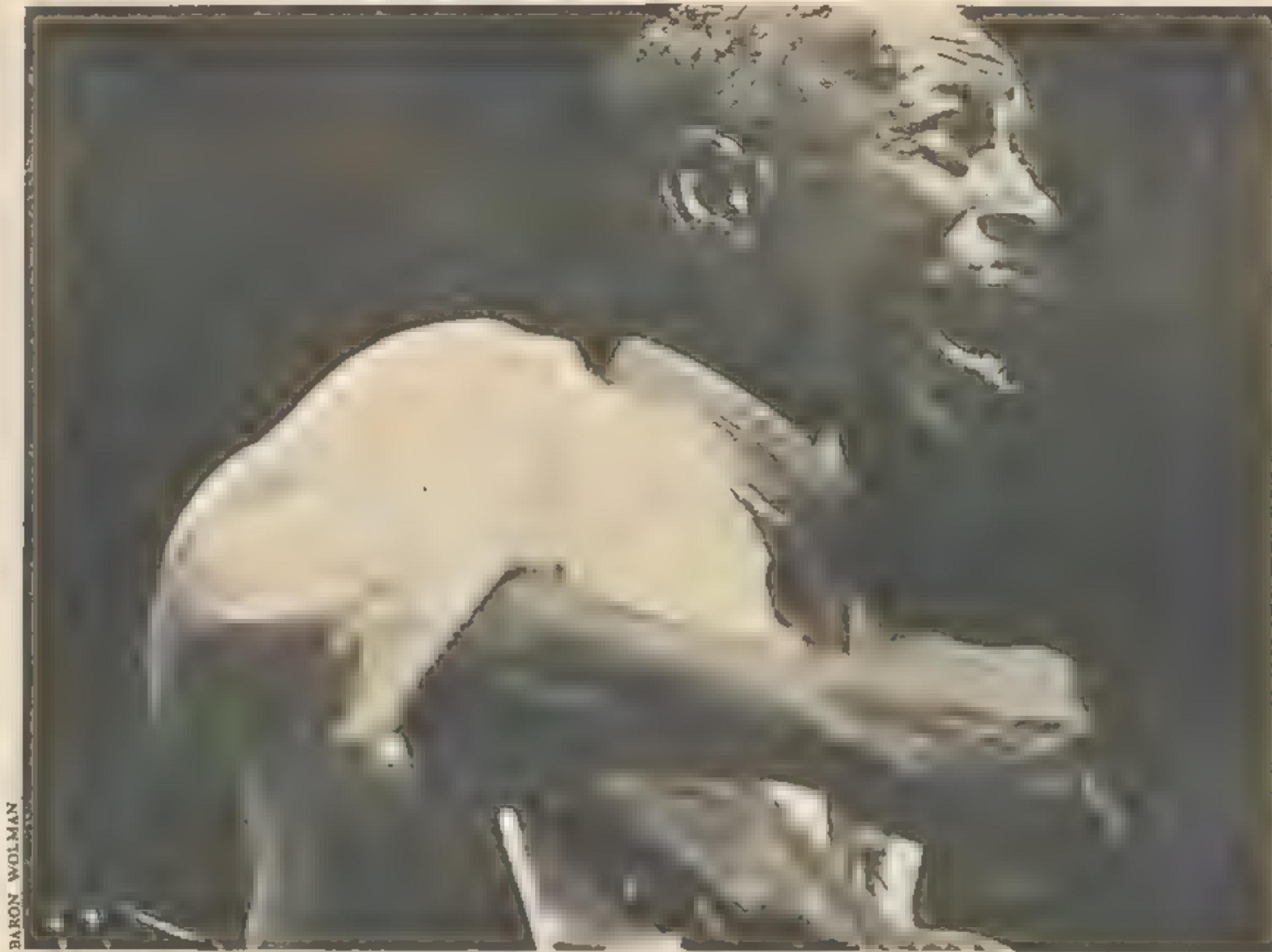


Prophet Statement

He has dissected life and laid it open for all to see. Cash Box says, "*His songs are emotional, filled with personal visions of pain and joy, and they are masterpieces of musical poetry.*" David Ackles. His latest album *Subway To The Country* on



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AARON WOLMAN

Son: "Something real—something that has true meaning"

Rock & Roll Offed At Cafe Au Go Go

NEW YORK—The Cafe Au Go Go in Greenwich Village is no more. In its place is the Cafe Caliph, serving up Middle Eastern entertainment and fare.

The decision to drop the rock was made by club owner Moses Baruch who bought the lease from Maidmen Realty Inc. after original owner Howard Solomon left New York last June for Cocoanut Grove, Florida, to manage Fred Neil.

"I took over the club to run it the same way as a jazz club, but for rock and roll," says Baruch. "I put in a couple of big groups like the Grateful Dead but I couldn't make a go of it. I tried to do it and even took in Richie Havens as a partner. But it's impossible."

"The big groups go to the Fillmore East and personally, if I wanted to see them I'd rather go there since you see a show and it's not too expensive. I just can't cover the costs."

The club was closed from June to September when it re-opened with a benefit headlining Blood, Sweat and Tears. Havens wanted to turn the Au Go Go into a showcase for rock in New York, but management difficulties and fiscal problems kept it in the red.

The demise of the Cafe Au Go Go leaves New York with few rock clubs. Ungano's on the Upper West Side continues to prosper, as does The Bitter End in the Village. The East Village's tacky temple of tourism, the Electric Circus, also remains. Cheetah caters to the R&B crowd. Tarot, a new club on Union Square, is attempting to pick up where the Scene left off, and has two dance floors and a liquor license, plus, for better or for worse, the former musical director of *Hair* hiring performers.

Commissioners Nix Free 'Hair'

LOS ANGELES—It was Round Two in the continuing battle between long hair and the city's Recreation and Parks Commission—and long hair lost again.

This time it was the cast of the musical *Hair* that wanted permission to use a local park. Not only did the commission members reject the plea, they even declared its defeat before they voted on it.

(Round One was staged less than a month earlier when the commissioners gave support to an ordinance severely limiting rock music in parks and on beaches.)

The cast and producers of *Hair* wanted to use the park to stage a free concert and public birthday party, in honor of their first year in Los Angeles and to thank the city for supporting them.

The commission wasn't having any of it.

"It would subvert nice, clean children with indecency," said Mrs. Harold Morton, the commission chairman. "The whole thing is nothing but a cheap bid for publicity on something the police would like to close up."

"I'm against *Hair* because of its reputation," said A. E. England, one of the commissioners. "I have three daughters and five grandchildren."

Patricia Delaney, another board member, then read a review mentioning the play's casual treatment of sex and drugs and said, "I vote no!"

In response to which Mrs. Morton said, "The motion is defeated."

The other commissioners hadn't even voted yet.

England said he had heard men and women stood naked together on the stage, and Miss Delaney jumped in with the question: "Would they perform nude in the park?"

The answer was no.

Finally a vote was taken. There were three votes against, two for—the two from James Madrid and Brad Pye, the Mexican-American and black members of the commission. Not a one of the five had seen the musical.

Following the hearing, *Hair* publicist Dennis Shanahan issued a statement which said, in part: "It is unfortunate that a decision . . . is made so arbitrarily, unilaterally, and prejudicially by a small group of appointed officers who have made no effort to hide that their judgment is based on their general opposition to young people and specific misconceptions about our play."

Magic Sam, 32, Is Dead

CHICAGO—Magic Sam, one of several Chicago blues musicians to enjoy the beginnings of success in the past year, is dead of a heart attack at the age of 32.

He died in his Chicago home Sunday night, a few days after returning there for Thanksgiving. His last gig was at the Ash Grove in Los Angeles.

Magic Sam had a soft, smoky voice and an almost offhand delivery as a singer. His guitar work was more sunewy, insinuating, more jazz-like, less pyrotechnic than most of his blues contemporaries. Like Wes Montgomery, Sam never used a pick, and this added to his individual sound.

Sam was born Samuel Maggett on Valentine's Day, 1937, on a farm in central Mississippi, where he learned to play the guitar by stretching strings tied to nails driven into a wall.

His family moved to Chicago in 1950, where Sam got his first guitar. As a teenager, he began appearing in the city's blues clubs, first sitting in with Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, later forming his own band. He began singing at the insistence of another Chicago blues friend, Shakey Jake.

He had been recording since he was 20, always singles for little-known labels like Cobra, Chief, Crash, and, most recently, Delmark. At the time of his death, his Delmark contract had six months to run, and he was talking with bassist-producer Duck Dunn about recording for Stax in Memphis. He had two albums on Delmark, one of them, *Black Magic*, released just last week.

He is survived by his wife and four young children.

Blind Faith Split? Yes, No, Maybe . . .

LONDON—Once again, it's being said—and denied—that Blind Faith is breaking/has broken/will break up.

The latest rumors stem from reports that Chicago guitarist Buddy Guy is forming a new "international, interracial" band that may include Ginger Baker as drummer.

Too, Baker is involved in a Brigitte Bardot western movie, *Zachariah*, to begin shooting in January, while Eric Clapton is making records and touring with Delaney and Bonnie, and Steve Winwood, just finished with his solo LP for Island Records, is talking about a jam session with Jimi Hendrix and Lee Michaels for an album.

Rumors about Baker splitting—and therefore Blind Faith dissolving—have been cropping up regularly since September, and the band's management group, Stigwood Organization, has popped up each time to pinch the talk. This time, a Stigwood spokesman "denies absolutely" that they are breaking up, that "they are all doing their own things right now but could be back together in February."

As for Buddy Guy, just released from his Vanguard contract, talk about a new band is now only in discussion stages. However, it is known that Guy is one of Baker's favorite guitarists, and the two have jammed together on occasion, once at the Winterland Auditorium in San Francisco during a Cream gig. "Right now," a source close to Guy said, "we're just tossing names back and forth." Names include Steve Winwood and members of the newly-defunct Procol Harum.

Son House: 'You Can't Fool God'

BY MICHAEL GOODWIN

BERKELEY—Eddie "Son" House, at 67, is the last of the great delta bluesmen. He moves slowly, and his thoughts seem to be far away from the auditorium in Berkeley, packed with young, white hand-clappers who are here to celebrate, again, the ritual of the blues festival. House introduces each song in a voice so soft that not a whisper reaches the audience. It's almost like he's talking to himself.

Yet, when his hands crash music from the steel National guitar his voice draws power from somewhere and the Mississippi blues ring out with an intensity that will, with his passing, never be heard again.

Only once does an introduction come through clear: "I'm a pretty old man, now. All my old boys have gone back to their mothers' dust, filled all them tombs, like we all got to do some day sooner or later. I don't try to worry about it too much. I know that man up yonder—there ain't no getting around on the side givin' him no little tips. He don't get that stuff. So I try to do it this way." And then the song is "This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine."

Backstage, after his set, I asked him about making records in the old days. "Ooh, gee, my dammit, along with me and Charlie Patton, Willie Brown and Blind Lemon, long in them days we wouldn't get nothin'. Nothin', man. We'd get thirty or forty dollars, we had a couple of drinks of that bad old corn whiskey or something. The fact of the business is that we didn't have no sense, nohow. Didn't know nothin' about it. They just worked us, you know? They got it out of us."

"I'd make my own songs. I'd make 'em myself, I wouldn't get 'em off of nobody. I'd think up the words myself to make a song, and then get the music and see which one would like to go best with it. My own songs, my own words—not the other fella's. A lot of the other, younger guys, they would make a lot of these old foolish songs, something that there wasn't no sense to it. Just something to laugh off. Laughable things."

"But I believe in making a real song, where the words mean something that somebody can understand. And they can understand it because they live in this world, and they facin' a lot of them things. A lot of them things happen to them, or they see it happen to somebody else. Something *real*, not just something like, 'Jump the rabbit in the pea pod.' Something *real* happens to a man or a woman, something that's true. That's where I make my songs. They have true meaning. Then people can get the sense out of what you're singing about. That's something that's real, true . . .

"I learned Robert Johnson how to play. He started out livin' not two miles from me, in a place called Robinsonville, Mississippi. He was blowin' a harp, and he was good on the harp. He would follow me and Willie Brown on a Saturday night, and every time we stopped for a rest and put our guitars over in the corner, he'd get the guitar and try to play. And he'd just be *noisin'* the people. The folks would come out and say, 'Why don't you go in there and make that boy put that guitar down, he's runnin' us crazy!'

"So they dogged him enough so he run off from his father and mother, and went over in Arkansas. He was gone six, eight months. When he came back, me and Willie Brown was playin' out in a little place they call Banks, Mississippi, and he walked in. He called me 'Uncle Son,' and he said, 'Uncle Son, can I bit a lick or two?'

"I said, 'Now don't come back with that, Robert. You know the people don't want to hear that racket.' He said, 'Let 'em say what they want to say, I want you to see what I learned.' So I told the audience, 'Now y'all don't dog him, let him alone. He just wants to show me and Willie Brown.'"

"So he took the guitar and he lit out playin'. And then they all crowded around, and I said, 'Get back, y'all, stand back, stand back.' And they was sayin', 'No, no,' and I was sayin', 'Yes, yes.' And I had to bug my eyes too, me and Willie Brown both."

—Continued on Page 16

HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH MYSELF **RAY STEVENS**

Watch Ray Stevens at work in Monument's new 16-track recording studio and you can begin to appreciate his genius. He walks into a session and says hello to 13 strings, 8 horns, bass, drums, congas and a guitar, gives them all lead sheets for his own arrangements, and then kicks off the first take with some of the best damn piano licks this side of West Memphis. Twenty minutes later he has already experimented with three different drum patterns on the instrumental break, dropped the 'cellos from the chorus, and politely noted that somebody in the brass section missed a flatted seventh on the intro.

A day later he returns to the same studio and pours his full energy into singing both lead and back-up vocals. Standing alone before a single microphone in that nearly darkened studio, he shoves his hands in his back pockets, marvels at the acoustically perfect silence and almost whispers "Man, I feel like I'm inside a Stradivarius violin."

In a way he is. To Ray the studio is an instrument unto itself, something which can be played, which can provide that "sound" which makes a million people want to hear a song. He is sensitive to this possibility because of his special relationship with his music — one which he himself finds hard to explain.

In a moment of relaxation the occasional hint of distraction in his eyes may offer a clue. For beneath that cool exterior and easy Georgia drawl is a young man constantly listening to music. He has heard it all his life, learned to understand it, shape it, sing it, and even accept it as a kind of joyful metaphysical influence. In the process he has demonstrated that he is easily one of the most talented artists in American popular music.

If Ray has one gift, it is the ability to take 15 years study of classical piano, a college degree in music theory and a lifetime of immersion in blues, pop, bop and country and cut hits which consistently represent a high degree of artistic achievement. He began doing it in the early sixties with novelty tunes like "AHAB THE ARA8" and subsequently showed equal facility with more serious offerings such as "UNWIND" and "MR. BUSINESSMAN" — two recent hits which firmly established his mastery of the ballad form.

On this album Ray has put forth nothing less than a virtuoso performance which beautifully showcases both his inventiveness as an arranger and his great talent as a singer. There is something about his treatment of "GAMES PEOPLE PLAY," for example, which carries a wonderful righteousness and toughness of spirit. He is strongly evocative in his phrasing, he believes what he is singing, and his lyrics are shot through with a vitality which comes across even on slow passages.

He can choose recent standards by major artists such as Bob Dylan, Blood Sweat and Tears and The Beatles and capture in his arrangements the sound of the hit versions yet mold them into his own personal translation without producing a facile copy. Listen to his treatment of "HELP" — Ray chooses a lilting acoustic guitar introduction on which to build a soft folk ballad which gradually changes tone, becoming a forceful almost joyous plea with full orchestration. Similarly, he tackles "HEY JUDE" with a confidence of a thorough knowledge of orchestration and comes up with a born magnificent production with vocals, melody and crescendo gloriously out front. Elsewhere, he reverses his emphasis on full orchestration with Dylan's "I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT," turning instead to a vocal imitation of harmonica overdubbed five times (with a vibrato thrown in). The result is a musically effective accent with runs in counterpoint to the sweetest string arrangement on the album. Then, too, he can take an unknown song such as "SUNDAY MORNING COMIN' DOWN" and spend countless hours shaping it into an immensely satisfying poetic vision. In both instances he keeps his vocals at the very forefront — clear and intelligible — and lets you know that he is to be judged as a performer no less than as a versatile arranger.

As in the past, Ray Stevens succeeds brilliantly in both endeavors.

JOHN GRISSIM
ROLLING STONE

The Dope Page



Son House

—Continued from Page 14

"So I told him, 'Bob, lemme tell you something. You'll be playing for Saturday night balls too, now, like me and Willie. Some of these women are gonna come up and put their hands over your shoulder and say, 'Oh, play it again, Daddy,' but don't you go fool. She liable to have a couple of men standing back there in the crap room, two or three of them old owl-heads, and you'll get your brains blown out. You got to look out for that, boy.'

"It wasn't more than six months when his father got a special that he'd got killed. His father told us all about it, about how he died."

Asked why he thought people were getting into the old blues again, Son said: "I been thinking about that for a long time. When the blues was first made up, from us old guys—a lot of them is dead and gone now—we made 'em up sometimes in the field, working. Working from sun to sun. Sometimes we'd have so much trouble, we'd think of them old songs. That was the starting of the blues. Not what they call the blues now, that ain't nothin'."

"So it worked on, a few years—the Thirties, a little after the Thirties—workin' on into that the younger people commenced makin' those little jumpy ones, still sayin' it was the blues, which it wasn't. So since they grown up a little farther and farther now, and they heard some of the real old blues, and some of the things have happened to them. It makes no difference if they was young. And they say, 'Well, that was a true, old song Mr. So-and-So wrote.' So they commence gettin' interested in it, and one tellin' the other, and they commence findin' out that them old blues was true. That's what I call gettin' back interested in the old blues again . . .

"I think this is my last trip for a while. Jesus, I been sick. I just come out of the hospital to come over here. I was in the hospital when my manager, he come to me, and I was just gettin' a little better. See, they split me open, once, and a mistake was made. So they had to go over it a little bit. Some kind of a little mistake they made."

"Yeah, I know I'm an old man. And I'm glad of it, in a way. All the other boys, we used to play together, make records together, every one of them is dead. The last one [Skip James] died this year, too. You all know I'm an old man. I'm glad to be. But still, I don't feel as well in the health as I used to. No, I don't. But I tell 'em, 'I'm an older man, but I got young ideas.' I can think, at least—what I can't do I can think."

"Six, seven years ago I quit playin' the blues. I did. I quit and went right and joined the church in the city where I live now. And the name of the church is named Amen Baptist Church. After I heard that most of all my old boys had died, I got scared and quit playing the blues and went and joined the church."

"So further on up the road, I mean after a while, I got to thinkin' that I'm going too, sooner or later. 'Cause the thing about it is that you can't fool God about nothin'. There ain't no use tryin' that stuff. You see, there's no stratin' straddle of the fence. No, you got to be one or the other. That's the best way to be."



Right A Wrong, Light Up

NEW YORK—Right A Wrong, a New York-based organization which exists solely for the purpose of legalizing grass, is looking for "organizers, volunteers, and bread."

The group, formed in August of this year by rock producer Eddie Arrow, his brother Stuart, and attorneys Mike Schaffer and Peter Levine, hopes to gather enough signatures on petitions circulating throughout New York state to force the state legislature to reconsider the present marijuana laws.

Failing that, they will seek a referendum vote next November (150,000 signatures are required to get the issue on the ballot).

Their present aim is to arouse public support for their campaign. To this end they've organized a benefit at the Fillmore East December 17th, headlined by the Stooges, Rotary Connection, Jay and the Americans, John Hammond, and, tentatively, the Flock. "We tried to get the Stones, but Klein's office was very uncooperative," says Eddie Arrow.

Their most ambitious plan is a projected march on Washington next July 4th, which they hope will attract all the nation's heads and become "the biggest free concert the world has ever seen." Arrow admits that the idea of a mass march scares him just a little. "They'd never let us rally peacefully. Somebody—maybe the liquor industry—would make sure the thing turned ugly."

Their long-term goal is state-by-state repeal of anti-grass legislation, brought about by organizations similar to theirs working within each state.

This would leave only the Federal statutes, which are concerned mainly with importation and transportation of narcotics across state lines. Presumably, with state laws repealed, it would be perfectly legal to possess and smoke the local product.

But in the meantime they need workers and bread. The office is at 19 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036. Phone is (212) 972-1464. Right is wrong.

Krupa Rolls One Against Dope

MINEOLA, New York—Out of a two-year retirement emerged Swing-era super-drummer Gene Krupa, 60, to deliver a stern anti-dope lecture to a youth group at the courthouse building here.

To illustrate his point, according to Variety, the entertainment trade paper, Krupa set up his drums and played as if he was stoned (which he was not). First he played a smooth-as-mayonnaise press roll, showing how good you can play straight. Then he played a raggedy-ass roll, the way you do when you're stoned.

Said Krupa: "God gave you a native talent and a natural feeling of elation when all goes well. You can talk to the biggest junkie and he can tell you there's no euphoria that can take the place of what nature gave you."

Back in 1941, Krupa served an 84 day stretch in a San Francisco slammer for holding grass.



Look who's talking: Dr. Margaret Mead, the elderly sociologist lady who recently told a congressional committee that the nation's dope laws don't make sense, has pledged to speak at a Fourth of July Smoke-In at Washington, D.C., where (organizers at Right A Wrong headquarters are hoping that) two million people from all sections of the country will demonstrate their support for repeal of the marijuana laws Another vote for dope: At its annual meeting in East Lansing, Michigan, the young adult conference of the YWCA (Young Women's Christian Association) passed a resolution calling for legalization of marijuana by a 167-126 vote. Not without heated debate, however Sentenced to eight years in prison, on November 19th, in Laredo, Texas, for attempting to smuggle seven pounds and two ounces of cocaine from Mexico: Mrs. Irene Williams Smith, sister of the late C&W great Hank Williams. After the July 30th arrest, police (evaluating the stash at \$7 million) declared it the largest single seizure of drugs at the Texas border in law enforcement history If you don't read the sports pages, how would you know that the World Lightweight Boxing Champion, Mando Ramos, 20, was busted in Long Beach for possession of grass? Police said they found a bag in his car. Ramos denied knowing anything about its contents, and is out on \$1250 bail John Drew Barrymore, the actor's son, busted again, at age 37, for possession, in Los Angeles, after having been convicted in 1967 on possession—he's on three years probation on that rap—plus another arrest in August for this year for possession There's no law against growing marijuana in the State of Vermont, so when five state troopers spent a day pulling up and hauling away truckloads of plants which grew wild growing on his South Burlington cattle farm, John J. Wright sent a bill to the state attorney general's office, asking to be paid for

two tons of grass at the rate of \$5 an ounce. That comes to \$320,000. The State has yet to pay the bill, but it's worth noting that Attorney General James Jeffords isn't sure just what to do.

.. The Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta's underground paper, got into a rap with a couple of dealers (called, for safety's sake, Robin Hood and Paul Revere in the interview) and found them talking revolution. Revere: "A lot of dealers are getting into gun running to the Black Panthers. I can purchase anything from hand grenades to mortars. Automatic weapons, plastic explosives, M79 grenade launchers, I can get anything the average footsoldier can get. If the dealers wanted to declare war, they could. I keep a shotgun, waiting for a nare to knock my door down so that I can drill him, sit in jail for a month, and wait for my case to be dismissed!" Hood: "Police have habits of breaking in without knocking. I think if the dealers here would crack down and put a few cops about six foot under, it'd be a real lesson. Like in Ann Arbor, I've heard that dealers blew up a CIA training center, sniped a few cops, and bombed some cars, and there hasn't been a drug bust there in a year" A Florida reader writes: "I copped 1 lb. of Panama hash and I'm really fucked up. I'm always admiring myself in the mirror, am in love with all of me and am unable to function 'Half-human.' I even dig the smell of shit. I'm a real freak. My problem is my cock hurts, my balls are dry . . . and my dope is running low. Any suggestions?" Any suggestions?—Write c/o Dope, 746 Brannan, San Francisco, California 94103 Erstwhile Mother Frank Zappa has taken to the FM rock and roll airwaves with an anti-speed rap that goes like this: "I'm Frank Zappa of the Mothers of Invention. Don't use speed! It'll mess up your liver, your heart and kidneys and screw your mind up and in general will make you just like your parents."

The Border: 'Just A Routine Check'

TUCSON, Ariz.—Federal narcs, while suffering from the loss of their favorite toy, "Operation Intercept," have stepped up surveillance away from the border.

Returning from an outing at Lochiel, Arizona near the Mexican border, three Tucson residents were flagged down by a light-flashing Border Patrol car. Two patrolmen stepped out, and one announced, "I'd like to search the car," while the other stood next to the door of his automobile and calmly pointed a double-barrel shotgun at the three passengers.

"What are you doing?" asked the startled driver. "Just a routine check," explained the feds. After a light search uncovering no dope, the Border Patrol left to find other people to hassle.

No pretense was made of stopping the car for speeding or anything else, and the male occupants didn't even have exceedingly long hair. Although this happened almost thirty five miles north of Mexico, near the town of Patagonia, the Border Patrol is technically authorized to go any "reasonable distance" to carry out its schemes.

remember...
you don't need to be
stoned to...

flow a head



JERRY HOPKINS

Snow on the desert. Between sessions there was time for touch football, horseshoes, mineral baths, hiking.

Sympowowsium: What Comes After Woodstock?

BY JERRY HOPKINS

JEMEZ SPRINGS, New Mex.—The "sympowowsium" on music festivals held here Halloween weekend was a gathering not of tribes but tribal chiefs, what one of those present called a "hip Appalachia."

Ken Kesey came in from Oregon with some of his Intrepid Tripsters. The Realist's Paul Krassner and Woodstock's Michael Lang were here from New York. John Sebastian and Cyrus Faryar and Carl Gottlieb (ex-Smothers Brothers writer-performer) came from Los Angeles. Milan Melvin and Mimi Farina were among those from San Francisco.

Bill Hanley was here, from Hanley Sound. Tom Law, the Hog Farmer who served as the conference catalyst/moderator. Rustin Cooper, another Hog Farmer, who had originated the Cerebrum night club. Record producer Paul Rothchild. Rock Scully, manager of the Grateful Dead. Michael Vosse, formerly with A&M Records. Along with members of the Berkeley Tribe, American Earth, Jook Savage and the Cabale. Nearly 60 in all.

Those present at the conference also represented an amalgam of political, philosophical and religious beliefs, from yoga to Scientology to Subud to Yippie anarchy. From everyone there came talk of "the spirit" but in listening to the conversations it almost was necessary to know which spirit the individuals were referring to in order to understand. There was, in other words, a heavy spiritual trip going down along with the more pragmatic dreams and plans. It just gave some people a slight headache in straining to keep up.

About half came clean, fearing the anti-dope rednecks they thought they'd find in New Mexico. The other half came with bags full and it was freely passed around.

The idea was to discuss the "architecture of mass gatherings" and answer the question: What comes after Woodstock?

Only time can answer that. But the conferees did lay some groundwork. A loosely formed organization was established, pledged to sponsor and support the festival as part of the evolving life style—with tentative plans to stage as many as three large festivals next year. And information was gathered for what Tom Law called a "hip Boy Scout manual" on how to produce and/or survive at one.

The conference was held at the Hummingbird Music Camp in the Jemez Mountains 50 miles west of Santa Fe, surrounded by Indian villages and hot mineral springs. It was this environment that may have shoved the symposium in the direction it took: Back to the Land.

It was the first day, in fact, that Chris Cowing, who produced festivals this past summer in Atlanta and Dallas, presented an idea he was working on for 1970.

"We're hoping to have it on Cherokee holy land in north Georgia," he said. "Profits would go to buy the land for the Cherokee, who now live there but don't own it. We've talked with the Indians and they are behind us, of course, and they've approved a plan to create a commune on the land."

It was this concept—buying land with festival profits, then turning the land over to a commune—that occupied a great part of the weekend's talk. In fact, Bonnie Jean Romney, one of nearly a dozen Hog Farmers present, offered the meeting the use of Invisible Inc., a non-profit corporation recently established by the Hog Farm for just this purpose.

"We don't have to follow the pop festival any more," Michael Vosse said. "We don't need rock and roll to turn each other on. It can be done in other ways. The festival could be a housewarming for the earth."

"Right," said Tom Law. "On the basis of what the Hog Farm learned at Woodstock, we know we can feed everybody for about twenty-one cents a day. We charge a dollar for shutters and showers, maybe another dollar for three days' food. That covers survival and what we get for the film and recording rights covers all the rest and with what's left we buy the land. So the festival is a housewarming for the land it's being held on. I can dig that."

It was suggested that three of these festivals be held in 1970—probably in June, July and September—in three sections of the country.

There was also a lot of talk about 1970's Woodstock equivalent—the Mind Blower, the Big One, the festival that prompted Carl Gottlieb to say: "After the universal cataclysm, there was no further cataclysm; the universe was there. Maybe what we're doing here is talking about producing a festival which will in turn produce a thousand spin-off festivals. So perhaps we should turn our energies toward planning the cataclysm."

Earlier someone had said sculptor Tony Price had promised to build musical instruments that would cover an acre of land—"something everybody could play at once" ("Wow," said Milan Melvin, "a quarter-mile-long harpsichord.") Someone else talked about how groovy it would be to walk the last ten miles to the festival—to "leave all that metal in another place and give everyone a shared experience even before the festival began" ("We'll have to consider the problem of dealing with half a million blisters," said Tom Law.) And a third suggested going to Pepsi and telling them they could have the soft drink concession if they came up with a healthy soda pop. ("We'll call it Festi-Cola," said Paul Krassner.)

Kesey flew in from his Pleasant Hill, Oregon, farm Saturday afternoon and remained fairly quiet during the open sessions, apparently preferring to huddle with old friends in smaller, more informal groups.

Only a couple of times did he offer suggestions. Once, during a long, tedious discussion about setting up a non-profit organization to administer festivals, he blurted out: "To hell with it. Let's go for a profit organization."

"To what purpose?" said Tom Law.

"I don't know," Kesey said. "Something'll come up. It always does."

Another time he told a rambling story about a visitor he had at his farm. The visitor was really wired, Kesey said, and kept telling Kesey that everything was an illusion.

"Yeh," said Kesey, "but it's a beaut! And it's gonna go beyond that."

He fell silent, leaving everyone a little confused. Krassner jumped in with a laugh-line and Kesey sat back, smiling, showing the tooth he had had capped with a tiny American flag.

On Sunday, most of those attending the conference drove to the Triple H Ranch, nearly 150 square miles of New Mexico's spectacular scenery, situated in an old volcano, under what was at the moment a fresh crust of snow. It was believed this might be a festival site—until the owner of the ranch drove up in a jeep to see who all these freaks and gypsies were, trooping over his land (Kesey had run out of gas and poured his last can over a dead cow to burn it.) The rancher made it clear he wasn't interested in festivals.

There was a lot of laughter and fantasy; in this the chieftains were united.

There was disagreement over money, a subject nearly everyone tried to avoid all weekend. Trouble was, it kept coming up, and every time it did there was an argument. When Michael Lang said he had twelve million dollars in backing to produce five festivals in five different countries next summer, Milan Melvin said dealing with professional money men was dealing with the devil. When Tom Law suggested the one dollar sanitation fee, someone else started screaming about pay toilets.

The question of finances never was agreed upon. Some were going for Wall Street or industrial backing, others for what were termed "enlightened inheritances," still more for direct support from those who would attend.

"One dollar isn't much to subscribe to a life style, is it?"

In areas not financial some useful information was compiled, largely by the Hog Farm, based on experience feeding and treating drug trippers at Woodstock and Dallas. This covered everything from the cost of building outhouses (rather than renting them) to the three types of rooms needed for calming freakouts—"the cream-out room with soft light and mandalas, the padded room for the violent cases, and mom's living room to give the kids something they understand." From feeding everyone (at seven cents and seven seconds per serving) to developing a "garbage consciousness" so celebrants would pick up trash.

Menus were planned. How to get the kids off their asses and participating occupied half an hour. (It was determined that all you needed was a "seedling of hip instigators, people who will start things happening in their areas." Milan Melvin called these people "soul shills.") Weather was considered. Ecology was discussed repeatedly.

One of the best discussions came in the area of security. The proposals were the Hog Farm's again, but all met with general agreement. "No exterior authority" was one guideline, meaning no outside cops. Another was: "Don't try to

stop any situation—re-orient the energy being expended, put that energy to work." Still another: "Posters telling people what to do should recommend rather than command." Most important: "Grace as opposed to efficiency; the mood determines the situation, not the rule."

There also were several festival approaches discussed. Chris Cowing suggested having three stages on three sides of a small hill. Someone else said it was possible to erect five geodesic domes with movable stages, then pull the stages around from dome to dome. Cyrus Faryar said he'd like to see festivals being driven around in fleets of trucks like the old circuses and carnivals.

It was further proposed the pop festival be turned into "the new life style's State Fair," with exhibits in survival and ecology.

"Festivals should be designed to turn people on to things besides music and dope," Tom Law said. "Like sheep they'll come to these things and maybe not so like sheep they'll leave."

It was agreed that all these means of changing the festival would be gathered into a pamphlet to be available to anyone who wanted one.

It was also agreed that the sixty individuals present would keep in touch, using the Hog Farm's post office (No. 212 in Santa Fe), that communication was the first step in organization, that each person would contribute in whatever way he could helping a producer even if he is in it just for the bread, because that makes it a little better for the kids . . . actually sponsoring festivals whenever possible.

"Collectively there should be a consistent flow of energy building this thing to happen," Michael Vosse said. (Prompting Paul Krassner to describe those gathered together as "psychedelic social workers.")

"Right," said Tom Law. "We've got to prove an alternative life style works. We've got to come up with something besides communes and dealing."

Most of the rap sessions were held in a large cabin room, a wood fire going, lots of incense, fresh fruit and nuts—with Tom Law leading everyone in yoga breathing exercises before each evening meal. Other sessions were held in a small hot mineral spring or a thirty-by-eighty heated swimming pool, both nearby.

There were touch football games in the afternoon. Paul Rothchild flew his first kite. Others pitched horseshoes, went hiking and soaked in the mineral baths.

It was a healthy weekend, spent planning healthy things.

Paul Krassner summed it up: "When we tried to organize the Chicago festival of life—to oppose the convention of death—our original vision was what happened, a year later, in Woodstock. In Chicago we figured: Okay, we all know that in 500 years the Democratic and Republican parties aren't going to exist, we just know that, and all we're trying to do is speed up the evolutionary process. And that's kind of what we're trying to do here with festivals—speed up the evolutionary process."

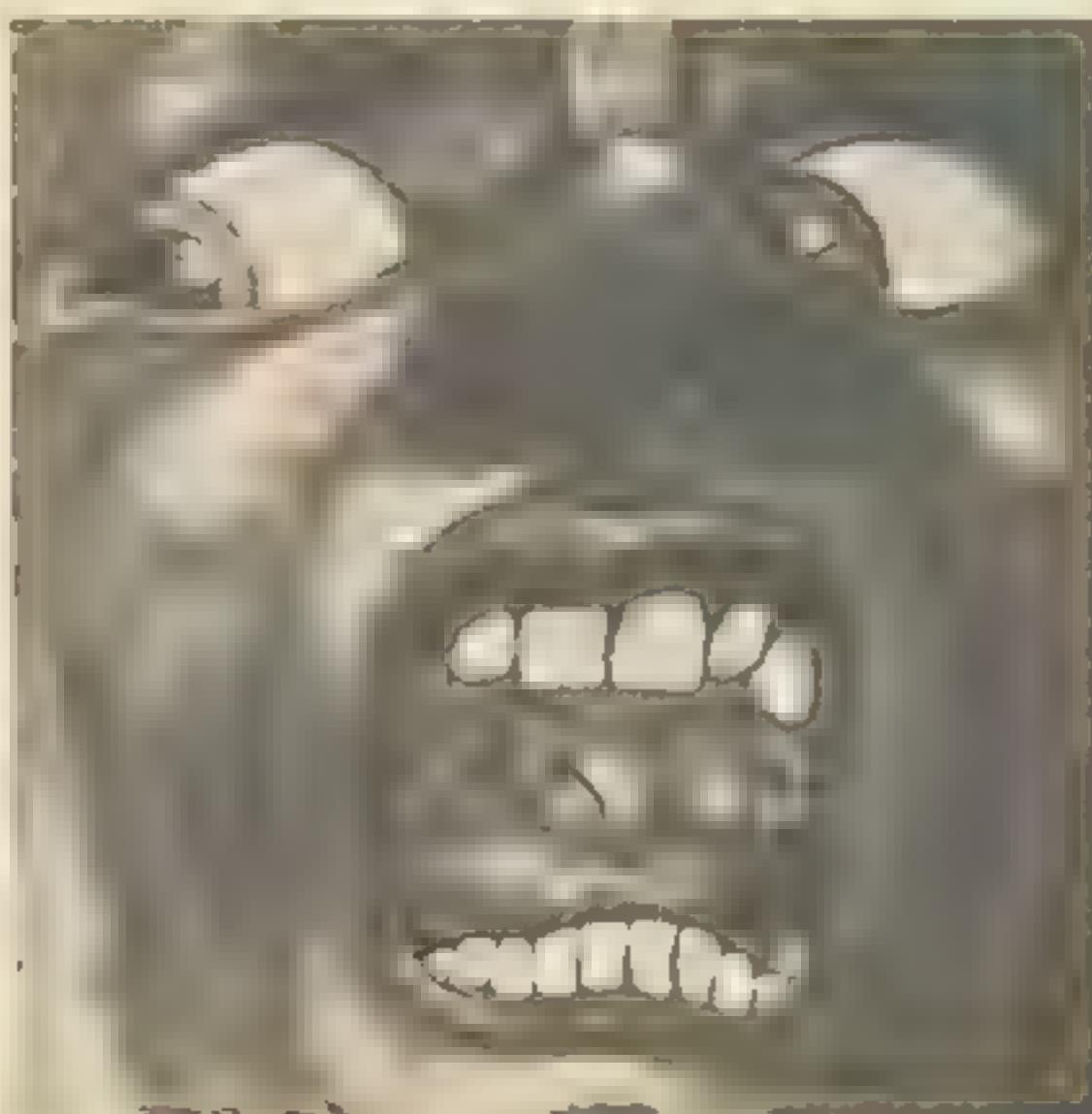
WHAT PETE TOWNSHEND THINKS ABOUT KING CRIMSON

An uncanny masterpiece. An uncanny masterpiece. Title? Song titles? You might know more than I, but I've got the ace card cos I've the album weeks before release to review no less. What depths one has to stoop to to hear new albums before everyone else. How marvellous is the feeling when I walk in a room and say, "you haven't heard it? More's the pity!" Cos I've heard it and its incredible

But its also over careful, cautiously rampant guitar solos scream all over you but never miss a note. Silent drums drum and a million bloody mellotrons whine and soar like sirens down a canyon. Endless, or at least seemingly endless passages through extemporised classic non-effervescent secret-keeping become boring. Drums click and snuff, mellotrons breathe, unidentifiable woodwind multiplies, a voice reminiscent of a Zombie sings. Its time consuming and expensive but somehow, even if you don't get into their complex musical fantasies and indulgences you have to stand and straighten your back when out of all that comes THE COURT OF A CINSONGKRIM ("The Ultimation" says Plum) Bob the roadie comes round, he is already a fan of KING CRIMSON and is extra eager to listen. He doesn't leave his seat until the album is finished, then, after having hung around for about two hours decides to leave I know when he's had enough.

You must have gathered its good. Undeniably. But in some ways too good too soon if that's possible. You will only know what I'm getting at when you hear it for yourself, it's akin to being a ritual it really isn't. The ritual is future worship. The adulation of unnecessary perfection. I hear it, and I know it had to cost at least ten thousand pounds to make. If they chucked out as much as I think they did in order to embrace the remainder it could have cost twenty thousand. I can't tell if it's worth it.

A friend listening to the album from a room below says, "Is that a new WHO album?" Deeply I'm ashamed that it isn't, but I'm also glad somehow. That kind of intensity is music not Rock
Twenty first century schizoid man is everything multitracked a billion times, and when you listen you get a billion times the impact. Has to be the heaviest riff that has been middle frequenced onto that black vinyl disc since Mahlers' 8th
An American chick comes round with a friend and tells me, "They're all real musicians" I don't know where to look. I was never more aware of any other single fact



SD 8245 TP 8245



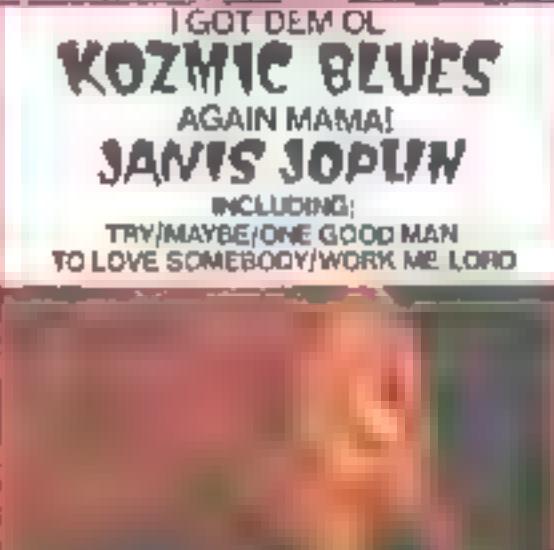
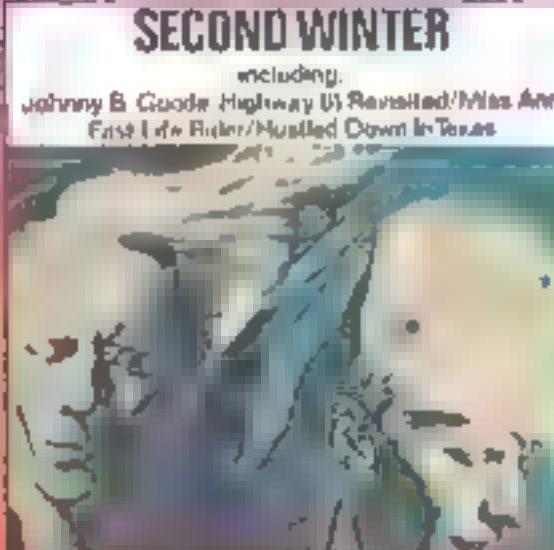
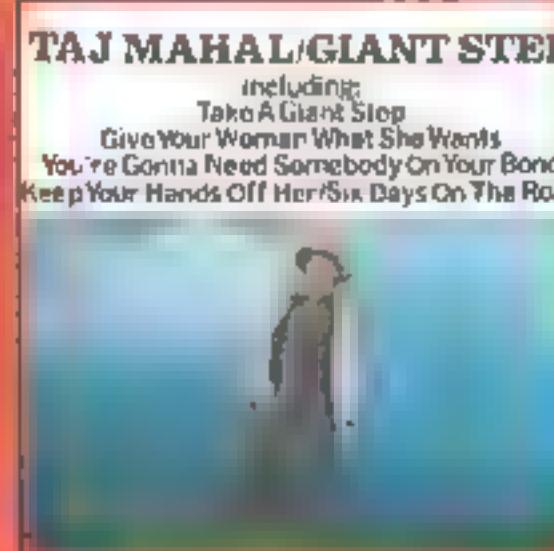
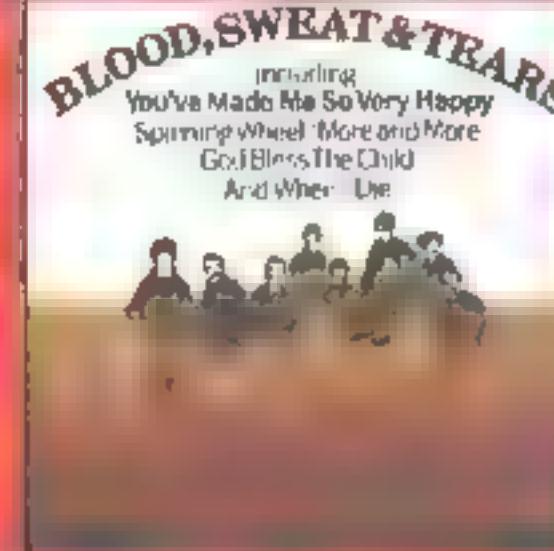
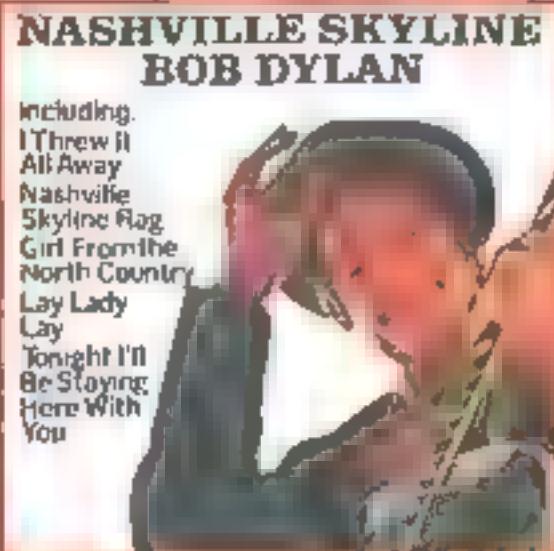
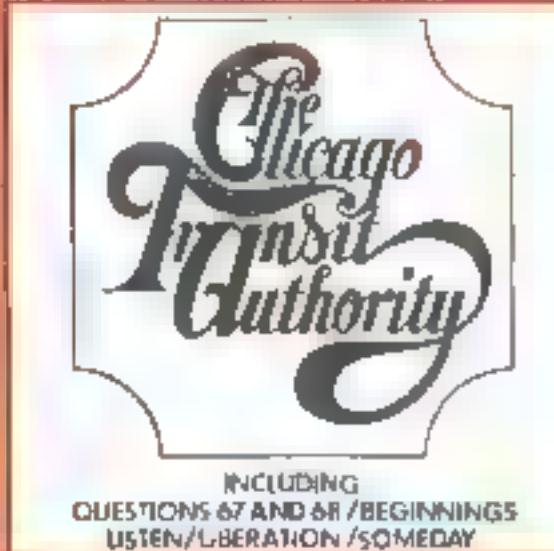
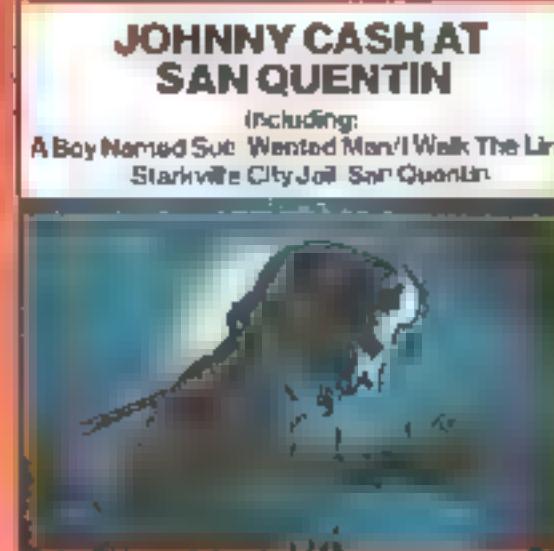
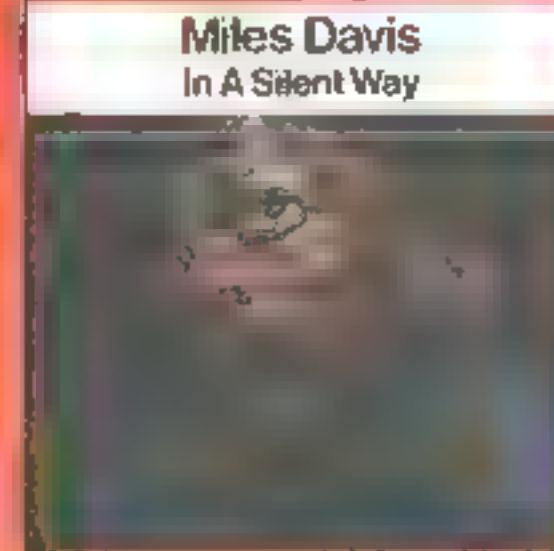
On Atlantic Records and 8 Track Cartridges

Crosby, Nash, Stills, Young, Taylor & Reeves

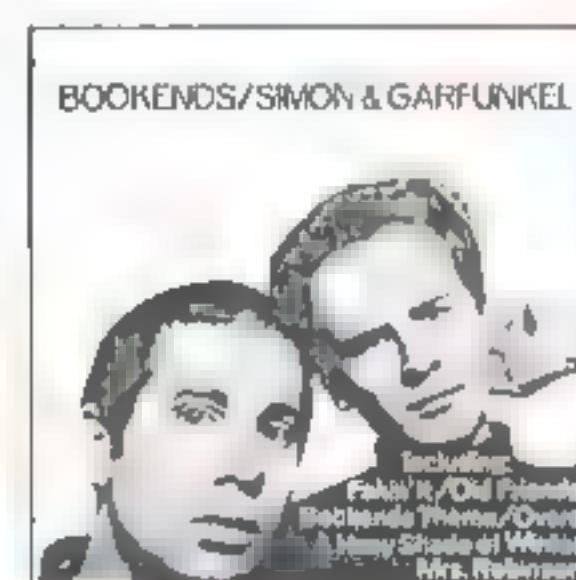
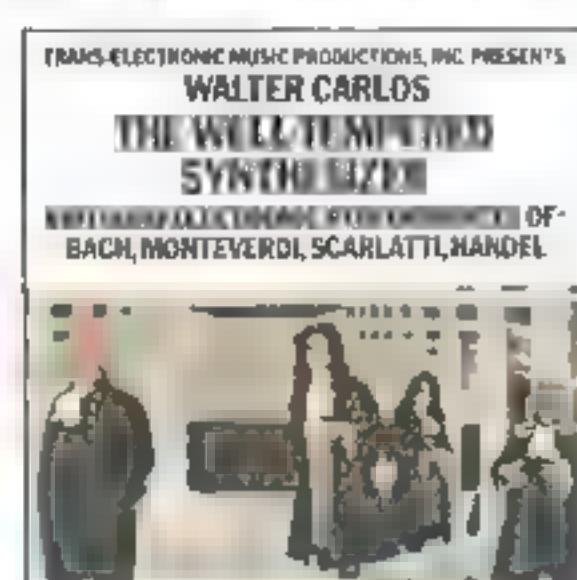
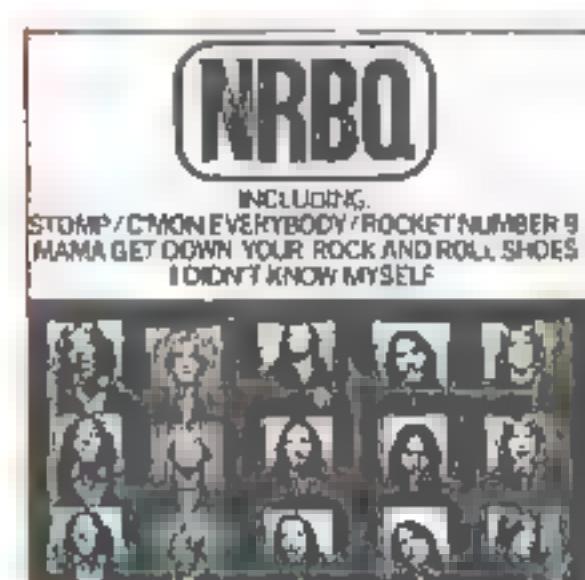
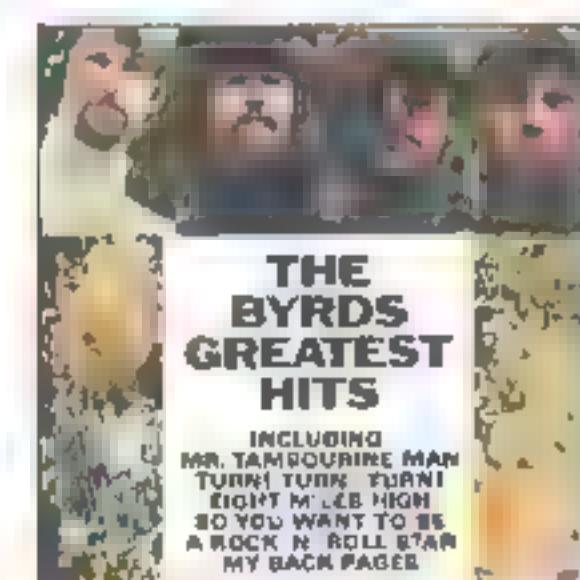
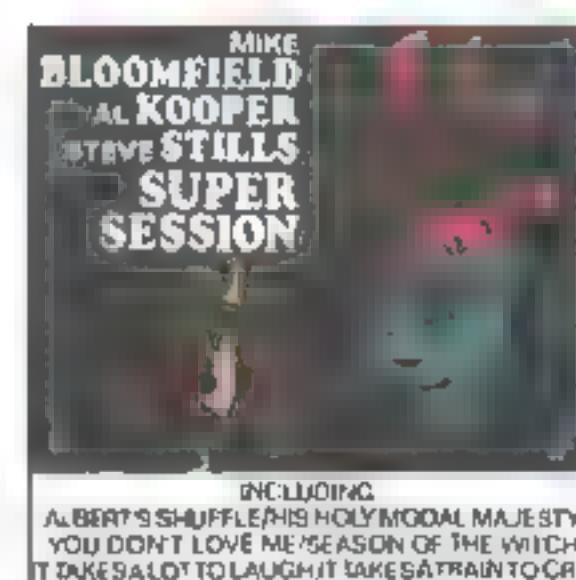
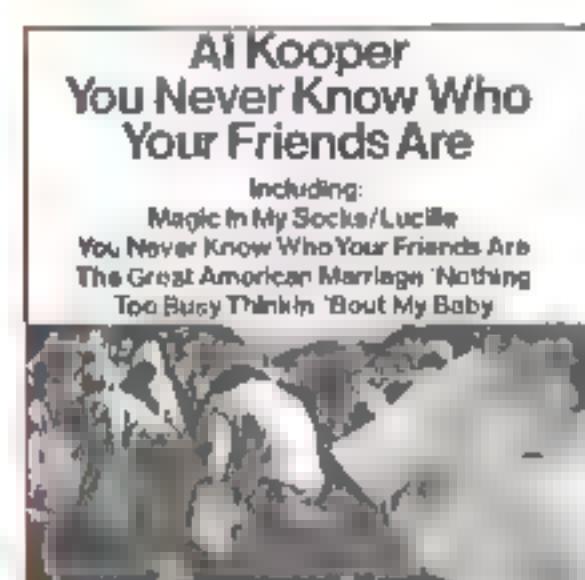
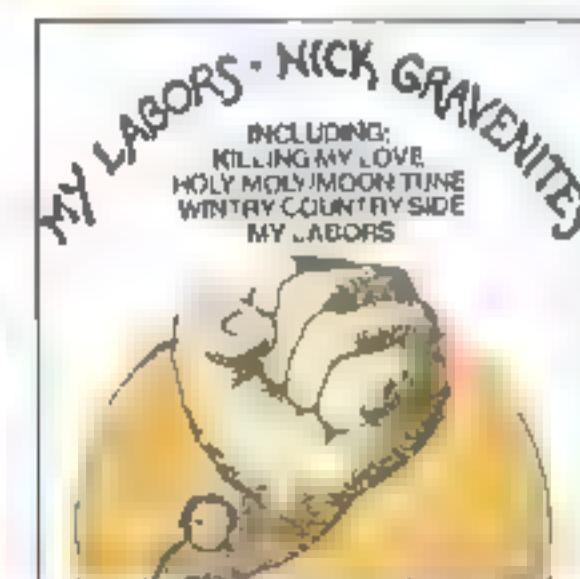
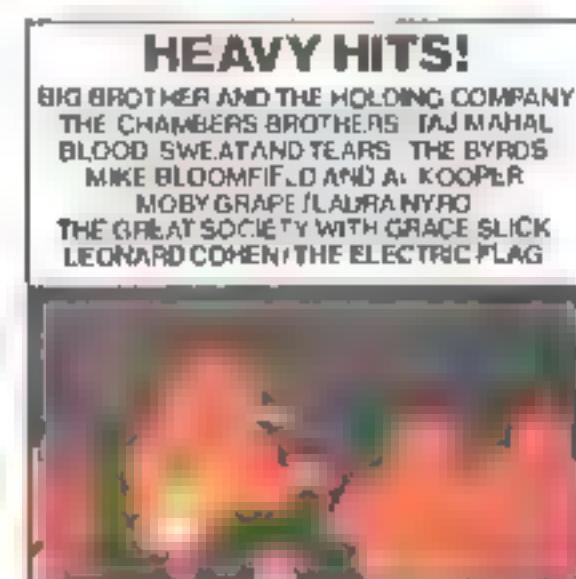
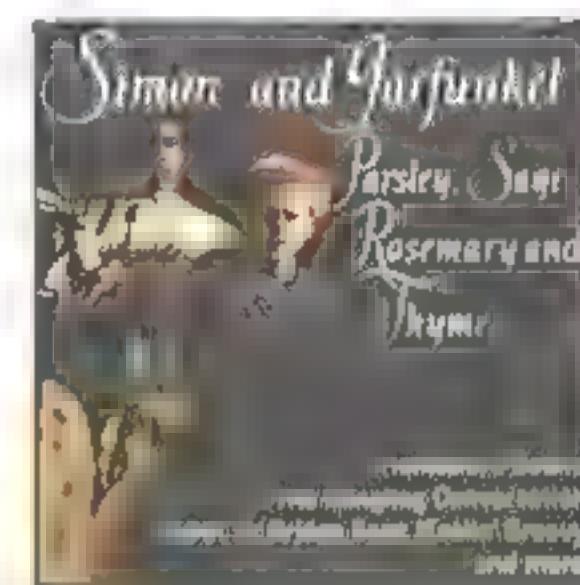
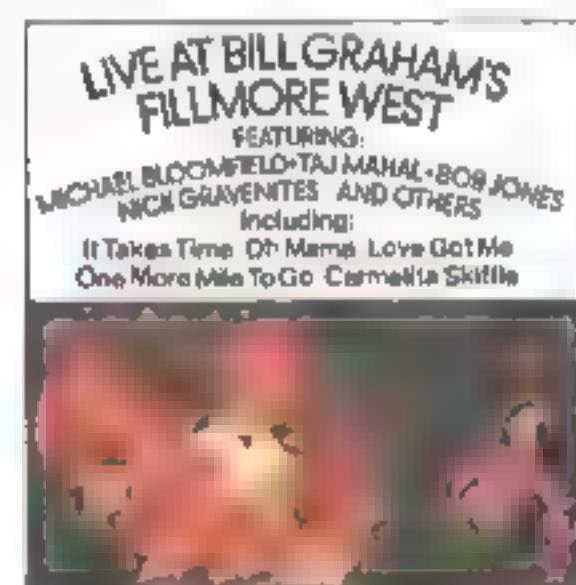
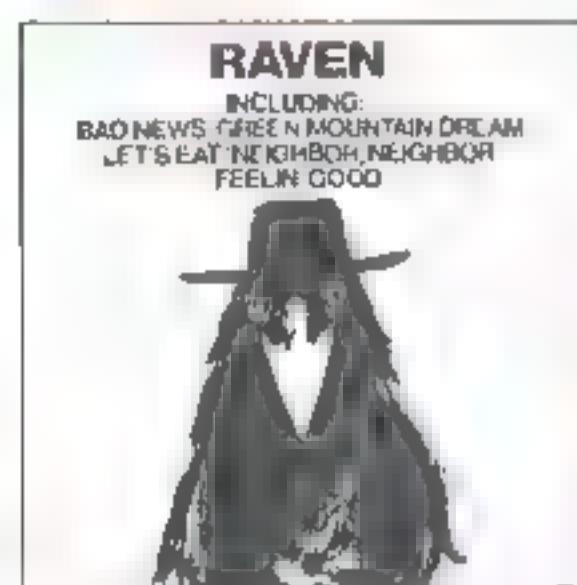
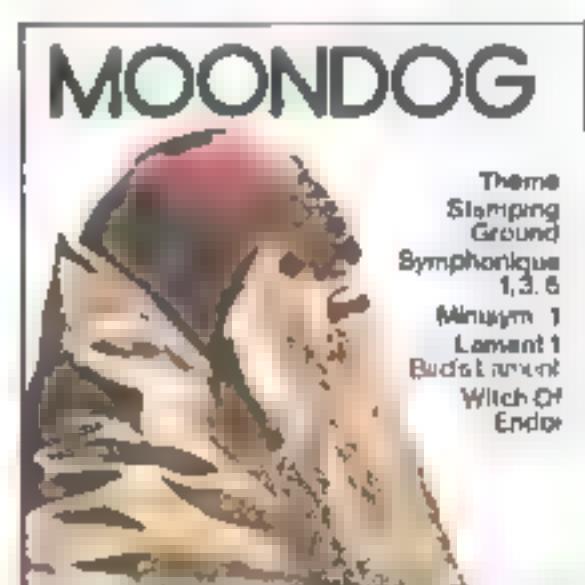
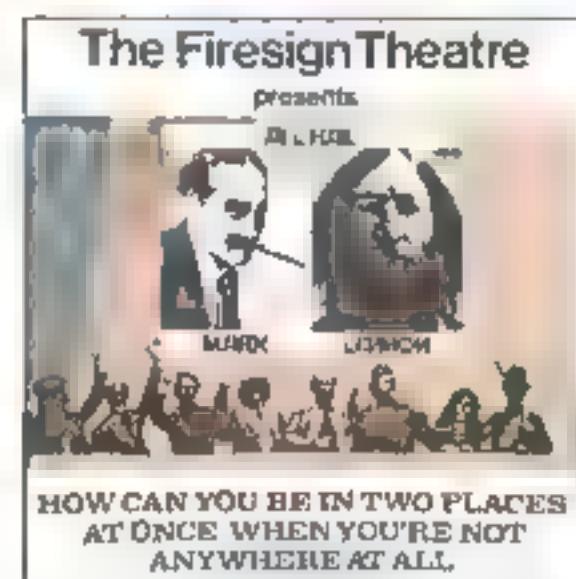
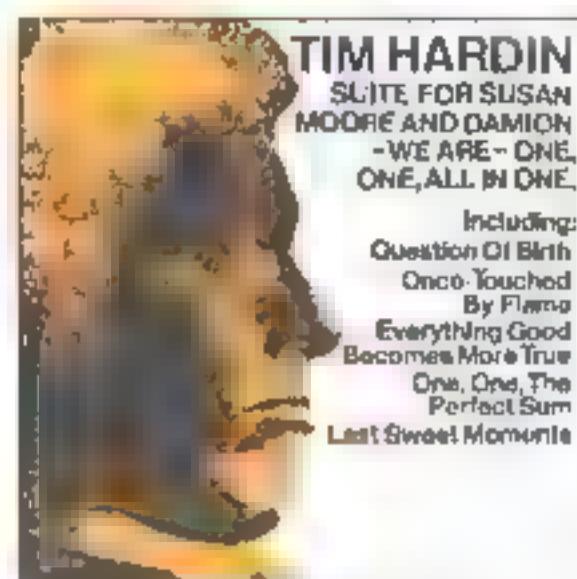
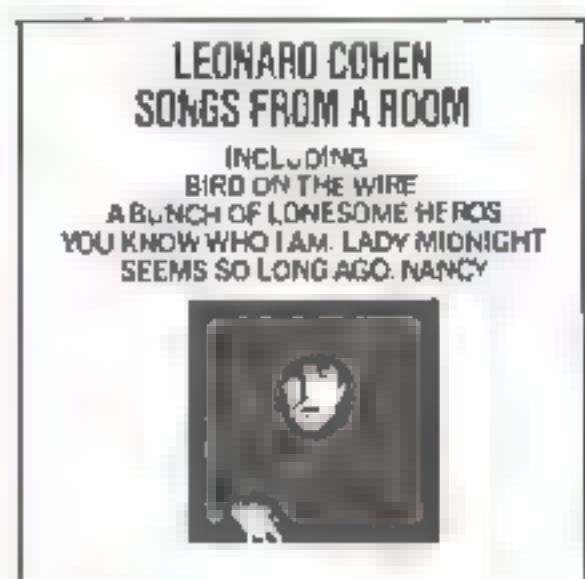
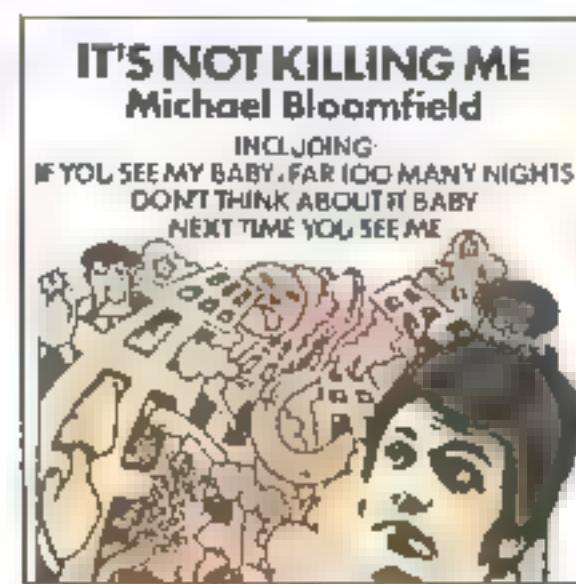
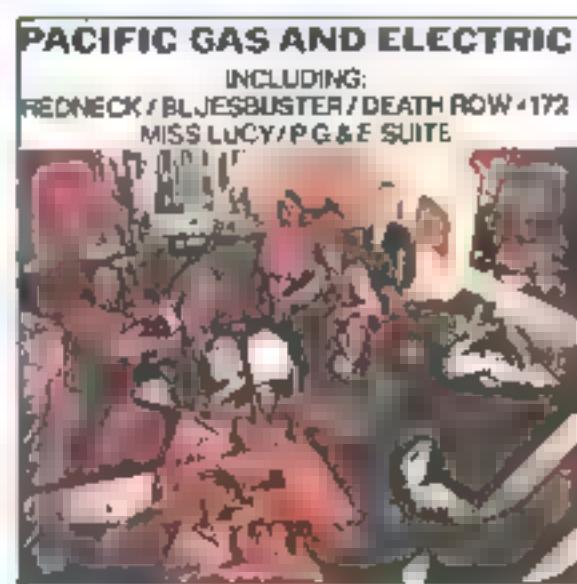


SALLY HANNAH

THIS CHRISTMAS TAKE A
LOOK AROUND AND JOIN US IN
A GREETING: PEACE AND JOY.
GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN.

<p>I GOT DEM OL KOZMIC BLUES AGAIN MAMA! JANIS JOPLIN INCLUDING: TRY/MAYBE/ONE GOOD MAN TO LOVE SOMEBODY/WORK ME LORD</p> 	<p>SECOND WINTER including: Johnny B. Goode/Highway 61 Revisited/Miss Ann Easy Rider/Hustled Down In Texas</p> 	<p>THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS LOVE, PEACE AND HAPPINESS including: Wake Up / Let's Do It / Bang Bang Wade In The Water / I Can't Turn You Loose</p> 	<p><i>Lana Wye</i> New York Tendaberry</p> 
<p> INCLUDING: EVIL WAYS/JINGO YOU JUST DON'T CARE PERSUASION/WAITING</p>	<p>THE BYRDS BALLAD OF EASY RIDER INCLUDING: BALLAD OF EASY RIDER / OIL IN MY LAMP ARMSTRONG, ALDRIN AND COLLINS IT'S ALL GONE TOMORROW/EASY RIDER JESUS IS JUST ALRIGHT</p> 	<p>TAJ MAHAL/GIANT STEP including: Take A Giant Step Give Your Woman What She Wants You're Gonna Need Somebody On Your Bond Keep Your Hands Off Her/Six Days On The Road</p> 	<p>BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS including: You've Made Me So Very Happy Spinning Wheel / More and More God Bless The Child And When I Die</p> 
<p>NASHVILLE SKYLINE BOB DYLAN Including: I Threw It All Away Nashville Skyline Rag Girl From The North Country Lay Lady Lay Tonight I'll Be Slaying Here With You</p> 	<p>Chicago Transit Authority including: QUESTIONS 67 AND 68 / BEGINNINGS USTEN / LIBERATION / SOMEDAY</p> 	<p>JOHNNY CASH AT SAN QUENTIN including: A Boy Named Sue / Wanted Man / I Walk The Line Starkville City Jail / San Quentin</p> 	<p>Miles Davis In A Silent Way</p> 





ON COLUMBIA RECORDS 



SALLY HAMMER

Performance: Crosby, Nash, Stills

By Ben Fong-Torres

Behind them, a crew is setting up the curtains that'll hide their electric gear until their acoustic "wooden music" is finished. The curtains are black; there'll be no light show behind Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. It's Thursday, 5 PM, rehearsal time at the Winterland Auditorium in San Francisco. Four hours before showtime, a guard is already stationed at the old Ice Capades auditorium's doors, brusquely challenging all visitors. Outside, in brisk autumn weather, a line has already begun, a sidewalk full of hair and rimless glasses and leather and boutique colors. These people know Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young won't go on until 11:30, maybe midnight. No matter. They'll grab good places, on the hardwood floor at the foot of the stage. And they'll wait.

Dallas Taylor, the drummer, is moving along the foot of the stage now, out of view from Steve Stills, who's on the stage testing out the piano. Dallas is edging toward Steve, a mischievous smile splitting his wide face. It's time for games. Suddenly Dallas springs, with a shout, up behind Stills, his right hand now a pistol, and kills him. Stills stiffens, falls off his seat, and plunges straight into David Crosby and his guitar, causing a crashing cacophony.

Across the floor, in the first row, Graham Nash is stirred alert by the noise. He's trying to put together the order of tunes they'll do that night. Seeing what's just happened, he calls out to Dallas, who's scampered off to stage center by now: "Hey, man—not around axes, man! Not when you're near an axe!" Dallas, the big little boy, nods, but he knows that any minute now, Stills will have to come back and kill him.

More puttering around the stage, and suddenly it happens. Stills pantomimes the biting of the ring off a hand grenade, waits three seconds, and stuffs it into Dallas' mouth. Taylor dies beautifully, jumping out of his skin a second later, at the "explosion," then falling six feet down off the stage, tumbling, landing on his back.

Graham Nash looks up again. No guitars in the way this time. He smiles, shakes his thin, rectangular head, and goes back to work on his list.

[WE DIDN'T HAVE A BAND]

Crosby, Stills and Nash coasted up the charts effortlessly this summer behind *Blind Faith* and *Creedence Clearwater Revival* and *Blood, Sweat & Tears*. Then their single, "Marrakesh Express," hit the top 20, then "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes," then *Crosby Stills and Nash* surged up again, past *Blind Faith* and the others.

And here's Graham Nash, sitting atop a softly vibrating bed in Steve Stills' motel room in San Francisco. "We didn't have a band with just the three of us," he is saying.

Crosby Stills and Nash was Crosby and Nash and Stills, and Stills on organ, and Stills on bass, and Stills on lead guitar and overdubs of additional guitar tracks.

"We could sing the LP," Nash said, "but we couldn't play it." For their concerts, he said, "we knew we'd have to represent the sound we had on the album. Now we have a whole, different band."

Dallas Taylor, with the trio from the beginning—which was a year ago—has been joined in the background by Greg Reeves, a quiet, 19-year-old bassist right out of Motown's studios. And in the foreground—for most intents and purposes—is Neil Young.

Neil Young, composer, guitarist, singer with Buffalo Springfield, has written a couple of tunes for the next album—"Country Girl" and "Helpless," the latter including a chorus featuring the high, soaring harmonic blend of Crosby, Stills, and Nash—the blend that is perhaps the prime attraction of the group.

But mostly Neil Young is a luxury, a utility man as well as yet another creative force. In the studios, where Stills reigns but shares the reins with opinionated co-producers Nash and Crosby, Young is a solid fourth corner. "We may shape the album," Stills says, "but Neil'll come along and give us that extra thing."

Nash choruses: "He gives us that bit of direction we may need to resolve a question. He's good at making records."

Young was brought in, says Stills, because "we wanted another life force. I always wanted another rhythm section. But instead of a keyboard man, we thought why not a guy who could do other things—write songs, play guitar, be a brother and stuff."

[THRILL ME TO THE MARROW]

Here come the life forces into their dressing room at the Winterland Auditorium. It's 1:30 A.M. Sunday now, and they've finished their third of four nights. Dimly lit in red, the room is small, attic-like, but serves as an adequate shelter. Right now Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—and Taylor and Reeves—want some quiet. David's voice is out, and he's slumped into an old couch, his doctor standing over him.

David had had a sore throat since midweek and that day—Saturday—had wrecked it at the Moratorium rally in Golden Gate Park ("He got carried away a bit," Nash had explained that evening backstage. "After the first thing he yelled he realized he'd gotten carried away"). By the time he'd reached the

stage at the Winterland, with each of the 5000 onlookers able to shout louder than him, he knew he'd paid the price. He could talk best by nodding, smiling and crinkling his 'stache up and down. At the mike, Graham explained David's ailment, and the crowd cheered at their disabled compatriot.

Steve, seated with an acoustic guitar on his lap, facing David, went into "Suite," and the audience, just itching for the group to justify the adulation they'd already poured onto them, whooped it up. Slowly, surely they galloped through the number, until the verse beginning, "Chestnut brown canary, ruby-throated sparrow." And when David reached the high note (... "thrill me to the MARrow"), he couldn't make it, and the crowd applauded, anyway, while he grinned sheepishly and held his throat.

From that point on—what, five minutes into the set—Crosby was pretty much out of it, and the program had to be overhauled. David's usual solo, "Guin-ever," was dropped, along with a couple of duets with Graham, and Neil stepped in to sing a medley of Buffalo Springfield tunes, on acoustic guitar, with Stills. Later, during the electric half of the set, David came back to spend the remains of his voice on a hoarse facsimile of "Wooden Ships" and Steve substituted for him on "Long Time Gone," a song clearly Crosby's.

The audience, like the ones in New York and Los Angeles and Big Sur, cheered everything they did, of course, but Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young knew better. The night before, they had done their now-standard encore number—a brief, softly-sung un-titled Stills composition about freedom, once submitted to *Easy Rider*—and gone off.

—Continued on Next Page



ED CARAEFF

Neil Young

Continued from Preceding Page
 stage and around the rim of the old ice capades rink and settled into their dressing room and lit up a snack, and those 5000 freaks on the other side of the curtains were still stomping on the floor, in their seats high in the distant balconies, screaming for MORE! MORE!

Now, tonight, it was pretty quiet by the time they'd reached the room, and Steve Stills is looking up. "Hey, you should have been here last night," he says, clear eyes dancing. "Tonight was OK, but it was nothing. You know, we were *bored* out there."

And you know he's being straight. They were bored. "Down By the River," the Neil Young composition used as the set-closer, seemed interminable, with Stills and Young trading lead guitar runs and strums as laconically as two men lobbing a medicine ball back and forth. Graham Nash, he of the high, silken voice, sang out a trade-off riff of his own and knocked Neil out for a second, but that was a second out of 30 minutes. Still, the audience went crazy.

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, at this point, can do no wrong.

[EVERYBODY IS CONTROVERSIAL]

It could be the flawless harmony—light as the Everly Brothers; soft as Simon and Garfunkel; melodic as the best of the Springfield. It could be reports, words-of-mouth about the mini-Woodstocks they'd created wherever they performed, sending out those effortless good vibes and coming off like "gentle free spirits." It could well be a mass appreciation of their aversion to the kind of hype that flooded Blind Faith, making them an instantly high-priced, out-of-reach act.

Neil Young speaks: "See, the thing is, everybody—especially David—is a controversial character. Everybody has an opinion. Like, I like to watch David just to see what he'll do next." Crosby, of course—the Byrd who was canned because he wanted to speak and live as well as sing his political piece. He was deeply hurt when Jim/Roger McGinnis fired him, and over the months since his departure, Byrds interviews seemed to build a picture of Crosby as a huffy, moody, intolerable, hard-to-work-with sort of man.

All of them good ones.

All of them lies

Crosby loves Stills, Nash, and Young, and these days, he and Nash play cheerleaders at recording sessions, conducting playback parties for visitors and heaping mountains of praise onto their colleagues. "This is the best music I've made with other people," old folkie Crosby beams. Away from the microphones, he spends most of his time behind and to the side of the control board, hand-cleaning future refreshments or bouncing up and down, making his jacket fringes dance to the music of his band.

"Don't ask him about Christine," someone had suggested, thinking of David's fragile shell, so badly cracked when his lady of nearly three years was killed in a bus collision on a road near his Novato home. David had been spun nearly out of his mind; the group cancelled what would have been a lovely stay at the Winterland, with close friend John Sebastian on the bill with them, and David took to the waters, to a schooner, to escape. He and Graham

went to England to stew and unwind some more, and when he returned, he dove into the task of keeping himself busy, keeping up the happy front—so that even close friends would say don't ask about Christine. But David, knowing he can't, doesn't try to suppress the memories.

[POLITICS IS BULLSHIT]

"Man, you know how hard it is to find a good woman, a woman who's just right—who's with you on every single level. Every step of the way it was right." And Crosby's looking straight at you, because he's just telling the truth.

"But you know," he says, "at least you know that it can happen."

Small consolation, indeed. But David also knows that, just as he is not alone in his joy over his music, he is not alone in his sorrow over lost love.

Stills lost Judy Collins and let his broken heart dictate the words ("Listen to me, baby—/ Help me, I'm dyin'.../ It's my heart that's a-sufferin', it's a-dyin'.../ That's what I have to lose...").

—Continued on Page 24

UMMAGUMMA
PINK FLOYD

SEVERAL SPECIES OF
SMALL FURRY ANIMALS
GATHERED TOGETHER
IN A CAVE AND
GROOVING WITH A PICT





David Crosby

ED CARPENTER



Greg Reeves

GRAHAM NASH

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Graham recently parted from his island lady, Joni Mitchell, and bassman Reeves "had a slump," as Stills put it over a chick. Both Dallas and Neil are married, Neil to a lovely girl with sweet Judy Collins-eyes named Susan.

"We've cancelled a lot of studio time because of woman troubles," Nash says, matter-of-factly. "Women are the most important thing in the world next to music."

Lament over lost love provided the theme—if anyone ever listened to the words—of the first LP. But where "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" opened and paced that album, a song called "Carry On," written by Steve, will set the tone for the second.

*Rejoice,
Rejoice!
There is no choice!*

Stills, for what it's worth, is apolitical. In that song, written when the war was still largely confined to Sunset Strip, he wrote of pickets proclaiming nothing stronger than "Hooley for our side." In the song he wrote for *Easy Rider*, he encapsulated the movie:

*Find the cost of freedom
Buried in the ground
Mother earth will swallow you
Lay your body down.*

—But it was a synopsis, rather than any analysis.

And at the Vietnam Moratorium rally at Golden Gate Park, he pounced on the piano to pound out a searing, machine-gun paced version of "For What

It's Worth" but only after shouting to the 125,000 marchers: "Politics is bullshit! Richard Nixon is bullshit! Spiro Agnew is bullshit! Our music isn't bullshit!"

Music, by a wide margin. Or, as Neil put it: "Steve's trip comes to its head when he sings."

Stills is the one most intensely involved in the group's music. On stage he bounces from acoustic guitar to piano to organ to electric lead. In the studio he directs most of the 16-track traffic, writing and singing the most songs, overdubbing the most tracks, staying the longest time. On several occasions, working on the second LP, he put in 16-hour days at Wally Heider's studios, located on the fringe of San Francisco's greasy Tenderloin district. He stayed at a motel a few blocks away. It was like he was on call to the burgeoning music, constantly in labor, in his head.

"We—Dallas and Bill (Halverson, their engineer) and I—spent last night 'till six doing this," he said one evening at Heider's, holding up a stack of one-inch tapes. "Drunk out of my head playing the piano," a backing track for one of the tunes on the new album. "That's what you can do when you've had a gold record." Beaming like a newsboy who's just won a trip to Disneyland and gets a day off school.

[BIGGER BY SIMPLIFYING IT]

In the studios, Stills is a man of restrained excitement, of quiet pride, of non-stop devotion to the task of making records. "Steve's whole thing right now

is the group," Young says. "It'd be impossible to have everybody into it as much as him. It'd be complete bedlam."

In the studios, Neil, who so often clashed with Stills in the illuminating but frustrating Springfield days, stands back, generally. His scowling, black-topped demeanor, big-eyed, glowering stares shining out between messy curtains of hair, makes him a natural for solitude, and he seems content in the shadows, thrashing his guitar mercilessly, like a country bluesman possessed. Young is a satisfied man—secure with his own band, *Crazy Horse*, on Reprise Records, as well as this insane, perfect gig with this superb, if not "super," group.

While Neil Young and Greg Reeves work out their backing for Young's "Country Girl," Steve hovers over engineer Halverson, and, with Nash, act as unofficial conductors. Nash picks out the slightest flaws in tuning, pacing, whatever—and relays his thoughts to Steve. Then the group works it out, a team considering each member's errors as remorselessly as a mistake in mathematics. It's a stop-go-stop-go process, of course, but somehow a song flows, maintaining its vitality and spontaneity, through the constant self-interruptions.

Neil, the fourth corner, is wandering off from the control room following a playback on the track he and Greg have just done, and he unleashes a thought: "What we've got to do is listen with an eye to simplicity," he says. "Think how

we can make it bigger by simplifying it."

Steve Stills was the leader of Buffalo Springfield, but Neil Young stood out the most—tallest, darkest, fringiest, writer of some of their best songs ("Nowadays Clancy Can't Even Sing," "Expecting to Fly," "Flying on the Ground is Wrong"). And he was the most desultory and uppity, quitting the band twice before they folded, saying he never wanted to be in a group anyway, just like you wouldn't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore.

But this is different. Neil Young is in two groups, right, but, as he explains, "Before I joined Crosby Stills and Nash, I made it clear to both sides that I belong to myself."

First, there was *Crazy Horse*, who'd backed him up on his excellent second LP, *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*, and who're working with him now on his third album. They're also setting up a concert tour beginning in February, with Neil, of course, in the lead.

"I didn't want *Crazy Horse* to die just as we were getting it together," he says. *Crazy Horse* is important to Neil as a counterbalance to the tight, structured kind of music Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young put out. "Crazy Horse is funkier, simpler, more down to the roots." Neil has production control with *Crazy Horse*. "I dig a lot of bass and drums, man. To my mind, the bass drum should hit you in the stomach. Listen to *Nowhere* at the same volume as *Crosby*."

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This is one half of our act.



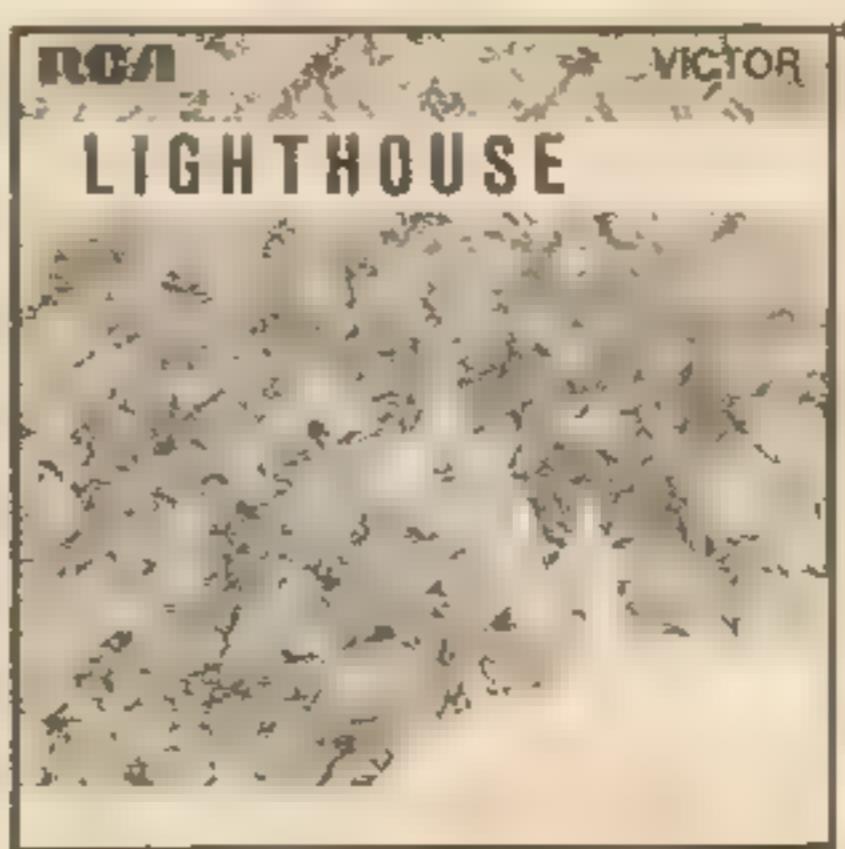
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Skip Prokop and Lighthouse will be appearing soon at Fillmore East.



RCA

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Graham Nash

ED CARAEFF



Steve Stills

ROBERT ALTMAN

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Stills & Nash and you'll know what I mean."

Neil will do Don Gibson's country classic, "Oh Lonesome Me" on the LP with Crazy Horse. He couldn't hope to do that kind of thing with CSN&Y. "But then, see, I have another side to me, and it's technically too far advanced for Crazy Horse—so the other band plays that. They complement each other inside me."

Young is contracted to Reprise and has a "temporary contract" with Atlantic, the remains of his five-year pact as a Buffalo Springfield. Hassles are few since both companies are under the Warner Brothers umbrella. Neil works out his tour schedules so that both bands know when they can have him.

With Crosby, Stills, and Nash, Young sings lead on his numbers—with the three others building waves of smooth harmony behind his high, hard-edged voice. He does some harmony singing himself, but very little. "I don't consider myself to be a background singer."

(BIG SUR OR CANADA)

Away from either band, in what he calls his own scene, Young is getting into the movies—writing a song for *Strawberry Statement* and doing the score—with Crazy Horse as the musicians—for *Landlord*, "a racial comedy about a white guy who buys a tenement house in Brooklyn and kicks out the floor to build a New York City-type townhouse out of it and gets into all kinds of shit... voodoo fights and things—with the neighbors. I think one of the stars is Pearl Bailey."

Young is also getting into filmmaking,

beginning with a brand-new Beauheux Super 8 which he coos over like a newborn baby. He and Susie (who he met last year at a Topanga Canyon cafe she ran) are planning to move slowly toward "the big time," when they'll blow their scored films up to 16 MM and have showings at the Topanga Community House, where the local women's club usually meets.

Neil, married for a year now, plans to stay at his redwood, hillside Topanga Canyon house, their home since August 1968. He's even building a 16-track recording studio under the house.

Crosby has settled into a ranch in Novato, in north Marin County, and Steve is looking for a house in Marin County. Greg lives about 90 miles north of San Francisco, in Guerneville. If Neil moves, he says, it'll be to either Big Sur, on the Pacific Coast, or back to Canada.

Whatever the specific moves, there is a migration, of spirit, at least, to San Francisco. Stills and Crosby are close friends of Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead family. Stills joined the Dead at the Winterland at one of Bill Graham's San Francisco Band nights and he and Garcia got it off for four or five numbers. And Jerry, in return, is now an unofficial member of CSN&Y. Garcia dropped by a session at Heider's one night and ended up playing steel pedal guitar on Nash's light, once only slightly country tune, "Teach Your Children."

"We just sat down and fiddled awhile," Stills said, "and we got an incredible take. The opening lick will just curl your whiskers."

Jerry Garcia and Neil Young, and

young mojo man Greg Reeves, cool half black/half-Indian bassist, and Clear Light Dallas Taylor, all in addition to Crosby, Stills, and Nash. If the first LP was a mild scone, this new one should be an event.

That first LP hid the words, lovingly intertwined harmonies and impeccable instrumentation shading out most attempts at verbal communication. David's song of political strife and personal anguish, written after the Robert Kennedy assassination, came out of the speakers like a celebration, an orgy of joyous voices. So did Stills' "Suite." How can you cry when you sound like a sparrow?

Music, by a wide margin. The words are on a separate sheet, and you can read the poetry of Crosby's "Guinevere" (which he now has difficulty singing, remembering Christine) and the unrhymed agony of Stills' two paeans, any time.

Back when the first LP was being recorded, Stills, the construction engineer, had said, with tongue only slightly in cheek, that all he wanted to do was produce "the best album of the year." He and his friends put out one of the best, certainly, and they all had a right to float through the spring months, as they did, waiting for the LP's release. Now, Nash says, "Our main complaint on that LP was that it sounded so constructed. This will change with Dallas and Greg, and with Neil and me branching out more."

Still, "it's all one man's opinion, whatever's said. So we have three one-man's and that's it."

Next time around, Nash says, it'll be

the same as before: "Our main thing is to set some kind of a mood; our only rule when it comes to choosing our music is to pick something that gets us off." It's that simple, and right.

At this point, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young are coasting. Their next album is pre-sold gold, judging by their success across all fields of music—Top 40, "underground" and "middle of the road" (their LP even reached number 35 on Billboard's Soul survey). Their concerts, stage-managed by Chip Monck Industries, are near-perfect, the group relaxed in subdued light, making love with their soft, bluesy, acoustic music, slapping palms, soul style, after a particularly pleasing number, then charging on with a full load of amps and speakers, then collapsing in a circular embrace at the end of it all.

And their heads are straight. Stills, aglow with recognition as some sort of musical genius after those two years with Buffalo Springfield ("a sheer case of frustration," he calls them), won't play huge arenas where sound is sacrificed for a bigger gate. "And we won't have any ball-busting one-night tours. So you make your million dollars in thirty days instead of 15, right?"

Money, and lots of it—right. But not so fast that the music, or the mind, is sacrificed. "The important thing," Graham Nash says, "is to make people happy."

"The good thing," Stills says, "is to do a concert and instead of giving them one big flash, leaving them with flash after flash, and people come up and say—softly—'Thank you... thank you, man'."



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THE IMPRESSIONS



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ALEXANDER

Curtis Mayfield at the wheel



Sam Gooden

By
Michael Alexander

The white kid dressed in revolution hip stood in the audience at Fillmore West, listening to the Impressions run through their remarkable string of hits: "Gypsy Woman," "People Get Ready," "Keep on Pushing," "We're a Winner," "This is My Country." They swung into "I'm So Proud," a likable love ballad with none of the social overtones of their more recent songs.

Prettier
Than all the world
And I'm so proud
(I'm so proud)
I'm so proud of being loved by you

As he finished, lead singer Curtis Mayfield stepped to his mike and said softly, "America, with all your hangups we're proud of you too."

The white Political Conscience turned suddenly away. "Black Capitalists," he said, and left.

The show was over. Out front the rentafuzz were helping out the last of the \$3.50-per-head audience who were too stoned to navigate through the spilled soft drinks, cigarette butts and candy wrappers littering the Fillmore's basketball court. Backstage, a black with Afro hairdo had cornered Mayfield to protest the lyrics of the Impressions' current hit, "Choice of Colors."

If you had a choice of colors
Which one would you choose.
my brothers?

We don't have a choice of colors," said Afro. "We don't. We don't have a choice at all."

Mayfield listened quietly, trying to reason. "You aren't listening to the words." He repeated them, a tiny touch of annoyance in his voice. The lyrics were clear to him.

In truth, the lyrics to Mayfield's songs, while frequently compelling, just as frequently fail to stand up to intellectual dissection. Sometimes the idea gets fuzzy. But the emotion is there. In this case one had the feeling that Afro's real, although unexpressed complaint was that the song wasn't very militant, that self-critical lines like,

With just a little bit more education
And love for our nation
Would make a better society

or,

Now some of us would rather cuss
and make a fuss
Than to bring about a little trust,
did not come on strong against the power structure.

"You listen to that song again," Curtis said. "If you still don't understand it, we can talk about it again tomorrow night."

[NO TIME TO WRITE]

At eleven o'clock the following morning Mayfield, still in a robe, opened the door of his sixteenth-floor "garden" room facing the swimming pool of the San Francisco Hilton. He'd finished his breakfast steak and fruit cocktail.

A huge press party at Basin Street West and the opening at Fillmore West were behind him. There would be two more nights headlining the Fillmore, then four at Basin Street. Tomorrow, an early taping session at KDIA, a local R&B radio station. The following day, a local television show, Friday at 2 AM after closing Basin Street the group would drive to Los Angeles. In the week to follow they would do a radio spot, five television guest appearances including American Bandstand and the Joey Bishop show, three nights at the Troubadour Club and a Saturday night concert with the Youngbloods and Taj Mahal at the Hollywood Palladium. It was the beginning of a huge promotional buildup aimed at expanding the Im-

pressions' appeal from R&B into the rich white pop market. Curtis listened quietly, making only occasional inquiries, approving the work.

"Are you doing any writing?" his pudgy little manager asked.

"I haven't had any time," Curtis' voice rose halfway to the smooth falsetto he frequently sings. "All this moving around; trying to get the band into shape. There's no time to write."

It's a serious problem for an artist who writes almost all of the group's material. Marv suggested they stay at a less expensive hotel in Los Angeles, but Curt wanted peace and quiet so Marv recommended "the most beautiful hotel in the world," the Century Plaza near Beverly Hills.

"That's fine," Curt said. He was getting dressed—indecisively, gazing at the stuffed wardrobe and trying on one pair of pants after another. The fourth pair was right.

Fred Cash and Sam Gooden dropped in. Sam is the handsome Impression, tall and trim with the high cheekbones of his Indian grandmother. Fred had a cold and was complaining mildly about the wet weather. He is nearly as tall as Sam, but everything about him is thicker—his features, his body (lots of soul food and barbecue there), even, somehow, his movements and speech. The Impressions were going shopping.

They are strictly mod dressers. Curt, who wanted to know how to get to the Haight-Ashbury, agreed to look at Polk Street when he learned the Haight has only a reputation and no clothes. Marv checked with the road manager, telling him to be sure the band was dressed casually for the Fillmore. "Street clothes, no suits or ties. And nobody shows up in a tuxedo."

They went through the lobby of the Hilton, past a woman earnestly discussing her glands, and out to Mason Street where Benny the driver was waiting with the Blue Cadillac sedan. The four of them were enveloped in soft leather and eight-track stereo tape from speakers poking out of everywhere. They spent the trip discussing the Playboy Club where they went for dinner after the Basin Street press party. Bunnies bringing them the finest food, the manager personally welcoming them, everybody bustling around making sure everything was just right, and all just for the three of them, these South Side Chicago cats. They couldn't get over it.

Finding the right clothes proved troublesome. Their initial excitement at seeing what they liked gave way to frustration at getting fitted. Sam, the only one of average build, was buying matching black and brown leather vests, and shirts with puffy sleeves while Curt was entwined in a shower curtain doubling as a dressing room, trying on pants with little success. He is a compact five foot seven and solidly built but complained, "I can't get into anything. It's my ass, sticks out and throws everything out of whack." He finally found a pair with a buckle in back that allowed him to cinch the waist; picked out a couple of shirts; plopped a Napoleon hat on Marv the Manager as a gag; and paid with a hundred dollar bill. Fred had browsed through three stores, finding nothing, and was waiting patiently on the street.

"Nothing fits," he said. "I have to have clothes made. Don't need them now, spent seven hundred dollars in New York last month and the hotel room's filled." It's not all splurging. On the road, especially doing television appearances, the group may go through three or four changes a day. It's like a diplomat's wife who can never wear the

same ball gown twice.

Fred Cash was in his room. If you need to find Fred when he's on the road, chances are very good that you will find him in his room. Fred likes hotel rooms; he likes motel rooms even better. "There's none of that fuss with lobbies and stuff." He lounged on the bed, feet up and arms folded, the TV, stuck too low in a dresser across the room, tuned to *The Dating Game*.

"I could stay in the hotel room all the time. I could stay in here for seven days, I wouldn't get lonely. Long as I've got the TV, got a little radio here, I'm happy. We eat most of our meals in the hotel, unless we know a good soul food place. I can send out for everything." Saying it, he called room service to send up a pack of Marlboros.

[GOODBYE, AND HE HUNG UP.]

"I was in school in Chicago, when I joined the group. This came along and it was a chance to make money, and I was in school to learn to make money, so I said, why not? I was seventeen or eighteen at the time, about in there. When I left school I had about five months left. But I'm planning on going back and get the paper."

The phone rang. Fred mumbled some words, then suddenly said, "Baby, I'm not going to give you any money, understand? I'm sorry, but no. Goodbye." And hung up.

"It was this girl who tried to see me yesterday. I don't know how she knew I was here. She says her mother works here. She wants money! Says she has to visit her grandmother or something. I told her—I'm not going to give you money."

"We don't get hustled like that very often. I can count the girls like that on one hand. We don't hang around with that kind of people." He shook his head and changed the subject.

"We try to travel only six months a year now. It gives us time for other things we want to do, like the beauty parlor I have in Chicago. I want to set up four or five more, but I have to be there for that. And I'm writing songs. Write some others too, in Chicago, and I want to go back and check them. It feels good to get into something new like that."

"We played the the-a-ters up until about three years ago. It was hard hard." (Remembering, his accent is even flatter than usual, as if he were back in his Chattanooga boyhood before he was an Impression.) "We'd get up at eight or nine in the morning and do four or five shows, man, and work to two AM, and then get up the next morning at eight or nine again and do it for seven days. It wears you out. The worst place was the Royal The-a-ter in Baltimore. You play the Royal they don't like you, you come onstage and they throw bottles, eggs, everything. At the Royal, they request a song, you stop your singing and do the request, man, or else. They finally closed it when somebody got killed."

"We lost our band about a year ago. The three of us had driven into Atlanta about two hours ahead of the group. It was night and they were going pretty fast, I guess. They were in a station wagon we used to use, towing a trailer with all our gear in it, and they were coming down a big double highway to a bridge. The bridge had this curve in it and it went over this river." Fred moved his hands like two planes banking. "They must have been doing ninety or a hundred miles an hour and," one of the hands suddenly shot straight ahead, "they just never got across that bridge. They just went through that rail and

they went two hundred and ten feet in the air clear across the river and hit the bank on the other side. A farmer found them about eight o'clock the next morning. We had to go to the morgue to identify the bodies, and I didn't think I could go in. Then I got there and somehow I did. Lord, they was messed up, the guitar player had his arm all twisted and . . .

"The Lord must have been telling us something. We all used to have sports cars. In '63 Curt had a Jag and Sam and me had Corvettes and that Jag wasn't fast enough, we used to run away from it. So Curt got a 427 Cobra, and then we got 427 Corvettes. We used to run 150 miles an hour every day. We used to drive a lot, especially during the summer. Drive, drive, drive. None of us liked to fly, and we'd drive to concerts all over the Midwest and the South. After that accident we sold the Corvettes right then. We were going from Atlanta to Indianapolis and around Greenville, I think, somebody wrecked Curt's Cobra. I drive a Cadillac now."

"After we lost the band, it's hard trying to get a new one going. We've been trying for a year. This one looks like it may make it. It limits us. All we can do is our big hits. Our old band could do anything we wanted."

It was time to get ready for the show. We sent out for some of Leonard's good Fillmore Street barbecue and Fred called room service for a coke. He showered and shaved, singing along with an Impressions record on a battery-powered phonograph and, with a cigarette, burned off the loose threads on his new shirt. "I can't stand loose threads," he said.

[WE SPEAK OUR MINDS]

Everyone was still sleepy. It was mid-morning, and the performance at the Fillmore the night before had been wearing. The Impressions had a radio interview to tape at a local R&B station. They sat in the back seat of the gold Cadillac Eldorado, Curt's car, gawking at the city and at all the pretty girls blossoming on the first sunny day in two weeks. Benny casually steered the car towards the Bay Bridge.

At the station they were welcomed and led into KDIA's somewhat untidy studio. The show they were to pre-tape was one of those Sunday night interview affairs.

The interviewer kept fishing for weak spots, and the Impressions suffered it all with quiet dignity. "You try to present yourselves as ordinary people, but you're not ordinary."

"Well," Curt replied, "we're just simple people. Just down to earth." The interviewer kept looking for the big ego. It wasn't there. All those songs of social comment they're singing now—"This is My Country," "Choice of Colors"—weren't the Impressions trying to set themselves up as spokesmen?

Curt answered, "I like to call these songs of inspiration, songs of faith. We don't try to be spokesmen, although we speak our minds. We're entertainers. We're complimented that they look on us as spokesmen, but we just think we're singing what all the brothers feel."

"The black performer isn't a shuffler anymore," said Sam.

"They're getting hip to themselves," added Fred. "James Brown wouldn't sing about pride three years ago."

They went through the Impressions' history: Fred and Sam's Chattanooga origins; all of them singing in South Side Chicago gospel choirs (Curt belonged to The Travelling Soul Spiritualists Church); the gathering of five high school kids into a group; naming themselves the

—Continued on Next Page



Fred Cash



Curtis Mayfield

—Continued from Preceding Page

Impressions because, honest to God, they wanted a name to live up to. And where were they going from here?

"Being ambitious fellows," Curt laughed, "we want to share in more of the profits."

[MY HANDS SWEAT]

The thoughtful look Sam usually wears was different now, more intense his pace a shade more deliberate. He silently ate a steak dinner in his room and changed clothes. He was going to see a fight, a boxing match, a heavyweight title bout. Sam is a rabid sports enthusiast. The fight, between Joe Frazier and Jerry Quarry, was being shown on close-circuit TV at the Fox Warfield nearby.

"I know Joe Frazier," Sam said, putting on grey skinny pants with bell-bottoms, a grey shirt, blue-and-grey scarf and black leather vest. "He comes to see us. Most of my friends are sports people."

He looked at himself in the mirror and patted his stomach.

"I still play semi-pro baseball. I had an offer from the Chicago Cubs back in 1953. At that time we had a hit record. And I thought the guy wasn't coming back, so I stayed with the group. But I'd rather play ball right now, rather play than sing. It'd keep me in better shape."

The crowd at the Warfield was right out of Damon Runyon, except that half of it was black. Sam sat quietly watching the blank screen, lost in his head. Outside, the real fight was shaping up at the candy counter.

"Y'know," said Sam, "I go to a fight and as the time comes for it to start, I get nervous. My hands sweat and, y'know, it never happens on stage."

The championship fight was a good one. Big Black Frazier took seven rounds to pound Great White Hope Quarry to a bloody pulp unable to answer the bell. Sam made sharp comments on the boxers' styles and strategies, and cheered them. But he rooted for the white man, because Quarry was the underdog.

[HOW YOU DOIN', BROTHER?]

Curtis, gentle Curtis, can throw a karate kick as high as a man's head. "I just started," he says. "If I had a chance to work at it I'd be able to make brown belt in about three months. But it's hard, in this business. I've never had to use it, haven't been in a fight in years. It gives you confidence and peace of mind, knowing how. I hope I never have to use it." In Los Angeles he will look for a karate studio so that he can practice.

Curt was going on stage for the Impressions' last performance at the Fillmore. He stopped as he passed me backstage. "Listen," he said, "you are getting pictures of the fellows, aren't you? And you'll be talking to them too?" They are the Impressions. There is no "Diana Ross and the Supremes" attitude in Curtis Mayfield's mind.

Motown's big group, the Four Tops, came by Basin Street West to see the show. The Tops were playing the Crown Room at the Fairmont Hotel, playing to a white audience and making a lot of money. They're old friends of the Impressions, and Curt introduced them from the stage. After the show they came by the dressing room and a quiet, tired 2 AM scene simply exploded. Everybody was shaking hands, grabbing thumbs, "How you doin', brother?" Laughing, telling latest stories, talking about the gigs they were doing, slapping hands after each good remark, slapping one hand, slapping two hands, hands slapping everywhere, and everybody talking so goddam blackass flat. (Later, Curt would confess that after a road trip, being around Sam and Fred and their Chattanooga accents, he would get home and catch hell from his three little kids for talking funny.) The Tops' lead singer asked about the audience at the Fillmore and the Impressions were all talking at once. "You wouldn't believe that smoke when you walk out there it's like to knock you over." "There's cops standing right there next to it and I think they're high, too." Hands were slapping all over the place. The Impressions were down home.

None of the group smokes grass or pops pills or uses any psychedelics. They aren't speed freaks and they'd run from smack. They don't drink and even their speech is noticeably lacking in profanity.

"My mother told me to stay away from grass when I was too young to know what it was," says Sam. "I've had lots of chances to try it, but I've just

never wanted to. But I don't put anybody down if they want to."

Los Angeles. The Impressions love it. Groovy cars, big home—this is where they want to be, how they want to live. They talked only half-jokingly about moving from Chicago.

They taped an American Bandstand segment. The sound stage was at least four stories high and lost at the bottom was a floor full of superclean kids dancing to recorded music. Dick Clark, three color TV cameras and a production crew. The kids were integrated—this is modern America—black/black and white/white. Curt, waiting to go on, was philosophical. This was a new audience; the white market is where the money is. Will it change them?

"We're just trying to be ourselves. We'll always be the Impressions; we don't lose our black audience unless they leave us."

[IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE]

He moves with the times. The songs today are not the songs of a few years ago. They are tougher, not necessarily more militant. "I believe that with all the problems, our biggest problem is ourselves, 'Choice of Colors' isn't for Whitey, it's for us. We have to get together. If we united behind our leaders we'd be much stronger. Even Martin Luther King who had the biggest following and it was too small."

"There's twenty million of us and that's not enough. But that doesn't mean you just lay down all the time either. You should be pushing, even scaring, sometimes." He doesn't support the Black Panthers as a scare group because "they aren't a national organization, they don't have the muscle."

"I'm not trying to imply or lay out

"Songs of inspiration, songs of faith. We like doing them. I think it's important to say the way things are."

There have been conflicts with the message songs. WLS in Chicago, white pop station which controls fourteen percent of the national market, was among many that refused to play "We're a Winner." There have been other cases of station censorship. You sense it frustrates him more than it hurts. Decisions like that keep the Impressions from the security of knowing they'll never fall back in the ghetto. But they do the songs.

"We thought of not doing them 'Choice of Colors'; 'Mighty, Mighty (Spade and Whitey)'—but sometimes they're just right. They sound right. You have to do them."

American Bandstand time was over. They changed back to street clothes and started into the ABC-TV parking lot. Curt's eyes suddenly lit up.

Next to the Impressions' two Cadillacs was a car. It was Dick Clark's car, an exact replica of a 1933 front-wheel-drive Cord roadster, silver-grey, wire wheels, chrome exhausts. It cost eight thousand dollars. It was the most exciting car Curt had ever seen and he wanted one right now. Clark told them that the dealer is a Beverly Hills outfit that also handles exotics like Lamborghini, Maserati and Excalibur; an automobile emporium, all red velvet carpets and drapes and machinery that could only exist in Italy or Los Angeles. Curt couldn't wait to get there.

[MAN, WE'RE BLACK...]

The Century Plaza Hotel is sixteen stories, curvilinear, the top floor ringed with yellow neon lights that make it



"Just watch us," he said, "and you'll know what we're like."

any political structure through my tunes or through the Impressions. I for one am not educated nor do I feel qualified in any respect to the point as to be trying to shelve any opinions as to, y'know, how the world situation should go down.

"But I just don't honestly feel that my feelings are any different than anybody else's who has a conscience, a conscience, you know? It's just common sense, a . . . natural instinct of people to want to think good and basically see good in the world despite their own selfish motives at times."

But Curt is inside is all mixed up with Curt outside. He finds it impossible not to comment on the world. After King died he wrote,

*Another friend has gone and I feel so insecure
Brothers, if you feel this way, you're not by yourself.
We have lost another leader.
Lord have mercy
If you feel this way, you're not by yourself.
But if they think they have no one to lead us
Then when we've lost the fight and every night no one can breed us
They don't know
Every brother is a leader
And they don't know every sister is a breeder
And our love, you see, is gonna help the world be free
We're going to move at a scarlet pace
Keep every brother on the case
They don't know
To help a sister help themselves
We can't let our people be
Until we're all out of poverty . . .*

easy to spot at night. There is a portable bar to service people waiting in the lobby, and a Chinese bellboy, dressed to look Japanese, who walks around ringing a trio of chimes attached to a blackboard. The chimes draw your attention from your drink and the blackboard tells if you are wanted, if not, you can go back to drinking. A blonde in a filmy dress floats up and does a little pirouette. There isn't even time for an indecent proposal: she says you can buy the dress at a boutique down the hall.

Curt was in his room, occasionally pounding on the wall to get the air conditioner to work. Outside was blazing and smoggy. He spent an hour speaking for the benefit of a tape recorder. He spoke with his arms folded, holding back, censoring some things. He went through Impressions' history, black power, sex, fast cars.

Finally, "those things don't matter," Curt said. "We're just us. Just watch us and you'll know what we're like." He loaned me a pair of trunks and we went next door to talk Fred into coming to the pool. Fred beat around the bush, said he'd be down in a few minutes. We left, and Curt commented that Fred wouldn't make it. He didn't.

We wandered the hall, lost, looking for the swimmers' elevator. The hotel doesn't want people in trunks mixing with the people drinking in the lobby.

Curtis likes pools, but not the ocean. The group was at Nassau and there was this raft offshore, perhaps a half mile away. He and Fred swam out, misjudging the raft's distance, and were exhausted by the time they got to it. They sat for an hour and a half, staring at the island, not talking very much about

getting back. Curt finally said, "Well, we're only going to get back one way," and they laughed and swam back to Nassau. Now he avoids swimming in the ocean.

They all hate flying and will only take planes when it's impossible to drive. "You don't have control. I know driving's more dangerous, but I've got to do it the way that's right for me. When that plane starts going bump up and bump down I just think of falling." But they have drivers for the cars. It's incongruous, unexplainable, irrational.

He had been writing songs again, suddenly withdrawing into his room, taking his guitar out and trying a new line in his head. But it was coming in spurts and that annoyed him. He enjoys composing, but he also feels the pressure. One of the Impressions' strong points is that they do original material, and all of it comes from Curtis.

"I used to write all the time. I'd never sit around like this, especially on the road. I shouldn't even be traveling, in this tax bracket."

"I want to write stories, too. But I can't get it down the way I want to. Once for a week I had dreams every night that were complete stories. They were like movies—I could see the things."

"Did you see 2001? I like movies like that. They didn't explain everything and it lets you wonder what it was about."

"My education didn't give me any background, not even any backbone, as a black. It just didn't mean anything. My whole education for whatever I do know was brought to me right here on the road. I left school at 15. Actually, I was singing with the Impressions when I was 13. We got a break at 14 and I was singing at the Apollo The-a-ter at 15, my birthday was the first or second day we arrived at the place."

"At one time I thought of going back to school, probably to take business . . . Well, I don't know . . . I still don't like doing the business end of this and I try to leave it for others."

"It's tough enough just traveling and performing. The road wears a man down after twelve years. "I'm tired, I'm tired. But this life, and you know we're nowhere near the peak of it—entertainment is such a gas you become addicted to it. And despite its hangups, if you're anywhere near successful it becomes a part of you. That's the way I am, I can't help it. There's nothing else I want to do. There's nothing else I could do anyway, but if I could do something else I wouldn't want to do it because this life, if you live it in such manners, can be beautiful for you."

"Being an entertainer, even though it's beautiful and it's nice in the public's eye and to have people gawking at you, it has its hangups. We don't have as much privacy as we would like. I resent it, but I find my resentment's in vain simply because I brought it to be. I wanted to be successful, I wanted the money, I like doing what I'm doing. I wanted to be just what I am. Now I've got to give up some of those other things. There's other stars who've got to be even more hung up whether they realize it or not—James Brown, the Beatles, some of the bigger acts—they can't do *nothing*. At least I in most places, even though I may be Curtis Mayfield, I can mix in the crowd, where a lot of people can't do that."

Was his family poor?

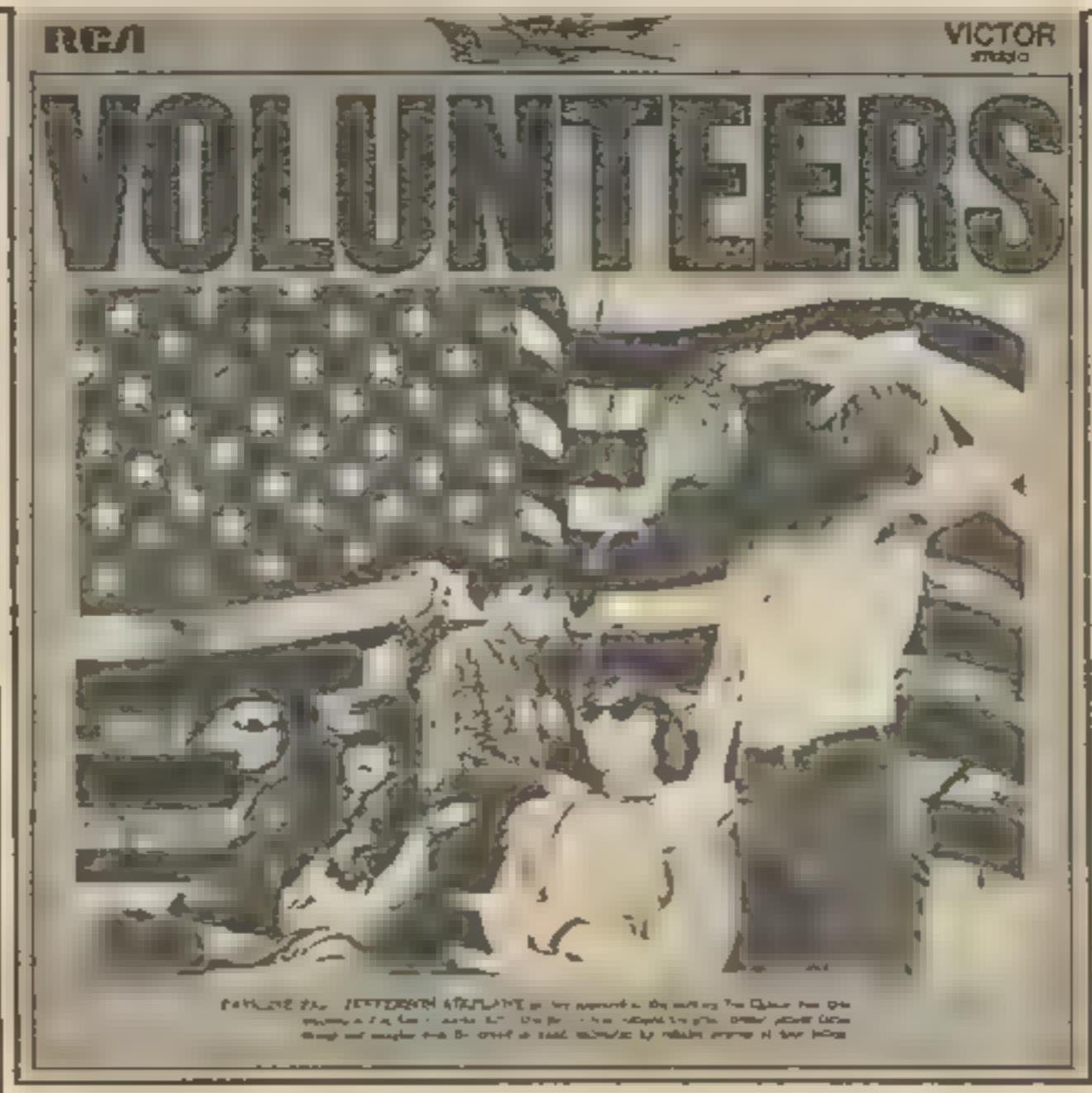
"We're poor? Man, we're black. Of course we were poor!"

"I imagine we've done what most guys would want to do. We're all married. We have families. I have three children. Which means responsibilities, securities, college for the children and a place to try and finally lay out for them. As well as our own selfish pleasures, y'know, sports cars and big time, but no more than anybody else. Now that I have money I spend it less than I used to, but we still blow it, still get hung up with little material things and what have you."

"Choice of Colors," the latest entry in the Impressions' search for a hit, was number seventeen on the Cashbox list and had a bullet before it. It was rising fast.

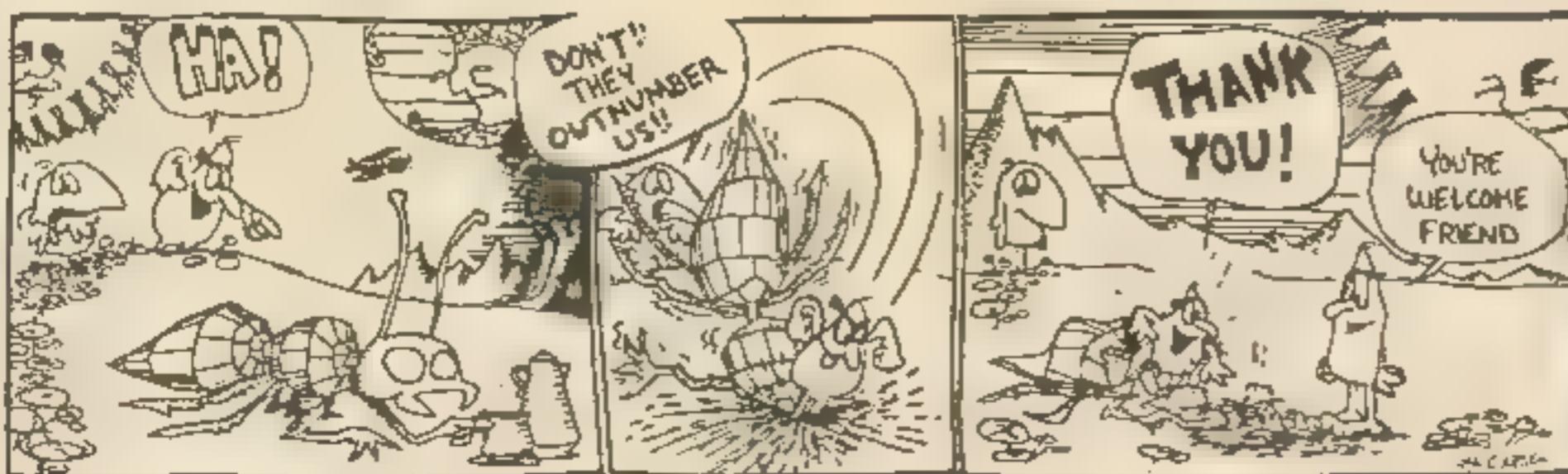
He is writing the songs of the coming black middle class. The songs of aspirations. A good home, a nice car, decent neighbors, money, educated kids, travel, security. You can't knock it until you've had the opportunity to reject it, which is what the White Political Conscience at the Fillmore didn't understand.

Curtis Mayfield is 26 years old.



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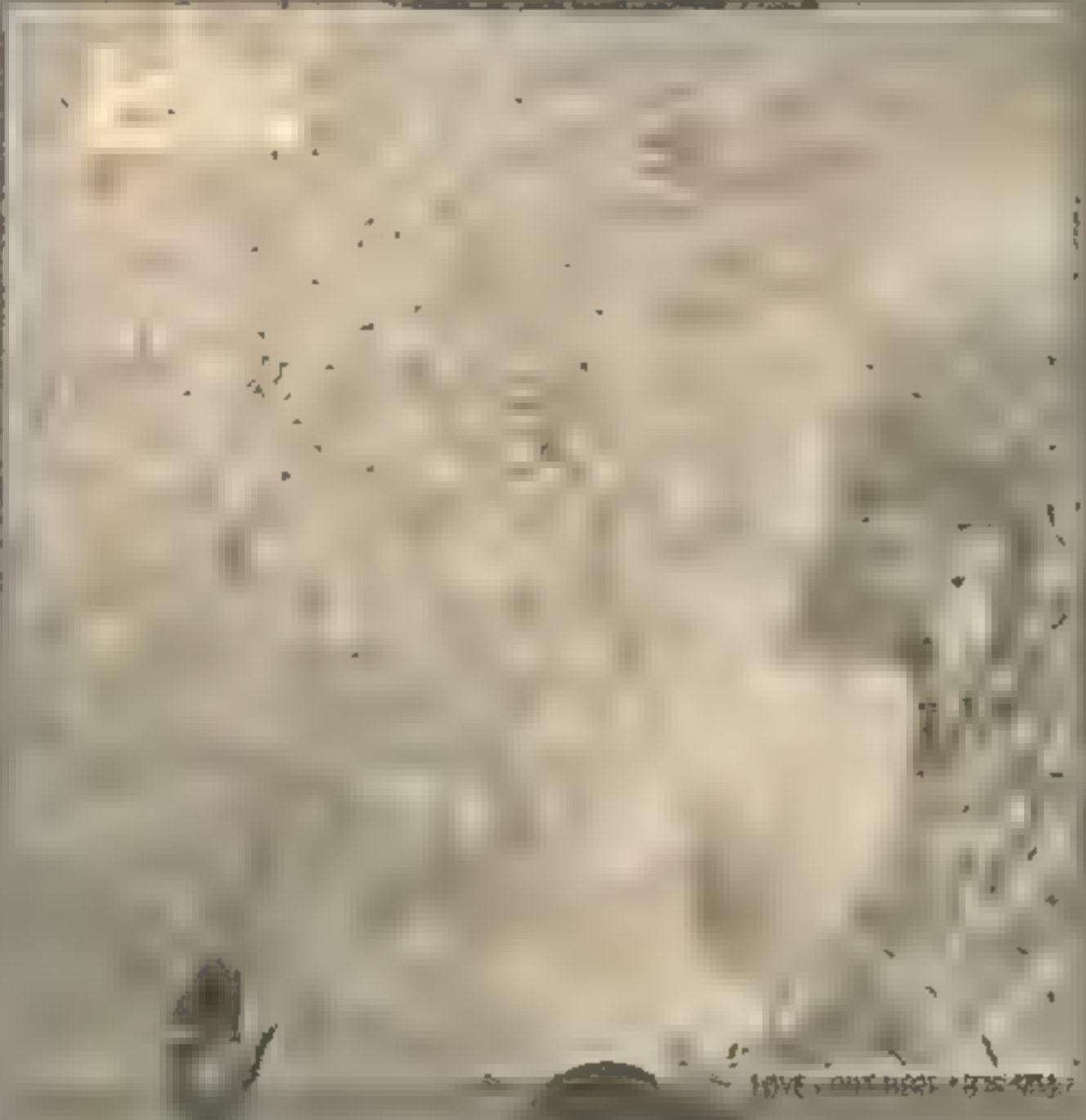
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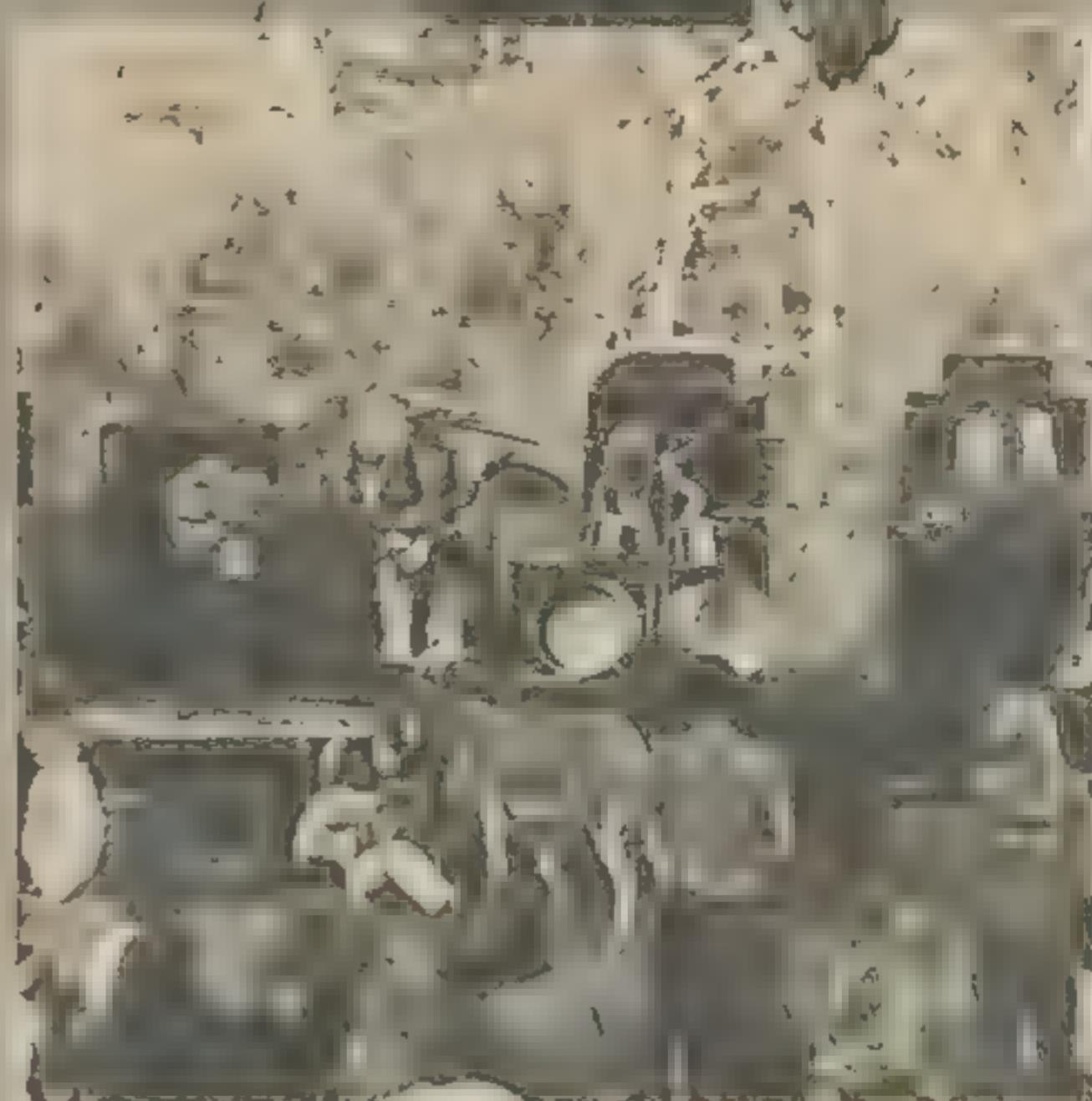
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THE TRUTH ABOUT TEEN MOVIES



By Richard Staehling

IT IS UNCLEAR what teenagers did in the very early Fifties. It is hard to believe they were grooving on Patti Page and her doggy in the window, or Frank Lovejoy as he tracked down yet another triple agent working for the Communists, but that is about as relevant as any mass culture ever got for them. Perhaps the Korean War gobbed them up; perhaps they never existed. Whatever the explanation, "youthville" was absolutely nowhere in 1953; kids were to be neither seen nor heard.

Within two years things had changed. American Youth were in the headlines uniquely their own: Juvenile Delinquency and Rock and Roll. The origin of either phenomenon may not be as important as the fact that they were supposedly engaged in unholy and incestuous collusion; Rock and Roll caused Juvenile Delinquency, and Juvenile Delinquency naturally caused Rock and Roll. Both were expediting the down-fall of the nation's young and the nation didn't like it one little bit.

In keeping with time-honored tradition newspapers examined the trouble, politicians condemned it, parents ignored it, clergymen bemoaned it, and the kids

laughed at it. However, it remained for Hollywood to take the drastic and truly appropriate measures such a situation called for: they cashed in on it.

In the spring of 1956 *Rock Around the Clock* hit the local neighborhood theatres, and the flood of "exploitation" films aimed at the youth market was underway. True to their genre, these films had one purpose: to gross mucho money, which is exactly what they did time and time again. Easily recognized by their super-surreal screenplays, amorphous plots and cut rate production, such flicks could be literally ground out during the noon hours, tossed together in under 30 days of post production work, and fanatically promoted in every way, conceivable or inconceivable. Along with horror films, "juve" movies were the quickest money makers going, being veritable gold mines when double-billed at drive-ins during the summer.

A year earlier in 1955, the older folks had their say about problem kids in *The Blackboard Jungle* and *Rebel Without A Cause*, the first films to deal with Juvenile Delinquency. Both efforts were controversial when released, and are damn good period pieces even now. Dealing respectively with "poor kids gone bad" and "middle-class kids gone bad," they make up for

The Young Savages, 1961, was notable for a flashy stabbing scene

their naive oversimplifications with sheer power and brute force. Soon they turned out to be the only tangible inspiration for the deluge of "quickies" that followed, with James Dean's performance in *Rebel* sending every B-rate actor back to the bathroom mirror for a few more hours practice.

Appropriately enough, since the pictures were serious and intended for adult audiences, all the adults did was bitch. A movie censor in Memphis banned *Jungle* calling it the "vilest picture I've seen in 26 years . . ." and it received even stranger treatment at the hands of none other than Clare Booth (Mrs Henry) Luce, then U.S. Ambassador to France. She insisted the film be pulled out as an American entry at the Venice Film Festival, the objection concerning the portrayal of the New York City School System and the presentation thereof to European audiences. As could be expected *Blackboard Jungle* failed to make the scene at Venice, the Europeans were saved from its debilitating effects; and that was Hollywood's last quasi-serious word about kids for some time to come. The bluejean set were now in the hands of the "exploiters," which may not have been such a bad thing after all. At least they never take themselves too seriously.



Rock Around the Clock, 1956



Albert Zugsmith: self-realized hysteria



Exploitation: Rock, Pretty Baby, 1956, wherein Rod McKuen played stand-up bass

EXPOITATION films are nothing new to the film business, nor are the colorful purveyors of the craft. Sam Katzman, who started the whole thing rolling when he grabbed Bill Haley and his Comets for *Rock Around the Clock*, has produced and/or directed over 340 films in the last 30 years. This is no mean feat in itself, but what really makes the motion picture industry take notice is the fact that not one of those films has lost money. Long before switch-blades and Les Paul Customs were big business, Mr. K (as he is known in the biz) was treating the world to such gems as *Jack Armstrong, All American Boy*, and *Captain Video*. It is he who turned Johnny Weissmuller into Jungle Jim when he wasn't up to swinging through the trees any more, and as if that weren't enough, he also begat the original *Batman* serial and the first 3-D movie.

His formula has been a simple one: topicality. If there is a trend or fad sweeping the country that looks like it has a buck in it, Sam Katzman (and most often Columbia Pictures) will turn it into a feature film before Time Magazine can even attempt to explain it. While many exploiters attempt to cash in on trends in movie-making, Katzman zeroes in on trends

outside the boundaries of film, usually things that show up in popular music.

The Twist is an excellent example. Back in 1961 one Chubby Checker hit the top of the record charts riding the crest of the Twist fad. Twenty-eight days later he was still there, and he was also starring in a full-length motion picture featuring Dion, the Marcells, the Twist and everything else remotely associated with the craze that would make money.

It was a typical Katzman maneuver. In less than one month he had signed Checker for the film, had an entire script written ("... two or three days to write it, and with luck the weekend to polish it up and make changes . . ."), shot it, edited it, added sound, promoted it, and released it. In a stroke of creative genius the picture was called *Twist Around the Clock*, and was in the theaters long before the dance phenomenon began to ebb.

In fact before the bottom really fell out, the great cinematic entrepreneur had still another one on the silver screen, *Don't Knock the Twist*, featuring the Dovells, Gene Chandler, and the redoubtable Chubby again. The plots in both films may have been negligible, but the box-office figures were not; and this is what "rush releasing" and Mr. K are all about.

Albert Zugsmith has a different approach to exploitation: "The box office success of a picture in today's market is in direct ratio to the talk it arouses. It is not enough for the picture to just entertain; the audiences must derive from it a reaction that will cause talk for a week after." Thus, while Katzman patterns his films after already existing trends, hoping to cash in on the hysteria, Zugsmith uses a more direct route: he causes his own hysteria, most often with sex, dope, cheap thrills, and Mamie Van Doren. Mamie, who is sort of a third-generation Marilyn Monroe (Monroe to Jayne Mansfield to Van Doren), has spiced up quite a few Zugsmith's turgid melodramas, most notably *High School Confidential*. In that particular opus, spiffed out in a white cashmere sweater at least four sizes too small, Mamie tells a super straight young school teacher: "Don't tell me you never rode in a hot-rod or had a late date in the balcony." It is one of the finest moments in the history of teenage flicks and indicative of Zugsmith's modus operandi.

Dealing in unbelievable double entendres, innuendoes, and hip jargon, he has "exposed" just about every skeleton in teendom's closet. During a long and apparently pleasant association with M-G-M, Zugsmith

—Continued on Next Page



UNTAMED YOUTH

In 1957 Mamie claimed to be a teenager

Continued from Preceding Page
 told all in *High School Confidential*, graduating to *College Confidential* with *Sextuplets Go to College* not far behind. Somewhere in between such scholarly endeavors he found time to cast a glance at *The Beat Generation*, a film that owes a lot more to Krafft-Ebing than Jack Kerouac. When pressed by a Life reporter as to just what redeeming values it might have had, Zugsmith opined: "Why, it was a terrific exposé against criminal rape. My pictures are moral essays. I don't make movies without a moral, but you can't make a point for good unless you expose the evil." You can't argue with conviction like that.

IF KATZMAN and Zugsmith were the individual titans of the teenage film biz, there can be no doubt as to the single most important film company: American-International Pictures. Under the guiding influence of James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff, AMI released at least 20 Juvenile Delinquency films in the Fifties, matching that output with as many in the horror and war genre. The company was and still is a closely knit unit much like the Stax Records family; a recurring line-up of directors, actors, writers and producers who know their business and keep pre-release costs to an absolute minimum. \$125,000 was the going rate for most of their early teen flicks with promotional costs nearly always equalling or passing that figure, and while profits were never staggering there was always enough bread to get another double feature out and keep the AMI machinery well oiled.

The tactic of saturation promotion for low-budget films is common practice with American-International, and the extent to which some of it goes is astounding. With each new double-feature release the company circulates brochures with marketing options for the theatre owners. In the Fifties it was called the "American News" with the slogan "dedicated to showmanship" printed directly underneath. Later on it turned into a more stylized press book, but if the packaging changed the contents did not. A revelatory example is the pressbook for *Maryjane*, which, under the bold type headline EXPLOITATION, has the following tips for promotion:

IMPORTANT . . . The subject of *Maryjane* is highly controversial, therefore the pattern of your exploitation campaign should be slanted accordingly . . . with the approach distinctly different from that given the more "conventional" film story. This is screen fare

that people will talk about. The subject of marijuana has now become one of the most written and talked about controversies in years.

Maryjane deals with this controversy in an intelligent but provocative manner. Your campaign should adopt the same controversial approach. Expressions from representative groups listed here can give your campaign factual basis and powerful impact.

• **THE CLERGY:** Members of the clergy have a keen interest in their communities and are eager to assist with local problems. Marijuana is a growing problem in most communities and after your clergymen has attended a screening of *Maryjane*, there is no doubt that he will be forthcoming with favorable comment from the pulpit.

• **PSYCHIATRISTS:** This group should be included in your special doctor's screening. Favorable comment on *Maryjane* from a recognized head of the psychiatrist group would be a most valuable asset. He may even submit a story to the newspaper on, "What prompts youth to possess something which is illegal."

• **CONTEST:** Perhaps you can interest your newspaper in a tie-in where they would request readers to write, in 200 words or less "My Most Memorable Experience." No restrictions should be put on subject matter. Together with promoted prizes, include guest tickets.

Also listed are STUDENTS, POLICE, WOMEN'S CLUBS, FORUM DISCUSSIONS, and EDITORIALS for merchandising tie-ins one may choose from the following: Dodge cars, sports clothes, bowling alleys, artisitc supplies, fresh milk and (of course) drugstores. The finest stroke was saved for the radio campaign though; a catch-phrase which clearly demonstrates AMI's "intelligent but provocative approach": "Maryjane . . . not the girl next door, but a trip to hell!"

Absurd as it may seem, it is this very medicine-show type of promotion which has kept the company alive, and prolific. It is part of the basic attitude and approach to cinema which stamps their work with unmistakable characteristics. Call it tawdry, slapdash, low-budget, or Z-rate, American-International Pictures nonetheless has a style as distinct and identifiable as Welles, Lang, or Bergman. A style in fact, that has influenced and been influenced by one of America's few interesting younger directors, Roger Corman.

Corman views his long association as producer and director at AMI as an outlet for refining technique and finding some degree of freedom in Hollywood. He has cranked out a frightening number of films at

break-neck pace (*Little Shop of Horrors* took one week, *The Terror*, with Boris Karloff set some kind of record by taking under three days!) and although some are amusing disasters, the majority of them are brilliant in a low-budget way. A good deal of Corman's early work at AMI was in the horror bag (*Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Raven*) but it was not until he made *The Wild Angels* with Peter Fonda and Nancy Sinatra that critics and audiences in the States decided they would have to face the unmerging prospect of taking him and AMI seriously.

His most impressive teen flick was made for Allied Artists in 1957 and unfortunately has not received the attention and accolades garnered by *Angels* and his later effort *The Trip*. Slammed in Film Daily for its "unnecessary gore and crude surroundings," *Teenage Doll* has all that and more. Sporting a great "B" rate line-up of players including Fay Spain and June Kenney, the picture dealt with gang-wars, including an all girl gang called the Black Widows.

American-International, Albert Zugsmith, and Sam Katzman are not responsible for all the teen flicks since 1955, although they can take credit for nearly half of the output. The rest is divided among a diverse spectrum of companies that tried their hand momentarily at the genre. Allied Artists, Paramount, and Warners all did their thing, along with some ultra-cheap independent efforts by Fairway International and the Marathon Filmgroup, which would make AMI's films look frivoletously expensive by comparison. Republic Films even got into the scene for a short time.

Never to be forgotten for their serials (*Zorro's Black Whip*, *Don Daredevil Rides Again*, *Government Agents-vs Phantom Legion*), Republic's teen numbers bore the same stamp as everything else they did: plenty of action, zero characterization, and plots which often defy comprehension. Usually the films alternate between an action sequence, and a more static expository scene in which the preceding events are explained, and those to follow foreshadowed. Then back into the action, back to a respite from the action, then back to the action again, etc. Watching these films is an amazing experience for there is no actual beginning or end, nor is there even a middle, it is merely an assemblage of active and passive scenes. Of course there is always the death or capture of a criminal to signal the impending end of the film, but otherwise it is pure McLuhan-esque montage and formula movie-making at its wildest.



WITH so many exploitation movies made according to formulas which are instantly repeatable and easily copied, it is no surprise that distinct categories emerge in talking about the films themselves. It is even less surprising that a film which inspires a succession of imitations is almost always the definitive if not finest effort in that genre. A good rule of thumb is that the quality of each genre of teen film decreases from the first film on; any spark of spontaneity and creativity in an original is thoroughly extinguished in a third or fourth generation imitation. There are, of course, "sleepers" which emerge after a category has been clearly defined, but they are either mavericks that do not follow the prescribed formula exactly or pure formula films which become new milestones by assimilating and synthesizing all previous attempts in its genre.

Teen flicks break down into four distinct categories. Musicals, Wild Youth, Mild Youth, and Beach films. Each has unique characteristics that make it as difficult to confuse *Date Bait* with *Juke Box Rhythm*, as it is to confuse *Echinodermata* with *Platyhelminthes*.

There are also two types of films that masquerade as "juve" movies but are really nothing more than mainstream Hollywood wearing leather jackets and saddle shoes. One has been discussed briefly, and shall be called the Serious teenage movie. Made with top talent (Glenn Ford, Burt Lancaster, James Dean) and costing a great deal more than exploitation films, they were geared for adults and supposedly portrayed ("... as timely as today's headlines! ...") the juvenile delinquent in action. The list is short. *Blackboard Jungle*, *Rebel Without A Cause*, *The Young Savages*, and despite their influence on the lower-budget productions they bear little similarity to them; *Blackboard Jungle* has a lot more in common with, say, *To Kill A Mockingbird* than it does with *High School Confidential*.

The other great pretender to "juve movie-dom" status is the Personality film, a particularly disgusting formula which made many pennies by casting popular rock and roll stars in insipid melodramas, letting the marquee do the rest. The first but not worst offender in this category was *Love Me Tender*, starring old Elvis himself. Set during the Civil War it is nothing more than a ho-hum, predictable western with the usual robberies, double-crosses, and shot-outs, that allows Presley just enough time to belt out a couple of songs and do a great dying bit at the end. Rank as

Personality Films: Burt Lancaster starred in The Young Savages, for instance

Five kids smoked this

...the shocking facts behind the marijuana controversy!

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MAURY DEXTER · DICK GAUTIER · PETER L MARSHALL · MAURY DEXTER

Produced and Directed by MAURY DEXTER

© 1967 American International Pictures

Two are in the hospital. One in jail—and the others have blown their minds!



Rock Musicals: Rock Around the Clock, with Alan Freed (on phone) and Bill Haley (plaid)



Freed at Mike

Continued from Preceding Page

it may be, Elvis was at the vanguard of his popularity when the flick was released, and it didn't much matter what the story was; there was no denying he was up there on that screen and that's all the teenage chicks wanted to see.

The apparent theory behind such epics is that a charismatic personality can transcend any cliche, and Elvis sure had his fair share to contend with in *Tender* and the myriad to follow. In no time at all the Hollywood execs had it figured that if Elvis could do it, there were other lads around with enough top-40 power to do it too, and the talent hunt began. It unearthed several likely candidates, even though their talent was dubious, and almost overnight audiences were witness to such forgettable drivel as *Hound Dog Man*, with Fabian, *Sing, Boy, Sing*, with Tommy Sands, and *Bernadine*, with Pat Boone. History has proven that these stars may not have been very good singers, and it leaves no doubt that they are fumbling actors, but that is not the worst of it. The plots and screenplays are so moronic as to prohibit utterly their viewing today; it would take a masochist of the first order to sit entirely through something like *State Fair*, with Pat Boone. The general level of such fare rivals the really bad segments of *Gomer Pyle U.S.M.C.* or *Family Affair*, and didn't even have the benefit of canned laughter to get the audience over the rough spots.

Before issuing a blanket warning to avoid personality films at all costs, passing mention should be made of two exceptions. In *Jailhouse Rock*, with Elvis Presley, the cretin simplicity is still there, but there are also some undeniably cool moments, mainly because the film loosely parallels Elvis' rise to fame and fortune. It may be mythology, but the scene in the recording studio where Elvis (after a series of slow ballads) decides to cut an up-tempo jam, is not to be missed. Part of the thrill coming from the musicians backing El in that scene and others: Scotty Moore and Bill Black.

It may not feature a rock and roll star, but *The James Dean Story* certainly falls into the Personality bag too. Dean was one of the few really big non-singing idols (even Tab Hunter had a hit record) in the Fifties and his fiery Porsche accident rattled the teens as much as the Valens/Holly/Big Bopper plane crash. The film (a sort of cinematic equivalent of "Three Stars" by Tommy Dee, Carol Kay, and the Teen-Aires, which eulogized the passing of the singing stars, interviews, home movies, and film clips to recount Dean's life. Admittedly they lay it on a bit thick here and there, but James Dean was a mighty heavy dude, and the film is successful at getting that much across.

Fear Rock 'n' Roll 'Clock' May Time-Fuse Teen Antics

NEW YORK, April 1956—First major film themed directly to rock 'n' roll craze has run headlong into a storm of trouble which the offbeat music has stirred in several communities . . . Basis of the difficulty is the growing feeling against rock 'n' roll in many quarters and various communities have already taken steps to halt teenage hops and other gatherings at which rock 'n' roll is featured. In this connection it is known that theatremen have received warnings from local police, community groups and newspapers.

LONDON, September 1956—As a sequel to outbursts of hooliganism in various parts of the country during the screening of "Rock Around the Clock," a number of local authorities have put an ban on the picture . . . it has now been banned in Wigan, South Shields, Bootle, Gateshead, Brighton and Birmingham.

With the unabashed success of *Rock Around the Clock* in both America and England, the Rock and Roll Musical was born. Following a pattern set by musicals with Jeanette MacDonald/Nelson Eddy, Betty Grable/Don Ameche, the accent was on music at the decided expense of the plot. The recipe for rock musicals is a simple one: Take two or three top rock acts with 10-15 songs and add them to a thin plot with romantic interest and passable acting; mix in equal parts of "hep talk" and disc jockey Alan Freed, and serve up apologetically, assuring everyone that rock music is not the work of the devil. If the proper amounts are used, and the concoction served immediately, the teens will eat it up (or so the business thought in the Fifties).

In the case of *Rock Around the Clock*, the stars were Bill Haley and the Comets, the Platters, and Freddie Bell and his Bellhops; the cast was studded with Johnny Johnston, Henry Slate, Lisa Gaye, Earl Barton and Alix Talton. The plot, about as thin as any plot is going to get, went something like this:

Two duds who have quit their unpopular dance band (Johnston and Slate) stumble into Strawberry Springs looking for a place to crash for the night. The town is really hopping, for it is Saturday eve and the teenagers are all heading for the town hall to hear Haley and his Comets. Following the crowd inside, the two are amazed to hear a "new type of music with a different beat," and are even more impressed with the dancing of brother/sister team Earl Barton and Lisa Gaye. "I like your sound," says Johnston. "Thanks," says Haley. In no time at all Johnny also discovers he likes Lisa, and sealing the deal with a kiss, agrees to manage the band and the dance duo.

Heading for New York, he tries to get the band some gigs through the booking agency of ex-girlfriend Alix Talton, who is still carrying a torch for him and the trouble begins. Jealous of little Lisa, Talton books the group for the graduation prom at an exclusive girl's school in Hartford, figuring that Haley and Company will be a bit raunchy for the upper crust of Connecticut. Such is not the case, for the band blows many minds and before the night is over Lisa and Earl have everyone out on the dance floor boppin' the blues. Hell hath no fury, etc. and Alix flatly refuses to book the act after this pagan display.

Things look pretty grim for Johnston, Haley and the Comets, and of course the entire future of rock and roll. Only one man could save the day, and sure enough, deus ex machina, Alan Freed appears on the scene. Freed (who at the time was top DJ on WINS



Don't Knock the Rock, 1956

or anywhere else for that matter) books the crew into his own club and they immediately become the talk of all New York. From here on the film follows their meteoric (or perhaps cometic) rise to fame, with Alix Talton still trying unsuccessfully to lay waste to Lisa and Johnny. The finale is in (where else) Hollywood, with an extravaganza show featuring Haley, the Platters, and the Bellhops. Johnston marries Lisa, Talton falls for some lad "v who's been after her all along, and the curtain falls.

To say the curtain falls is partially untrue, for no sooner was it down than up it came again, this time ushering in *Don't Knock the Rock*, with Bill, the Comets, Little Richard, the Treniers, and the ubiquitous Mr. Freed. The plot centered around protagonist Alan Dale's efforts to convince his home town that rock and roll was clean, healthy fun, and 15 or so rock numbers later everyone agrees, but only after giving Dale and the audience a lot of grief.

Such stuff can be viewed as pure camp, or hardcore surrealism; either way one can't go wrong spending a couple of hours in front of the tube if an R&R musical shows up on the late, late show. The movies themselves are awfully entertaining, but everything is subordinate to the music, there seldom being 15 minutes of action and dialogue before someone rips off a tune. In *Rock Around the Clock* alone, there were nine numbers by Haley: "Rudy's Rock," "Mambo Rock," "Rock," "Rock-a-Beatin' Boogie," "Happy Baby," "See You Later, Alligator," "Razzle Dazzle," "ABC Boogie," and the title tune. The Platters sang "Only You" and "The Great Pretender," with Freddie Bell and the Bellhops doing some mighty fine dance steps even though their jams were lame.

Lurking within the reels of 15 films are classic performances of classic tunes by Bill Haley and his Comets, Gene Vincent and the Bluecaps, Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, Danny and the Juniors, Fats Domino, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Johnny Ols, LaVern Baker, the Del-Vikings, the Diamonds, the Cadillacs, Eddie Cochran, Richie Valens, and (what else?) many, many more. The original records will always be an artist's legacy, and hopefully more things like the Richard Perry/Fats Domino LP are forthcoming, but the only place vintage performances can now be seen is in the rock musicals. It's been a long time since musicians writhed on the floor while playing stand-up bass, climbed on top of their piano, or shouted orders like "bop, Bluecats, bop," to the sidemen; such acts are already history and can be best revived by the screening of rock musicals; hopefully they will not be allowed to disappear into the movie vaults and never be seen again.



Mild Youth: Down at the soda shoppe, Sal was telling the guys about how he was getting drafted, and...

IF THE musicals are the preservers of music, the Wild Youth, Mild Youth films are the preservers of myth, enabling us to view the fantasy-sociology of the Fifties.

To the majority of Americans confronted with news of gang wars, Elvis, and drag racing, there were only two kinds of kids: the good ones and the bad ones. The same stereotypes emerged in films, only in exaggerated form. The Wild Youth kid was of a bum who rode around in his hot-rod, half-crazed from drugs and liquor, looking for a chick to lay, a store to rob, or another car to drag; discourteous, greasy, irresponsible, and mean. In short, he was un-American and nobody's kid.

His Mild Youth counterpart was everybody's baby; clean, honest, moral and bright; everything a parent could hope for, incarnate. He was a little mixed up about love, and did silly things like playing the record player too loud and tying up the telephone, but he was all-American nonetheless, another clean living member of the silent majority. Another handy rule of thumb: (a) If you can groove on Paul and Paula ("Hey, Paula") or Shelly Fabares ("Johnny Angel"), and have a liberal sense of humor, you should have no trouble sitting through any Mild Youth movie. (b) If you like or liked the Shangri-Las ("Leader of the Pack") or the Angels ("My Boyfriend's Back") then you're sure to enjoy most Wild Youth films. In either case one should not apply preconceived standards to such flicks; it's not in the spirit of the thing, and will undoubtedly result in disappointment and indignation.

* * *

"It's sure to be a smash with the youngsters. At a special screening at RKO last week, the audience greeted the film with bowls of delighted approval. Oddly enough the picture, while aiming at the younger set, also has family appeal for it presents an interesting and wholesome glimpse of family life in suburbia."

So went part of the Film Daily review of *Rock, Pretty Baby*, the first Mild Youth movie. Released almost concurrently with *Rock Around the Clock*, it was considered a much more respectable and sympathetic portrayal of teen life than the garish Katzman musical. A quick glance would reveal why, for it is merely a soap opera for the younger set, an unfortunate characteristic of all such films. Filled with the angst of adolescence, and steeped in Americana, many Mild Youth stories are reminiscent of the absurd family comedies which dominated television at the time: *Father Knows Best*, *Bachelor Father*, *Ozze and Harriet*, etc. The original Universal synopsis of *Rock, Pretty Baby*, tells the tale all too well:

The future doesn't look too bright to the hot combo of a group of high school boys led by Jimmy Daley (John Saxon), when they are thrown off their first job which was playing at a college fraternity dance.

It seems they played too well. The college boys were not so much interested in dancing as in necking and petting, but the hot music of Jimmy's combo made the girls more eager to dance than to neck. Among the girls is Joan Wright (Luana Patten).

When the musicians are told to leave, she leaves too, accepting the invitation of the members of the departing combo to let them drive her home. Joan, the daughter of a musician, has ambitions along musical lines herself and eventually becomes an arranger for the Daley combo. Their mutual devotion to music sparks a romance between Jimmy and Joan though neither realizes it at first.

Jimmy has other worries. His father (Edward Platt) is unsympathetic towards Jimmy's ambition to be a professional musician. His mother (Fay Wray) is on his side but not emphatically enough to do any good. And he has no money for a down payment on a \$300 electric guitar, vital to the success of the combo.

Jimmy's father, blind to his emotional needs, refuses to advance the money; Nino Barroso (Sal Mineo) flashy drummer, and real gone on girls, sparks a campaign to collect for the guitar among Jimmy's friends. Guitar in hand, beautiful arranger by his side, Jimmy is on cloud nine. But when Joan reveals hitherto hidden charms in a bathing suit they move to cloud nine.

The boys begin to work preparing for the combo contest of DJ Johnny Grant when catastrophe strikes. Joan, afraid of her passion, tries to be sensible by dating others. When she shows up at Jimmy's party with a known wolf, Jimmy flips his teenage lid. He takes a poke at Joan's escort and starts a free-for-all leaving the Daley home in a shambles and causing the neighbor's continental kit to be ripped off. Humiliated, Joan takes off for San Francisco music school where she was supposed to enroll before meeting Jimmy.

The old man makes the kid pay for the damages by hocking his guitar, and things really get morose around the Daley home until:

... Joan, full of forgiveness and love returns from S.F. after Dr. Daley has asked her to come back. A now understanding father reclaims the guitar and takes Jimmy on a hair-raising ride to Johnny Grant's contest using his Doctor's privileges to get motorcycle cops to clear the way. Jimmy arrives in time to meet the combo and play, but they don't win.

They are however, launched on a professional career when a representative of the Order of Bisons offers them a two-week job at summer camp. Besides Jimmy gains a girl and the understanding of his father.

*Not one to miss out on a good thing, Universal followed Jimmy and his combo when they played that gig at summer camp, calling it *Summer Love*. Luana Patten disappeared, to be replaced by Judy Meredith, but the rest of the cast remained the same, as did the plot: much ado about nothing, featuring silly misunderstandings and petty jealousy.*

The audiences for this schmaltz were mostly young teenage chicks who came to see their screen idols fall in love and neck; John Saxon and Sal Mineo were both getting a lot of press in the movie tabloids and *Rock, Pretty Baby* and *Summer Love* were the perfect places to show their profiles. One can't help but feel that Hollywood (willfully and in a premeditated manner) produced such flicks as vehicles for introducing their younger talent. The list of Mild Youth regulars certainly has a familiar ring to it: John Saxon, Sal Mineo, James Darren, Ed "Kookie" Byrnes, Doug McClure, Roberta Shore, Shelly Fabares. Serving time in these soap operas was seen as a springboard to bigger things, a not too crucial proving ground that would/could lead to bigger and more "serious" roles for the juvenile stars. For some the breaks came, usually in the form of a television series (although Mineo has racked up a formidable list of screen credits) and for others it was the end of the line. Little has been heard from people like Bobby Driscoll, Lee Kinsolving, or Mark Damon since their cinematic high school days.

What, one might ask, can these films offer the audience of today when many teens spotted them as pure corn the first time around? They are certainly the feather-weights of "juve moviedom" with their ridiculous scripts, and unerring ability to turn all they touch into sugar; but this is not where their strength lies. It is the myth they project, that Ann Landers quality of cleanliness/godliness so closely associated with good kids of the Fifties, that makes them such fun-fests today. The gap between the Fifties and the Sixties is a wide one indeed movies from the Thirties and Forties have already passed from cliche to archetype, but the Mild Youth numbers of the last decade are still out there somewhere in never-never land—where junior asks dad for the keys to the family car, and has to have his date home by 11. Pretty terrible stuff; but if your constitution is strong and your nature tolerant, the laughs come fast and furious.

—Continued on Next Page



High School Confidential, 1956, with Jerry Lee Lewis doing it off a truck; not a pretty story



Wild Youth: Same flick: Russ Tamblyn, unflinching, about to get off

—Continued from Preceding Page

LESS THAN a year after the debut of rock musicals and mild youth melodramas, a third genre appeared, most likely as a backlash reaction to such adolescent fluff. Packed with action, sex, drugs, and parental hypocrisy, the Wild Youth films were sensationalism with no apologies; the National Enquirer of teen movies.

Of the 25-30 films of this sort, none rises from the depths showing as much class as Albert Zugsmith's *High School Confidential*. Made in 1959, it followed the pattern set by American-International and Allied Artists releases of 1957/1958, surpassing them in every respect. The story concerns the efforts of a young undercover agent (Russ Tamblyn) to crack a high school dope-ring. He enrolls in the school as a student and eventually makes a contact for marijuana through John Drew Barrymore, a fellow hipster and student. This is accomplished by building a reputation as a ne'er-do-well; insulting his teacher with jive-talk and smoking a joint in the principal's office.

As part of his front Russ lives in the home of his supposed "aunt," played by Mamie Van Doren. One of the numerous delights in the film is Mamie's earnest attempts to put the make on him ("You looking for excitement?" "I'm a citizen.") even though he's a government agent. The script never attempts to clarify exactly who, or what Mamie is; no matter though, it makes those scenes even more surreal.

At any rate, Barrymore introduces Russ to the head pusher who is operating out of a combination mall shop/dope den; he gets the evidence he needs, and (thanks to the miracles of judo) apprehends the evildoers; sending them off to the pokey with an appropriate speech. Such stories are nothing new to the genre, but Zugsmith has embellished this simple tale with numerous niceies:

• An opening that, once seen, will never be forgotten. The film starts with a closeup of a man behind a desk looking directly into the camera; it looks as though he's about to endorse a candidate for office. Instead we are informed that he is a member of a narcotics control board who wishes to endorse the film. It seems the film we are about to see is "not pleasant," but will bring forth some of the hard-hitting facts about drugs and their use in high schools. The gentleman urges us to study *High School Confidential* closely, and be ever on the alert for such problems in our own schools. Cut to Jerry Lee Lewis (with piano and band) on the back of a flat-bed truck which is slowly driving through town. Jerry is pounding out the title tune (a hit for him on Sun Records) and a pack of jumping, jiving teenagers are following alongside as if he were the Pied Piper. Cut to Russ as he arrives at the high school.

• Jive talk that will boggle the mind; the highlight being Barrymore's story of Ferdinand and Isabella rendered fully in jive, after he takes over the history class. Other samples: "You got 32 teeth, you wanna try for none?" "Wham, bam, thank you Ma'm."

• First-rate acting by the intrepid cast, with Jackie Coogan as the head pusher looking mighty mean behind his shades, and John Drew Barrymore as the chief reptile, and coolest cat in town.

There are other films in the Wild Youth bag that merit attention, and are almost as sharp as *Confidential*. AMI's *The Cool and the Creepy* has great acting by Scott Marlowe and Richard Bakalyan, and the dubious distinction of having been filmed without any sets, in Kansas City. *Teenage Doll* by Roger Corman for Allied Artists is the grisly gang-war number which bears the foreword: "This is not a pretty story, but is true." For hard-core enthusiasts *Date Bait* and *Wild Youth* come highly recommended; both are low-budget crudities that inhabit a cinematic twilight-zone where "nothing is real."

Zugsmith may win the award for quality, but American-International and Allied Artists are the unquestioned champions of quantity; with probably 75% of all Wild Youth films to their credit. All of their films show the influence of *The Wild One* (the amazing motorcycle film with Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin) and *Rebel Without a Cause*, although a good deal more attention is paid to style than content. The content in fact is almost always the old "triangle plot": good guy loves beautiful chick; she loves him too but is impressed with virile antics of bad guy; she goads good guy into confrontation with bad guy; tragedy occurs and good guy is blamed; only in second confrontation and last reel of film is bad guy done in, good guy cleared, and chick made to realize what a drag she's been. Insert hot-rods, motorcycles, gang-wars, drugs, or all of the above into such a skeletal plot and you have every A.A. and AMI delinquent flick ever made.

The chicks in such psycho-dramas are usually Anne Neyland, Fay Spain, June Kenney, or Yvonne Lime; their thespian abilities deriving from their measurements and watching Mamie Van Doren movies and high school plays, yet they consistently turn in performances that have undeniable gut-level appeal. It is not so much a question of acting prowess as of projecting an aura; they are simply great broads. If the script calls for a good chick, you will get an all-American WASPish blonde with a latent evil streak ("thrill crazy" is AMI's description) that can only be cured with the emotional panacea of true love. When a bad girl is required, everything goes. She smokes a lot (with the cigarette dangling precariously out of one side of her mouth), leans on walls, scuffs her feet, and spends her time perpetuating anguish, cruelty and misunderstanding.

The dudes are even more amazing. When the male lead is a good guy his motivation is always the same: a vague sense of ethics, and an impulsive nature that will instinctively lead him down the straight and narrow. This makes our hero little more than Gary Cooper in a leather jacket and a pretty square cat, no matter who plays him. Usually that unfortunate task fell to Steve Terrell, with Dick Bakalyan, Scott Marlowe, and John Ashley having all the fun playing the baddies.

Wild Youth scripts deal in stereotype and formula and the bad guy is always 100% cliché. Usually there is an attempt in teen flicks to explain the causes of the delinquency (broken homes, hypocritical parents, etc.) but no such protocol is required by AMI and A.A. The bad guy doesn't sell reefer to kids in high school or run old men down with his rod because his father doesn't understand him. He does it because he is bad and that is what bad guys are supposed to do; it's as simple as that. Faced with such roles, the actors with Allied and American have wrought miracles. Their basic approach seems to be, "When faced with an oversimplified cliché be sure and overplay it," and the results are notable. What usually emerges from such artless art is grotesque exaggeration and overblown affectation; the ultimate bad-ass.

Unfortunately after four years of fast-lived, existential antics the bad-ass started to tire. The Wild Youth formula showed distinct signs of overkill; it had been drubbed to death. The replacement was a goodie-two-shoes who traded in his switchblade and hot-rod for a surfboard and beach-blanket, an exchange which was to influence the course of teen flicks for some time to come.



Beach Flicks: Eric Von Zipper tells Robert Cummings where it's at while Frankie Avalon, outnumbered, looks on, in Beach Party, 1963



Frankie and Annette: bare as they dared

WILLIAM ASHER, the director of American-International's first three beach epics (*Beach Party*, *Muscle Beach Party*, *Bikini Beach*), was once asked about the company's shift from gang-wars to beach bashes: "Our audiences welcome clean sex," said Asher, "They are bored with juvenile delinquency." It was hardly a revelation but Asher was right. The press had abandoned delinquency as one of its favorite subjects by 1958, and was off covering phone-booth packing and leisure living in California. Delinquency ceased to be a marketable commodity. No one wanted to watch mayhem in the city ghettos when they could watch the same thing at Malibu Beach. It was the time of the Beach Boys, Ian and Dean and the Four Seasons. Columbia and M-G-M had already shown that the fun in the sun syndrome was a sure money maker with *Gidget* and *Where the Boys Are* and it didn't take AMI long to pick up on the good vibrations.

The first one off the American-International assembly-line was *Beach Party* with Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon, a dynamic duo that would see action in nearly every beach bomb to follow. The film was a bold departure for the company for it featured some famous (and talented) actors and was shot in flaming color. The budget was considerably larger than anything done in the black and white leather jacket days (*Bikini Beach* cost \$600,000, a far cry from the \$100,000 or so put out for something like *Dragstrip Girl*) and it reaped proportionally larger profits. The plot (perhaps "drift" is a better word) of the film was absolute nonsense, something easily demonstrated by quoting Time's appropriately nonsensical review:

"Beach Party" is an anthropological documentary with songs. Robert Cummings, in ambush behind a

wind-Schweppes beard, is gathering material for a book on teenage sex play. Just outside his window at Balboa Beach the puberty rites and other coming-of-age-in-California shenanigans of a tribe of overripe adolescents are in full cry, and Cummings' telescope and electronic eavesdropping provide him with an eye-opening earful.

The beach resembles Seal Rock in mating season. Frankie Avalon with his pack of gold-necklaced surf-jockeys, and Annette Funicello with her bevy of busty beach bunnies are—in the words of one of their tribal hymns—"just a-surfin' all day and swingin' all night." But danger lurks in the dunes: a marauding band of post-Brando wild ones roars up on a midnight raid. Quinquagenarian Cummings with little help from Frankie sends them yelping off with their motorcycles tucked between their legs.

The climax of this primitive business is a custard-pie-war in a beatnik beer and poetry parlor . . . Annette goes ape for Frankie, crooning, "I was such a fool to treat him so cool." As a study of primitive behavior patterns "Beach Party" is more unoriginal than aboriginal . . .

As could be expected, little changed when AMI's follow-ups hit the screen. Harvey Lemberk stayed on as Eric Von Zipper, the leader of the motorcycle gang, Keenan Wynn replaced Buddy Hackett who had replaced Cummings as the nasty member of the older generation, and Frankie and Annette were still on hand to play amorous lovers. The super up-tight sexual overtones remained (never outside Playboy has such sick plastic sex been seen) with the chicks all looking like centerfolds from *Nugget* or *Escapade* and the fellows all straight out of the *Hardy Boys*. And of course no one smoked, drank, or touched each

other (except in volleyball). "They're what I want my son to be at their age," said director Asher. Yikes.

Looking back on the early Sixties the Beach films appear to have been the death knell for teen exploitation films. The Musicals and Wild/Mild Youth genres had emerged with the first shock wave of rock and roll and juvenile delinquency and they faded when neither subject could provide new fodder for the script-writers. The Musical was finished (except for a brief spasm when the *Twist* hit) because rock and roll itself seemed finished: there was no trend, no charismatic star, and very little excitement to rejuvenate the same formula. The Mild/Wild Youth numbers similarly lost their edge when their subject matter became passe and pedestrian. The perimeters of these genres had not expanded since the early days, and without external inspiration and stimuli the films devoured themselves.

Things must have looked brighter for the Hollywood execs when the surf craze took hold. One can almost imagine the AMI staff sitting in their offices in anticipation of the next trend or controversy; planning, researching, and waiting for that moment when they could spring into action again. When they finally did, they launched into the beach bit with such overzealous enthusiasm that the genre became a dull stereotype within one year, and a lifeless cadaver in two. The surf scene fell victim to the fastest and most thorough exploitation campaign ever conceived, and although such films were produced well into the mid-Sixties anything made after 1964 is merely an epitaph for an already long departed genre. No matter really, for even if AMI had been more prudent in exploiting the magic of the west-coast beaches, Frankie and Annette would have still hit the skids in 1964; that was the year the Beatles really arrived.

—Continued on Next Page



Taking "The Loser" down to be buried, in The Wild Angels: he died with a joint in his mouth

Continued from Preceding Page

PERHAPS the most revealing thing about post-Beatle exploitation films is that there aren't many. Since *Hard Day's Night* the flow of Fifties style teen movies has been reduced to a tiny trickle. Most of the "juve-movie" producers bailed out of the scene long before the Beatles arrived and although the "mop-tops from Liverpool" were certainly a new trend, there was little a Hollywood huckster could do to cash in on them; they were simply too unique to be exploited. The task of continuing the tradition of pre-Beatle teen films fell to the most deserving and accomplished company of all-American-International, even today they are perpetuating the bravado and absurdity of the last decade. Since the demise of the beach formula, AMI has managed to not only put out their usual pap, but to actually expand and continue trends in exploitation

in 1965 they released *The T.A.M.I. (Teenage Awards Music International) Show*, an extravaganza of rock talent shot with video-tape and brought to the theatres through the "miracle of electronovision." It featured an all-star cast which included Chuck Berry, James Brown, the Beach Boys, Marvin Gaye, and the Rolling Stones (it is still the Stones' finest appearance on screen despite their excellent showing on *Shindig* in '65 and in *One Plus One* this year). 1966 saw the AMI release of Roger Corman's *The Wild Angels*, a film based loosely on the antics of the Hell's Angels and other such clubs, which started a trend which is still going strong today. The latest of their cycle films, *Hell's Angels 69*, hit the screens this summer.

In 1967 they scored with a Sam Katzman production of *Riot On Sunset Strip*, a film based on the shennanigans which took place in Hollywood the same year. *Riot* clearly demonstrates that neither AMI or Mr. K have lost their touch for the lurid, the topical, and the sensational. In 1968 it was *Maryjane*, with Fabian; *Wild in the Streets*, a copy of the English film *Privilege* which had a rock and roll star ruling the country, and *The Trip*, another Roger Corman classic with Peter Fonda sulking away to the strains of the Electric Flag.

It is unclear if any of AMI's recent efforts have appealed to the younger audiences as did their releases in the Fifties. A visit this June to a theatre to see *Hells Angels on Wheels* and *Run, Angel, Run* would indicate that such stuff is popular with certain folks in their early thirties and a few aspiring young cycle banditos, the teens are most likely down at the Bijou stoned out of their minds catching *Weekend* or *2001*. Whatever the case, the era when cheap and sleazy films sold well with kids is over. One may be able to make films for them, but the days of exploiting them have passed. Today you have to be good to make it; or at least you have to give the impression of being good. Assembly line movie-making is over, the medium is the message, and so on and so forth.

The present is one thing, the past is another. The Beatles themselves are facing the inescapable problem of being associated with a decade and a generation, which no longer represents the young; of acknowledging that in a way they are a phenomenon of the past. The years 1955-1964 seem to be light-years away from the world we live in today. Catch a few teen flicks on the Late Show and see just how long ago those years really are; they represent a loss of innocence which will not be matched until someone writes about the teen films of the Sixties.

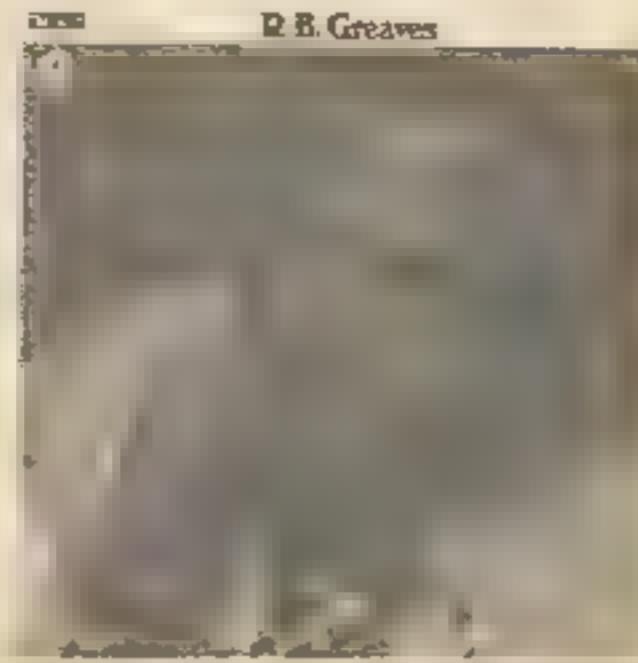
Richard Stoehling is a free-lance artist currently living in Hollywood and working part-time in a film production house.

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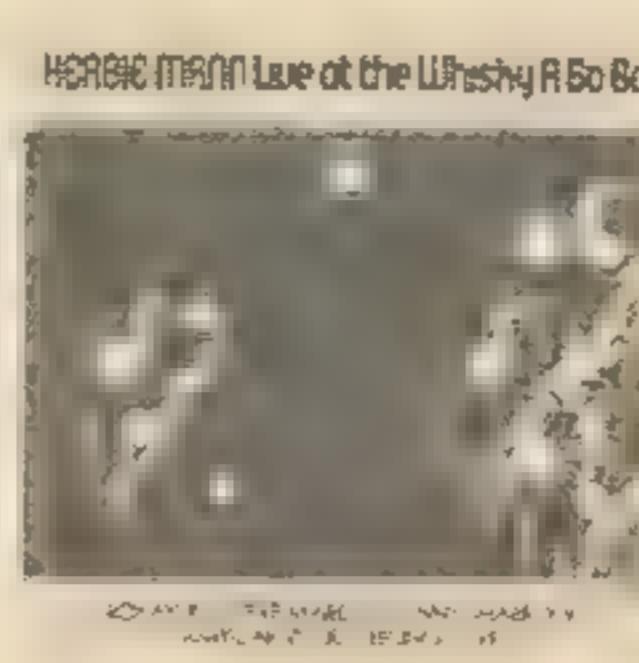
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Led Zeppelin II
Atlantic SD 8236/TP 8236



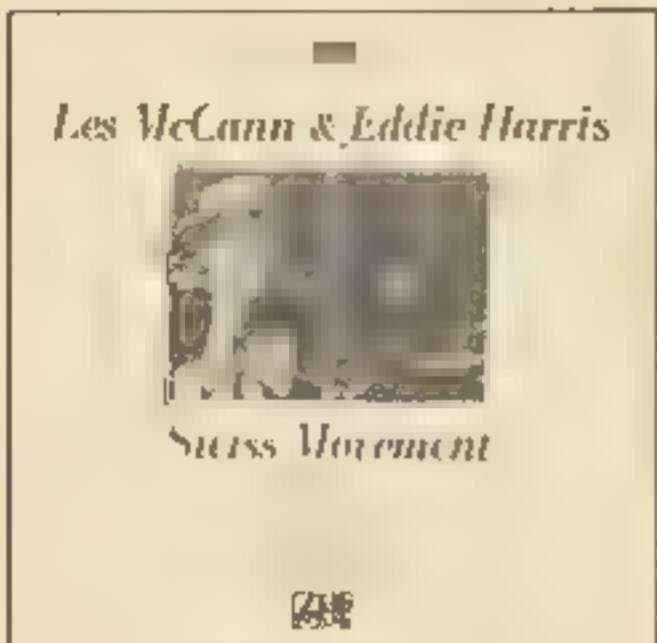
R. B. Greaves
Atco SD 33-311/TP 33-311



Herbie Mann Live
At The Whisky A Go Go
Atlantic SD 1536/TP 1536



Fat Mattress
Atco SD 33-309/TP 33-309



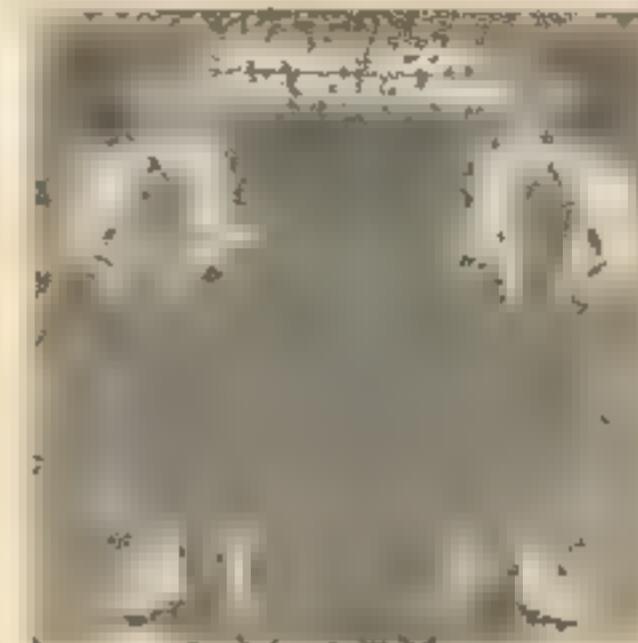
Les McCann & Eddie Harris
Swiss Movement
Atlantic SD 1537/TP 1537



King Crimson
In The Court Of The Crimson King
Atlantic SD 8245/TP 8245



Roland Kirk
Volunteered Slavery
Atlantic SD 1534/TP 1534



Shirley Scott & The Soul Saxes
King Curtis, Hank Crawford, David Newman
Atlantic SD 1532/TP 1532



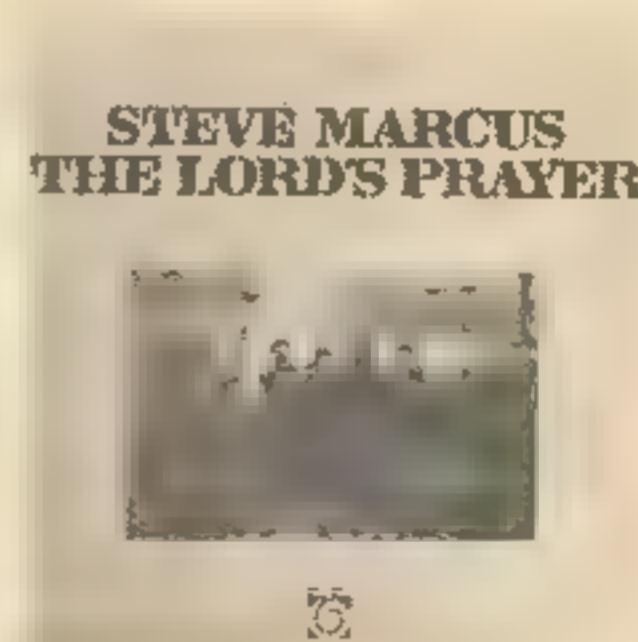
The Allman Brothers Band
Atco SD 33-308/TP 33-308
CAPRICORN RECORD SERIES



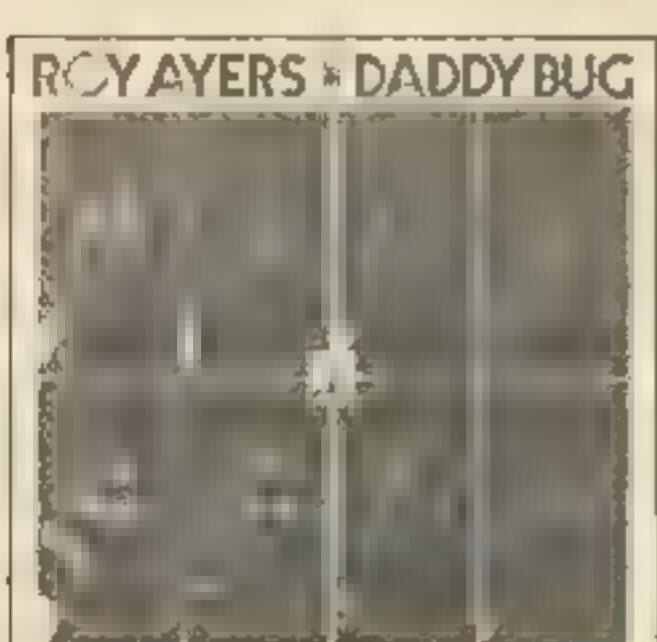
Leslie Liggans
Just To Satisfy You
Atlantic SD 8241/TP 8241



Yes
Atlantic SD 8243/TP 8243



Steve Marcus
The Lord's Prayer
Vortex SD 2013/TP 2013



Roy Ayers
Daddy Bug
Atlantic SD 1538/TP 1538



The Golden Earring
Eight Miles High
Atlantic SD 8244/TP 8244



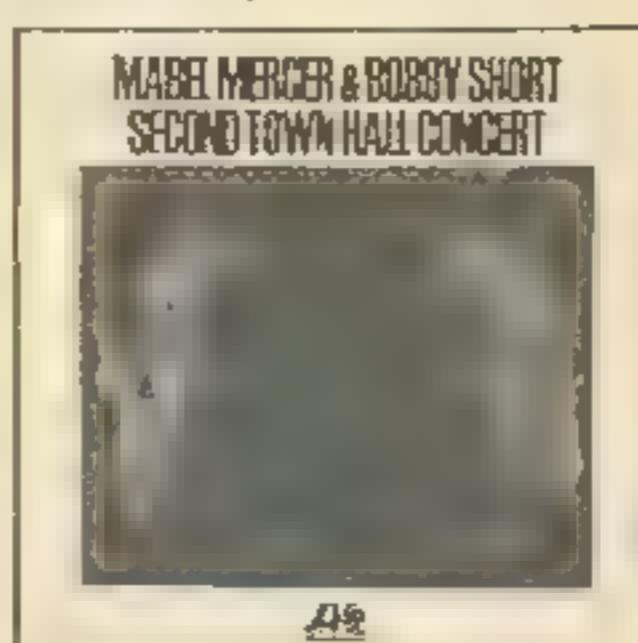
Banchee
Atlantic SD 8240/TP 8240



Sonny Sharrock
Black Woman
Vortex SD 2014/TP 2014



George Wein's Newport All-Stars
Atlantic SD 1533/TP 1533



Mabel Mercer & Bobby Short
Second Town Hall Concert
Atlantic SD 2-605/TP 2-605 (Double LP)



Cold Blood
San Francisco SD 200/TP 200





The Girl Can't Help It, 1956, was the old "gangster wants his dame to make it in showbiz" number

Filmology

For some odd reason or another most teen films from the Fifties have been made available for television stations. If your local station is either very hip, or very lame, these movies should appear on The Late, Late Show or The Early, Early Show at one time or another. The star rating system is not so much one of intrinsic quality as is of entertainment value.

M—Musical; P—Personality; WY—Wild Youth; MY—Mild Youth; MO—Motorcycle Gang Film; B—Beach Film; S—Serious Film.

Three-Star Classics



Big Beat (Universal-1958) (***M) William Reynolds, Gogi Grah, Hans Conried, Buddy Bregman, Del-Vikings, the Diamonds, Fats Domino, Four Aces, Harry James, Lancers, Mills Brothers, George Shearing, Cal Tjader.

One of the better musicals, this one has William Reynolds fresh out of college trying to persuade his father to get into releasing rock and roll along with the other lame records he already produces. Dad relents and gives the kid a subsidiary company to be overseen by his A&R man. It's pure nonsense from then on as Reynolds almost blows the whole gig saving it at the last minute with a scheme to push his records in super-markets. Of special interest is Fats Domino with "I'm Walking," and the Diamonds doing an incredible bit on "Little Darling." In color.

Blackboard Jungle (MGM-1955) (***S) Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, Louis Calhern, Margaret Hayes, John Hoyt, Richard Kiley, Sidney Poitier, Vic Morrow, Rafael Campos; directed by Richard Brooks.

Glen Ford plays new teacher Richard Dadier (his students call him Mr. Daddy-O) who finds himself in the middle of trouble in a New York vocational school. The story really isn't much as

Ford tries to "get through to the kids" and encounters opposition on the way, but there are other things that make this film a must.

(a) Top-notch performances by the entire cast, especially Ford, Poitier and Campos. Vic ("Combat") Morrow is a gas as the chief student trouble maker—"I don't think you like me, teach."

(b) Suspenseful moments as the high school guys smash the 78 record collection of a math instructor, try to rape their home-room teacher in the library and beat the shit out of Ford in an alley.

(c) Any movie that has this forward on the European version can't be all bad: "The scenes and events depicted here are fictional. The U.S. is fortunate in having a school system that is a tribute to its faith in youth."

Cool and the Crazy, The (AMI-1958) (***WY) Scott Marlowe, Gigi Perreau, Dick Bakalyan, Dick Jones.

From The Hollywood Reporter: "A few weeks ago a Brooklyn school principal committed suicide because he could not suppress the rape and hoodlumism in his institution. *The Cool and the Crazy* is a badly written, sloppily edited, poorly directed, low budget film that may well inspire more such tragedies." It's a classic. Just out of reform school, Scott Marlowe starts turning on his classmates at the high school. Eddie the Pusher gives Scott the weed and when they all "come back for more" they find it costs money.

The hard hitting truth continues as a kid is killed attempting to hold up a gas station for reefer money, with Marlowe finally killing Eddie for more dope only to get his just deserves in a flaming car crash. All this was filmed on location in Kansas City, where actors Bakalyan and Jones were actually busted when "their ducktails and delinquent appearance attracted the attention of the local police." Don't miss it.

Crime in the Streets (1956) (***S) John Cassavetes, James Whitmore, Sal Mineo; directed by Don Siegel.

Back on the streets again with this drama originally designed for television. A social worker (who feels the plight of the juvenile delinquent is understandable) tries to make friends with a nasty John Cassavetes, the leader of the pack. Although a lower budget effort than other "serious" films, director Don Siegel creates a fast-moving and convincing story. Siegel is also responsible for *Flaming Star* with Elvis, *Fabian's Hound Dog Man* and the mind-blowing *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

Don't Knock the Rock (Columbia-1956) (***M) Bill Haley and the Comets, Alan Dale, Alan Freed, the Treniers, Little Richard, Dave Appell and the Apple Jacks; produced by Sam Katzman.

Thus sequel to *Rock Around the Clock* is at least as good as the original, with Dale and Freed engaged in varied high jinx as they try to prove rock and roll is a "harmless outlet for today's youth." Many excellent songs including "Calling All Comets," and "Don't Knock the Rock," by Haley; "Tutti Frutti," and "Long Tall Sally," by Little Richard.

Girl Can't Help It, The (Fox-1956) (***M) Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, Edmund O'Brien, Fats Domino, Little Richard, the Platters, Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps, the Treniers, the Chuckles, Nino Tempo, Eddie Cochran, Abbey Lincoln.

Jayne Mansfield's first flick and a strange one indeed as the script writers dust off the "gangster who wants his dame to make it in show business" bit. Edmund O'Brien is great as the head hood, with Tom Ewell playing the agent who must find Jayne a gig. The show is equally divided between Mansfield's body and some great jams by Little Richard, Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran. Good clean fun, in color.

Go, Johnny, Go (Valiant-1959) (***M) Alan Freed, Jimmy Clanton, Sandy Stewart, Chuck Berry, Eddie Cochran, Cadillacs, Flamingoes, Jackie Wilson, Richie Valens; produced by Alan Freed.

Another star-studded musical with Jimmy Clanton starring as Johnny Melody, a poor orphan boy who makes it big through a talent search held by Alan Freed. The hardships, ironies, and humor enroute to the big-time are supposed to provide basis for the story but as usual the music is the only thing that's really worthwhile. Among the stand-outs are the Flamingoes and the Cadillacs; with rare appearances by the late greats Richie Valens and Eddie Cochran. Freed not only stars but also produced the film and his knack for lining up heavy acts is undeniable.

High School Confidential (MGM-1959) (***WY) Russ Tamblyn, Mamie Van Doren, Jan Sterling, John Drew Barrymore, Michael Landon, Jackie Coogan, Charles Chaplin, Jr., Jerry Lee Lewis; produced by Albert Zugsmith.

Not enough can be said to recommend this far-fetched tale of high schoolers and the evil weed. A cameo appearance by Jerry Lee Lewis (doing the title tune), a script loaded with jive talk, some great drag racing scenes, and memorable performances by the entire cast (especially Barrymore and Coogan) make the film a classic in the genre. Zugsmith at his exploitative finest.

Jailhouse Rock (MGM-1957) (***P) Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, Dean Jones, Mickey Shaughnessy, Anne Neyland.

Elvis ends up in the cooler for accidentally killing a dude in a bar fight and learns how to play folk-music from cellmate Shaughnessy. Upon his release our hero makes the big-time (after a few false starts) and even tries to help Mickey achieve the same status. Mick doesn't have the chops to pull it off though and gets mad at Elvis; cheering up only by the end of the flick. The best Presley picture which boasts some guisly music (something sadly missing from the majority of his cinematic efforts).

James Dean Story, The (Watertown-1957) (***P) Produced, edited, directed by George W. George and Robert Altman; written by Stewart Stern.

Documentary of Dean's life starts with footage of his fatal car wreck; flashes back to his early life in Fairmont, Indiana, through use of stills, home movies, interviews, etc. High spot is the screen-test Dean made for *East of Eden*. Entertaining material on a legend of the Fifties.

Rebel Without a Cause (Warners-1955) (***S) James Dean, Natalie Wood, Jim Backus, Ann Doran, Rochelle Hudson, Sal Mineo, Nick Adams, William Hopper, Corey Allen, Jimmy Baird; directed by Nicholas Ray.

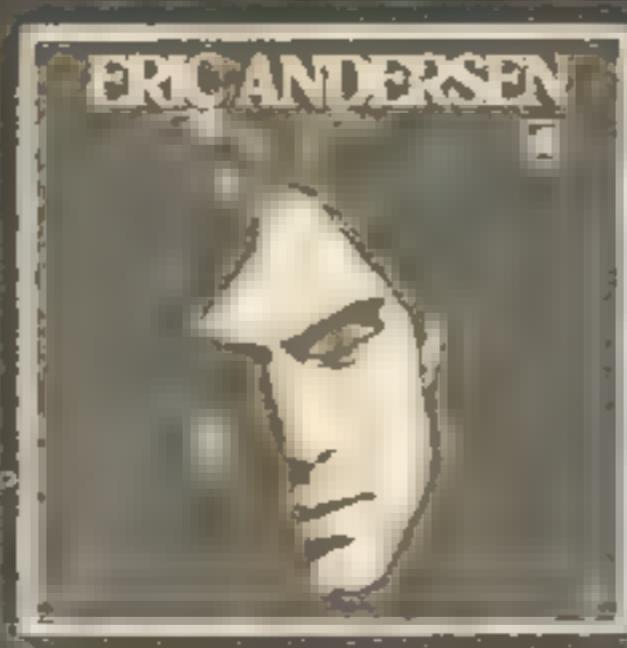
Buzz (Corey Allen) and Jim (James Dean) are about to have a "chickie run" which results in Buzz barreling over a cliff to his doom: Buzz (from car). "You know, I kind of like you." Jim: "Why do we do this then?" Buzz. "You've got to do something now, don't you." Jim Backus and Mineo are brilliant; ditto Dean and director Nicholas Ray.

—Continued on Page 46

Anyone who looks as good as this:



Shouldn't sound as good as this:



But Eric Andersen does.
On Warner Bros. Records.





DATE BAIT

GARY CLARK MARLO RYAN RICHARD GERING

AT SIXTEEN SHE AND
LEAVES ALONE LOVE... ONE
WAY OR THE OTHER

Date Bait, 1960: cheap, lurid and great!

Filmology

Continued from Page 44

Rock Around the Clock (Columbia-1956) (***) Bill Haley and his Comets, the Platters, Tony Martinez and his Band, Freddie Bell and the Bellhops, Alan Freed; produced by Sam Katzman.

The granddaddy of them all, with nine songs by Haley and his Comets, and Alan Freed playing himself. Highly recommended.

T.A.M.I. Show (AMI-1965) (****M) Chuck Berry, Rolling Stones, James Brown, the Beach Boys, Marvin Gaye, and others; produced by Electronovision.

An incredible lineup of talent make this one of the best of the post-Beatle movies, and (except for *Monterey*) the finest rock musical. Brown, Berry and the Stones are all incredible. Recommended.

Teenage Doll (Allied Artists-1957) (****WY) June Kenney, Fay Spain, John Brinkley, Collette Jackson; produced and directed by Roger Corman.

Variety: "This low budgeter is ostensibly directed toward the fight against juvenile delinquency. However only real contribution in this direction is that it offers employment to a corps of juvenile actors and thus keeps them off the street . . . the characters talk a stylized jargon and engage in continual brutality and violence, their motivations delinquent or otherwise, bearing only the slightest resemblance to human beings." A magnificent teen film from Roger Corman. Mood and pace are excellent.

Wild Angels, The (AMI-1966) (****MO) Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, Bruce Dern, Gayle Hunnicut, Michael J. Pollard.

One of Roger Corman's best, with great performances from a fine cast. Bruce Dern plays "The Loser" who is shot by the cops, is heisted from his hospital bed by his cronies, and honored with a post mortem wake in a church.

Peter Fonda sulks profoundly, the bikers are nasty and rotten, and the action sequences are nonpareil.

Wild Guitar (Fairway International-1962) (***WY) Arch Hall Jr., Cash Flagg, William Walters.

This one boasts two professional actors in the cast . . . the rest are, well, inexperienced. Arch Hall motors into town and ends up in the clutches of promo man Walters who proceeds to steal him blind. Hall gets up but is kidnapped, and brainwashed. Honesty and integrity save the day at the last moment, as the laughs come a-mile-a-minute in this super-cheapie.

Wild Ones, The (Columbia-1954) (***MO) Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin, Mary Murphy, Jay C. Flippen.

Johnny and the Black Rebels drink a lot of beer and raise a lot of hell, in an unsuspecting small town. When they finally bust him a local chick clears him and he motors off into the sunset in an unclear state of mind. A really powerful and influential film, with stellar acting by Brando and Marvin.

Wild Youth (Cinema Associates-1961) (***WY) Robert Hutton, John Goddard, Carol Ohmart, Clancy Cooper.

Two guys and a gal escape from an honor farm and after their car breaks down get picked up by dope peddler Revis and his drug-crazed moll. There is a battle for the dope which is hidden in a huge doll but the border police break things up eventually. A cheapie with lots of engrossing mistakes. . . arrange with a scrap-dealer to use a badly wrecked car—preferably a sports model—in your foyer with the sign above it reading: Was he a narcotics addict?

Young Savages, The (United Artists-1961) (***S) Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill, Shelly Winters; directed by John Frankenheimer.

Director Frankenheimer puts out with some power scenes and moments although the plot is again questionable. The gang-fight scenes, acting, and

camera work is brilliant however, with a particularly flashy bit where a blind man is stabbed to death by young toughs.

** Worth Watching

Beat Generation, The (MGM-1959) (**WY) Steve Cochran, Mamie Van Doren, Fay Spain, Louis Armstrong, Ray Anthony, Jim Mitchum, Charles Chaplin, Jr., Vampira; produced by Albert Zugsmith.

Any similarity between this Al Zugsmith tale and the *Artists/Beatniks* of the Fifties is purely coincidental. A psycho case spends his time raping chicks until the cops catch on, and track him down. The raunchy sets, lurid plot, and jive talk make the whole thing eminently palatable though, and Mamie is there to keep interest up when all else fails.

College Confidential (Universal-1960) (**WY) Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows, Mamie Van Doren, Mickey Shaughnessy, Conway Twitty, Elisha Cook, Walter Winchell, Earl Wilson; produced by Albert Zugsmith.

Yikes! Al Zugsmith tries to outdo *High School Confidential* with this one and he almost makes it, in spite of Winchell and Wilson. It takes an amazing amount of violence and sex (both overt and covert) before calm is restored to a small-town college campus, but what can one expect when the Prof is Steve Allen and the student body Mamie Van Doren and Conway Twitty. Recommended!

Date Bait (Marathon Filmgroup-1960) (**WY) Gary Clark, Marlo Ryan, Richard Gering.

It's cheaply made, it's lurid, it's great! A young couple who want to get married and find some peace and security can get none, thanks to their parents, gangsters, and the chick's dope-crazed ex-boy friend. By the last reel justice is done (although the parents deserve more come-uppance than they get) and Clark and Ryan live happily . . . etc.

Dragstrip Riot (AMI-1958) (**WY) Yvonne Lime, Gary Clark, Fay Wray, Connie (Hawaiian Eye) Stevens.

"This is the story of teenage youths who live as fast as their hot-rods will carry them. Gary Clark as the newcomer to the gang is running away from his past. His flight being hampered by a gang of motorcyclists who throw a reign of terror over his very existence. Courage is measured as drag races are performed on railroad tracks, the climax building up to free-for-all between the two gangs. All this is accompanied by rock and roll numbers and actual flat races at Santa Barbara, California." The AMI Synopsis sums things up quite well—make sure you catch the "free-for-all."

Life Begins at 17 (Columbia-1959) (**MY) Mark Damon, Ed Byrnes, Ann Doran, Tommy Ivo; produced by Sam Katzman.

Suffice it to say that this "family drama of adolescent love" has some of the worst acting and dialogue ever committed to celluloid. A laugh riot; with Ed "Kookie" Byrnes outdoing himself.

Mister Rock and Roll (1957-Paramount) (**M) Alan Freed, Teddy Randazzo, Lois O'Brien, Lionel Hampton, Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, Chuck Berry, La Vern Baker, Clyde McPhatter, Little Richard, Ferlin Husky.

The credits promise more excitement than this one can deliver. Reporter O'Brien is anxious for a story from Freed on rock and roll and is introduced to singer Teddy Randazzo. They fall for each other immediately, but break up in a row over what Lois' editor is doing to slander rock and Alan Freed. Once again, though, Al saves the music and the star-crossed lovers, by explaining the music's origins and putting on a benefit for the editor's favorite charity. Too many of the performers are saddled with pre-rock material, although Chuck Berry (with "Baby Doll") and Little Richard (with "Lucille") are a gas to watch. Uneven.

—Continued on Page 48

MORGEN

Fat City

scott bradford



COMMAND/PROBE RECORDS



Filmology

Continued from Page 46

Motorcycle Gang (AMI-1957) (**WY) Anne Neyland, Steve Terrell, John Ashley, Carl Switzer.

"...will undoubtedly satisfy those youngsters who find reckless speed exciting and disregard for the law completely understandable"; Film Daily. Good jive talk, sex and lots of action as Anne Neyland is torn between good guy Terrell and bad boy Ashley. Seems John went up the river for a cycle death he and Steve were responsible for; Steve only getting probation. When John gets out of jail the fun begins.

Riot on Sunset Strip (AMI-1967) (**WY) Aldo Ray, Mimsy Farmer, Michael Evans, Laurie Mock, Tim Rooney, produced by Sam Katzman.

Katzman hasn't lost the old touch; he got this one out into the theatres within six weeks of the Strip riots. Law and order provided by Aldo Ray, as a cop trying to clean up the strip. Sensationalism courtesy of Mimsy Farmer (as Ray's daughter) who gets fed drugs and raped at a party. Music by such favorites as the Standells, Chocolate Watch Band, and the Enemies.

Rock, Pretty Baby (Universal-1956) (**MY) Sal Mineo, John Saxon, Luana Patten, Rod McKuen, Edward Platt, Fay Wray.

The misadventures of Jimmy Daley and his Combo, as they seek fame, fortune, and glory in the music business. The first and scariest of the mild youth type; Rod McKuen plays bass, Sal Mineo plays drums, and John Saxon plays lead ax. What more need be said?

Summer Love (Universal-1958) (**MY) John Saxon, Molly Bee, Rod McKuen, Jill St. John, Judy Meredith, Edward Platt, Fay Wray, Shelly Fabares, Troy Donahue.

The revenge of Rock, Pretty Baby as the Daley Combo takes the Order of the Bisons up on their offer to play a two-week gig at a summer camp. Highlights are "Beatin' On the Bongos," "To Know You is to Love You," and a happy ending.

Teenage Bad Girl (D.C.A. (English)-1957) (**WY) Sylvia Sims, Anna Neagle, Norman Wooland, Kenneth Haigh.

Another British juvenile delinquency drama with the excellent acting and direction. Sims plays the poor unfortunate chick who ends up on the wrong side of the law, but all turns out fine in the end.

Teenage Wolfpack (D.C.A. (German)-1957) (**WY) Henry Bookholz (known later as Horst Buchholz), Karen Baal, Christian Derner.

Plot is a triangle again but the acting is good for a change. German made originally, it comes to the states via England, and is a real cultural oddity. Dubbed, but pretty good nonetheless.

Untamed Youth (Warners-1957) (**WY) Mamie Van Doren, Lori Nelson, John Russel, Eddie Cochran, Lurene Tuttle, the Hollywood Rock 'n Rollers.

Mamie and Lori get busted for vagrancy and put on a reform school farm, run by a naive old woman judge and a vicious bad-guy, who has some nasty watch-dogs. Mamie struts the stuff in this one, with John Russel as the horny bad-guy. Entertaining.

* For the Dedicated Fan

Beach Party (AMI-1963) (*B) Bob Cummings, Dorothy Malone, Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, Jody McCrea, Morey Amsterdam, Eva Six.

If you've got the stamina to sit through any of American-International's beach films this might as well be it; the original that started the whole wretched excess in the first place. Bob Cummings valiantly tries to inject talent into the plot playing an anthropologist who's studying teenagers, and Harvey Lembeck excels as Eric Von Zipper, cycle gang leader, but it's down-hill from there on.

Beat Girl (English-1960) (**WY) Adam Faith, Noelle Adam, Christopher Lee, Gillian Hills, David Farrar.

English beatniks are apparently nothing more than juvenile delinquents; no matter—whatever they are a London girl gets mixed up with them (because she hates her stepmother) and finds her-

self involved in a striptease murder. It's always fun to see what was cooking in the U.K. back then, and horror movie great Christopher Lee offers a little incentive to watch the acting.

Because They're Young (Columbia-1960) (*MY) Dick Clark, Michael Callan, James Darren, Doug McClure, Tuesday Weld, Roberta Shore, Duane Eddy and the Rebels.

Break out the Percy Faith strings and the American flag for this one. Clark plays an ex-football star and new teacher at the high school, who meets his share of misguided youth while falling in love with the principal's secretary. For aficionados of the syrupy high school syndrome, this is one of the biggies; others approach with a ten-foot pole.

Bikini Beach (AMI-1964) (*B) Frankie Avalon, Annette, Martha Hyer.

Dragstrip Girl (AMI-1957) (*WY) Fay Spain, Steve Terrell, John Ashley, Frank Gorshin.

Fay Spain loves hot cars but her parents don't. She likes wealthy, existential hot-rodder John Ashley but her parents don't. After a lot of bitchin' footage of illegal street drags and even a few legal ones on strips, Fay renounces her evil ways for poor but honest Steve Terrell, whom her parents don't like much either. A typical AMI flick with the old gang mugging their way through yet another outrageous script; may well be Fay Spain's finest performance.

Explosive Generation, The (United Artists-1961) (*MY) William Shatner, Patty McCormick, Lee Kinsolving, Billy Gray.

An excellent example of what happens when Hollywood tries to get serious. William (Star Trek) Shatner is a

Hot Rod Rumble (Allied Artists-1957) (*WY) Leigh Snowden, Richard Hartman, Wright King, Joey Forman, Brett Halsey.

The scene is a party somewhere in teenland: Big Arny is uncouth and dresses flashy. His chick tells him to clean up and he tells her to forget it. She does just that, riding home with another club member. On the way a car (which looks suspiciously like Big Arny's) drives them off the road. Did Arny do it? If he didn't who did? Only on the day of the "big race" is the mystery solved and the ending happy. Another "loose-youth" entry from A-A complete with actual footage of the Pomona dragstrip.

Juke Box Rhythm (Columbia-1959) (*M) Jo Morrow, Jack Jones, Brian Donlevy, George Jessel, Hans Conried, Earl Grant Trio, Johnny Ols, the Natives; produced by Sam Katzman.

Not up to Katzman's earlier endeavors in rock musicals. Jack Jones manages to bore more than the plot or script, with little music to take the viewer's mind off such problems.

Juvenile Jungle (Republic Pictures-1958) (*WY) Richard Bakalyan, Corey Allen, June Whitfield.

A Republic Picture with some unfathomable production work. A smart guy comes up with a plan for the perfect kidnaping but blows it when he falls in love with the victim. Trying to back out brings resistance from his cohorts: getting kicked, slugged, knifed, shot and all but drawn and quartered. With super-star Richard Bakalyan.

Let's Rock (Columbia-1958) (*M) Julius La Rosa, Phyllis Newman, Paul Anka, Danny and the Juniors, Roy Hamilton, Wink Martindale, Della Reese, Royal Teens, Tyrone.

Let's rock with Julius La Rosa (!?) as he plays a lame-ass ballad singer who can't sell records anymore. Phyllis Newman helps him out though; you see she's a newcomer to the business and understands what all the rockin' new sounds are about. With west coast Fiftie's D.J. Wink Martindale and some 4/4 time music from Danny and the Juniors and the Royal Teens.

Maryjane (AMI-1968) (*WY) Fabian, Diane McBain, Kevin Coughlin, Michael Margotta, Patty McCormack.

This 1968 release clearly indicates AMI has not lost the touch with exploitation pictures. Fabian plays a school teacher who gets framed and busted for possession while trying to stamp out the local doping. Bailed out of jail by fellow teacher Diane McBain, he goes through a lot more hard-knocks and pot-parties before discovering that she is in fact the big pusher. Not the greatest, but it will mellow with age.

Rock Around the World (AMI (English)-1957) (*M) Tommy Steele, Tom Littlewood, Chris O'Brien's Carnbeans, Humphrey Lyttleton's Band, Charles McDevitt Skiffle Group, Hunter Hancock

Lousy photography and lots of stock footage, but this one will nonetheless give an excellent impression of what was going on over there when the Beatles were still incubating. With a great introduction to the film by L.A. DJ Hunter Hancock, and a jam-session at the end of the film where the words to the song appear on the screen.

Teenage Millionaire (United Artists-1961) (*M) Jimmy Clanton, Rocky Graziano, ZaSu Pitts, Chubby Checker, Bill Black's Combo, Dion, Marv Johnson.

Clanton is a young millionaire looked after by ZaSu and Rocky. They let him program records on stations owned by the family trustees; he programs one of his own and it clicks! Before his rise to fame completely engulfs him he falls for a girl at the local radio station, to ensure a happy ending. Some lighter moments with Dion and Marv.

Twist Around the Clock (Columbia-1961) (*M) Chubby Checker, Vicki Spencer, the Marcells, Dion; produced by Sam Katzman.

Take the rock out of Rock Around the Clock and replace it with the twist. A simple formula is simply executed, with our hero discovering the new dance craze in a mountain town and importing it, and Chubby, to New York. A romantic triangle provides the necessary dead air between tunes.



Harvey Lembeck, Don Rickles, Keenan Wynn.

Meanwhile back at the beach . . . ; this time it's Keenan Wynn who wants to (a) prove his chimpanzee is as intelligent as teenagers (b) build a retirement home on the kids' beach. Neither idea seems all that outrageous until the "Potato Bug" (a spoof on the Beatles, get it?) shows up to complicate matters. This is the third of AMI's sun and fun opuses and as usual the only hope lies with the old pros: Wynn, Harvey Lembeck and Don Rickles. Rickles is particularly good as he overplays a role that predates his rise to fame on television, but protracted exposure to the film is discouraged.

Dangerous Youth (Warner's (British)-1958) (*WY) Frankie Vaughn, Carole Lesley, George Baker.

Frankie Vaughn sets new all-time lows for acting, with the script not far behind. Drafted into the army after just making it big as a singer, he becomes embroiled in more trouble than imaginable. Adding insult to injury, he ends up marrying his singing partner Miss Lesley and becoming a military career man.

Don't Knock the Twist (Columbia-1962) (*M) Chubby Checker, Lang Jeffries, Mari Blanchard, Gene Chandler, Vic Dana, Dovells, produced by Sam Katzman.

Unrequited love threatens the plot of yet another rock musical. This time the suspenseful question is, will the romantic triangle spoil an upcoming Twist Spectacular slated for national TV? The answer is not worth waiting for, although Chubby, Gene Chandler, and the Dovells (with a cooking version of "Bristol Stomp") are pretty spiffy.

high school teacher with the usual qualifications: dedication, principles, integrity. When he starts talking about zygotes and sperm cells in class everybody gets uptight; the students don't back him, the administration is spineless, the parents are pissed off, and his job is in jeopardy. Every cumball cliché is paraded across the screen before the viewer is spoonfed the usual happy ending and moral at the end. Learn about sex elsewhere.

Gidget (Columbia-1950) (*MY) Sandra Dee, James Darren, Cliff Robertson, Doug McClure, Four Preps; cinematography by Burnett Guffey.

Girl plus midget equals Gidget. Get it? Ha, ha, ha. Sandra Dee is pert and perky; James Darren is strong and sensitive; and with a duo like that and another God-awful triangle romance things couldn't get much worse. They do however, for by some bizarre twist of fate two recent Academy Award winners (Cliff (Charly) Robertson and Burnett (Bonnie and Clyde) Guffey) are forced to humiliates themselves in the company of talentless beachbums.

Hot Car Girl (Allied Artists-1958) (*WY) Richard Bakalyan, June Kenney, John Brinkley, Robert Knapp; produced by Roger Corman.

It's good girls gone bad again, as four teens steal cars selling them back to a junk dealer to make pocket money. When one of the chicks kills a motorcycle cop during a chicken race the trouble really begins. Such stuff is standard fare for delinquent dramas, but Dick Bakalyan's virtuoso acting job as the baddie really keeps things pumping. Bakalyan is one of the teen flick greats and deserves attention.

Stu Ramsay & Chicago Slim



There were two guys in a car on Chicago's southside. One with a harmonica, the other playing guitar. They stopped at a light and the driver next to them sat and watched. And listened. The light changed but nobody moved. It changed again. Three more times. The driver of the next car leaned through his window and shouted: "gonna tell my kids I saw Stu Ramsay and Chicago Slim." The light changed and everybody drove on. Singing.

Scufflin' With Stu Ramsay and Chicago Slim.
root, funk, moldy and black blues.

on CAPITOL, record & tape, produced by Snake Venet



BOOKS

BY ED LEIMBACHER

Rock and Roll Will Stand, edited by Greil Marcus, Beacon Press (paperback), \$2.95.

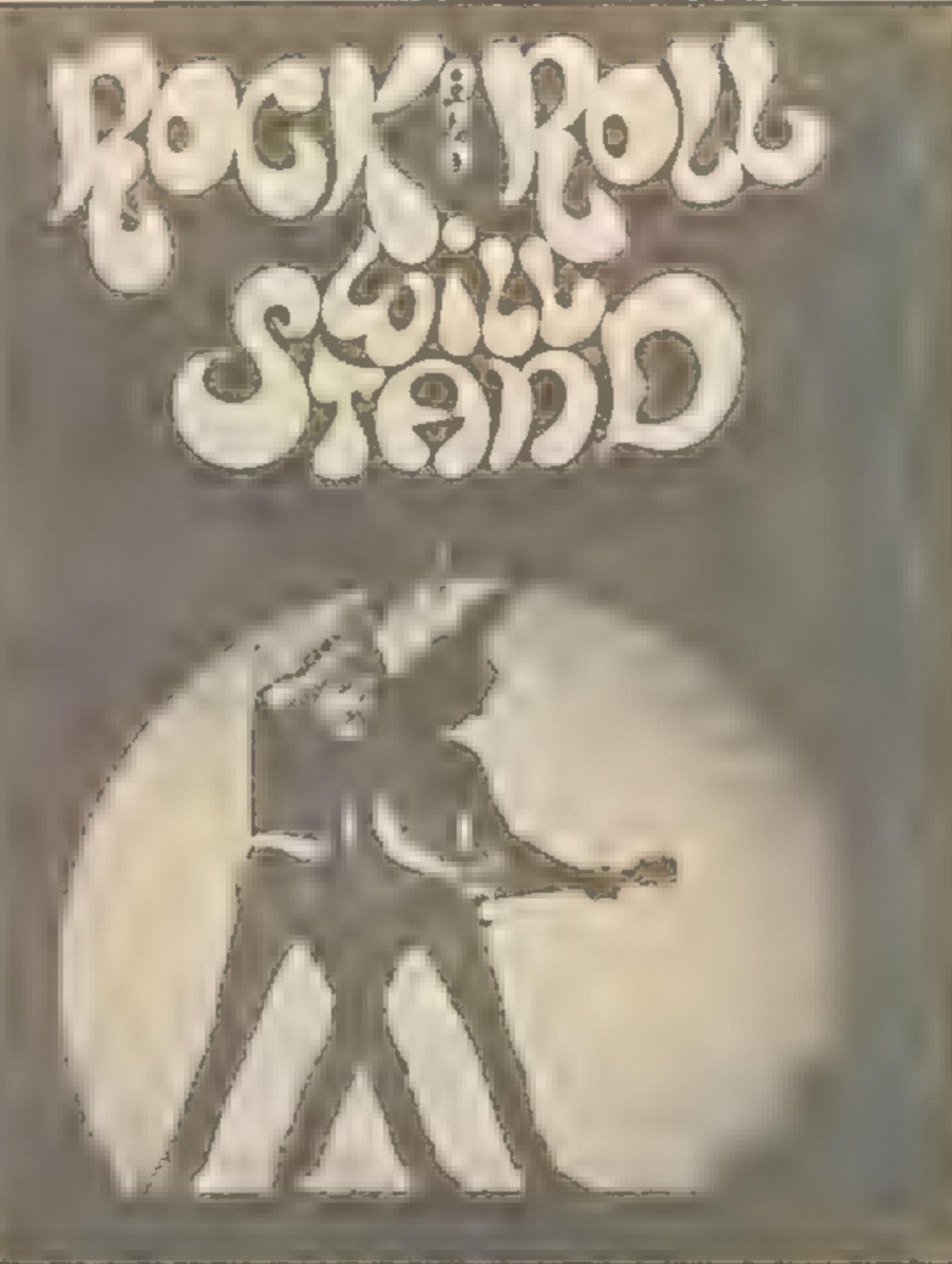
Never too steady to begin with, American culture has become even more fragmented in this media-manipulated era of McLuhanacy, and seething at the very center of all this ferment, grimly leading the way to whatever lies ahead, is rock—not "good ol' rock 'n' roll," but its complex and cynical and calculating grandson. We've lived with rock's three generations for more than 15 years now; I expect we'd all like to believe with the Showmen (as well as Greil Marcus and the various writers of this book) that "rock and roll forever will stand."

Well, will it? Maybe. Maybe not. The fact that there's so much being written about rock now—like this book and book review both—may be a sign of its approaching demise. For better or worse, you see, rock's become a self-consciously historical phenomenon; it's even gotten into *Who's Who* and at least one encyclopedia. For me to play Jeremiah in print just sounds hypocritical; but Lord, look at all the pompous hype and academic crap that's going down on paper everywhere.

Thanks be to Greil, *Rock and Roll Will Stand* manages to avoid almost all of that. What we got here is no failure to communicate—rather, it's rock music as you and I truly experience it; on a day-to-day, driving-to-work or grooving-with-friends basis, golden oldies and Top 40 hits both, esoteric blues reissues and the latest LP up from underground, "Da Do Ron Ron" and "You say you want a revolution." In something less than 200 pages, this unassuming little collection of essays succeeds in laying on you most all the names and faces and, yes, visionary dreams of the Big Beat, OUR MUSIC.

What's more, it's all presented to us *a la mode*, in that fragmented, seemingly random collage effect that most accurately reflects today's world. As Sandy Darlington says in a related context in "Daredevil Meets the Master Bunny" (a piece strategically placed at the very center of the book), "The transitions are abrupt, the old logic is gone, everything is in Present Time and always in motion."

So you get Darlington's own easy-going (but inspired) short-takes on the Stones, the Who, and others; the weird let's - all - rap - about - What - Rock - means - to - me tape transcription called "Chuck Berry Brings You the Free Speech Movement"; Mike Daly's jazzy all-caps piece on Mr. Johnny B. Goode himself; and most thoughtful of all, Marcus' own long essay entitled "Who Put the Bomp in the Bomp De-Bomp De-Bomp?" and "A Singer and a Rock and Roll Band." Marcus' pieces function



quite handsomely as the two keystones to *Rock and Roll Will Stand*, the former delineating precisely and movingly "what our love for [rock] and our immersion in it [implies] for our consciousness and vision," and the latter taking that concern a step further into activist politics.

Rock as emotional response, rock as subtle communication, rock as metaphor for confronting ideology and life—Marcus pinpoints them all. Listen to him dissect the Beatles' "Revolution":

"The best songs the Beatles write add dimensions to experience and imagination to our lives... In 'A Day in the Life' the Beatles strung out the clichés of anyone's morning routine, and then exploded them, opening up the possibility that the tying of one's shoe might reveal terror and impotence, or power and grace. In 'Penny Lane' they built and dismantled a theater without ever interrupting the comedy in progress: 'And tho' she thinks she's in a play, she is anyway.' I could walk through a whole day with that phrase in my head and watch everything and everyone bloom like a charming flower..."

"The words to 'Revolution' close down the theater instead of opening it up, denying the imagination in favor of a tangible opinion..."

"But rock 'n' roll is not the polite, quiet, cerebral music of the protest song, and 'Revolution' isn't the strumming of a folk guitar, it's full of the crashing explosions of a great rock 'n' roll band. There is freedom and movement in the music, even as there is sterility and repression in the lyrics..."

"Eyes brighten, bodies move. If you're reading a newspaper, that music says put it down, listen to me; if you're driving a car, you put your foot down on the accelerator and beat your hand on the roof and all over the dashboard."

"The radio executives... like the 'message,' but there is a 'message' in that music which is ultimately more powerful than anyone's words. The music doesn't say 'cool it' or 'don't fight the cops.' Rock 'n' roll music at its best, and it's at its best in 'Revolution,' doesn't follow orders—it makes people aware of their bodies and aware of themselves."

I've quoted this passage at length because, as well as Marcus' interpretive

strengths, it conveys the "secret message" of *Rock and Roll Will Stand*—that, with or without New Left sanction, rock music is a revolutionary medium. From a group of Berkeleyites, what else could you expect but "Rock 'n' Revolution"? (Move over, Masked Marauders; make room for Tom Paine and the Fifth Column!)

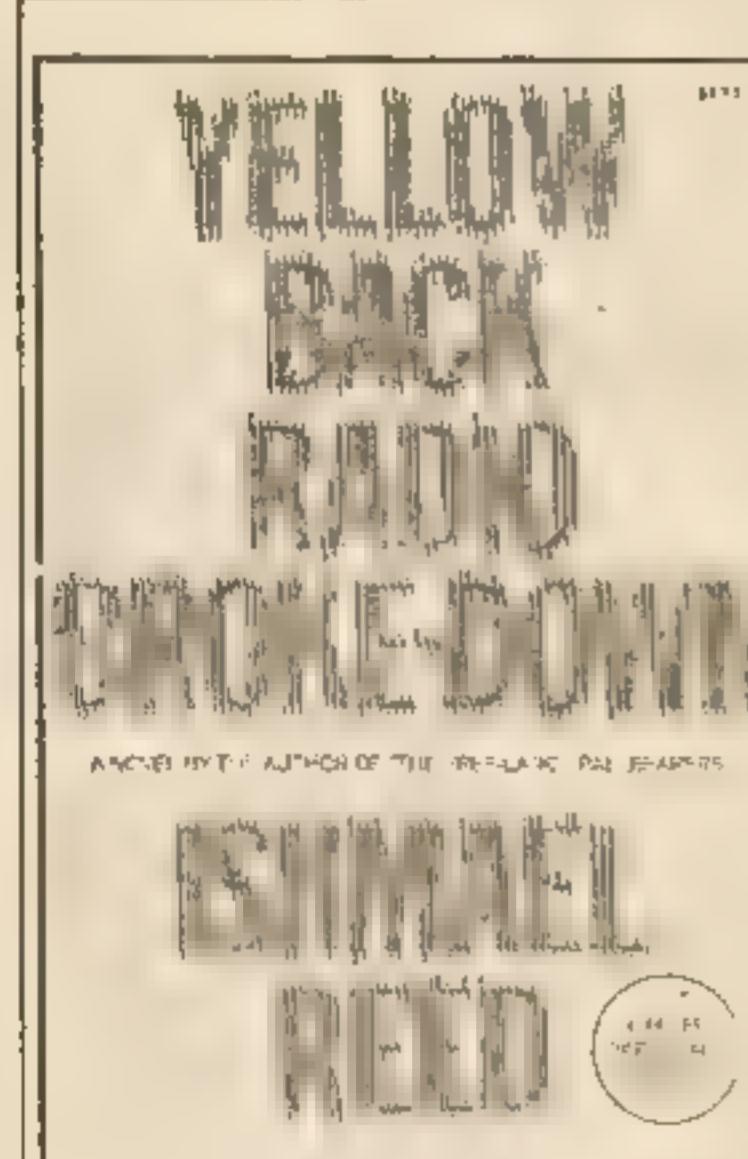
This view of rock says that the youth movement's anthems are more than just effects—they also and foremost are *causes*. Rock not only mirrors society, but shapes it as well. A moot but unsolvable point. Either way, all those ministers and mothers weren't so far wrong back in the Fifties when they reacted to Elvis with fear and trembling. Because we're all converts now. Fifteen years of the Big Beat felt deep down in the nerves and marrow, of obscure lyrics heard in the inner ear, of rock musicians' faces exploding behind the eyes, have all worked their magic. Single-handedly, rock has created a bigger community of heads than the drug scene ever will.

So "repoliticize" a friend. Give him Marcus rather than Mao—the rock book's facilities are many, its disharmonies few. Among the latter: a turgid, scholarly essay called "A Romance on Either Side of Dada," and those few passages where the Berkeley politics blithely shout down Republicanism. Not that I don't agree, but *Rock and Roll Will Stand* is most effective when stillest, as in Darlington's lengthy portrait of the archetypical Berkeley-community band, Country Joe and the Fish, or during his philosophical probing of "good" and "bad" in the piece called "Amazing Exploding Beautiful Gargantuan Gag. Does That Mean Joke or Throw Up?"; or in the very last sentence of the book "Perhaps, as it might have for all of us, love meant more to Frankie Lymon in those days."

There's a whale of a lot of music and humor here too—not the least of which are Marcus' sometimes ludicrous, mostly serious record discographies at the end of each piece. (It would just destroy the flash of their hip humor, but a whole graduate-school academic thing could be done on the pertinence and/or impertinence of those recommended playlists.)

But finally, like its title and like rock music itself, *Rock and Roll Will Stand* is an abiding expression of pride and faith and rebellion. And the too-easy stridency of something like "Chuck Berry has been out of jail for a long time, the Stones for just a little while, and we're not going to let anyone put them back in," can take nothing away from the beautiful truth of this book and these words:

"What rock 'n' roll has done for us won't leave us. Faced with the bleakness of social and political life in America, we will return again and again to rock 'n' roll, as a place of creativity and renewal, to return from it with a strange, media-enforced consciousness increasingly a part of our thinking and our emotions, two elements of life that we will less and less trouble to separate."



BY ANDY GORDON

Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down, by Ishmael Reed. Doubleday, 177 pages, paperback, \$1.95.

Ishmael Reed is one of the founders of the East Village Other and a sometime lecturer on Afro-American litera-

ture at Berkeley. He has two novels on the stands now, *The Free-Lance Pall-bearers* and this one, which you should grab onto pronto.

The immediate comparisons are to Pynchon, Burroughs (both William and Edgar Rice), and *Zap Comics*. Reed, however, has developed a wacky style wholly unto himself, which swings with the poetry of slang, bop talk, and a solo scat singer traversing 47 miles of barbed wire with a cobra snake for a necktie. Plus he is wildly funny. Norman Mailer tried to create an amalgam of American argot for the speech of his narrator, DJ, in *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, but it was an artificial concoction, straining for effect, and it failed. Ishmael Reed makes the language boogaloo.

Reed writes American tall tales and fantasy. In *Yellow Back*, he frees himself from what classicists call "the unities" and what Berkeley's own Chancellor Heyns dictates as "time, place, and manner rules." The time is discontinuous, the place is American mythland and the manner is farcical surreal. "Folks, this here is the story of the Loop Gator Kid. A cowboy so bad he made a working posse of spells phone in sick. A bullwhacker so unfeeling he left the print of winged mice on hides of crawling women. A desperado so ornery he made the Pope cry and the most powerful of cattlemen shed his head to the executioner's swine." Reed

lays into the genre of the Western with a wicked conjuring routine and great sympathy for the devil. He is beyond the Judeo-Christian heritage. Loop Gator, the black cowboy, is named after the werewolf, a manifestation of the devil as divine, of the other. You have to loose the werewolf to conquer Count Dracula. Only Loop, the mean night tripper, is enough in touch with the primal forces of hoodoo and voodoo to rescue the beleaguered, broken down settlement of Yellow Back Radio from the clutches of the perverse and life-destroying tyrant, Drag Gibson.

The plot doesn't really matter, however, so much as the crazy improvisations on themes in Western myth going on. This is an all out assault on the culture in the realm of myth, where the deep fantasies of the society come close to the surface. Like *Zap Comics*, Reed implodes these myths. Thomas Jefferson joins a rock band, gunslinger John Wesley Harding is put down by a white python, the last survivor of the tribe of Cochise flies a psychedelic helicopter and recites militant poetry, and even the Pope himself enters, as a deus ex machina, only to have a jumbo cheeseburger laid on him by the welcoming committee at Video Junction.

The Beatles are wrong: revolution is both inside and outside. Ishmael Reed wages literary guerrilla warfare, posing a counter absurdity which fights dirty

against the insanity of America today. Nixon is not stronger than dirt.

There are more ways than one of waging revolution. Bo Shmo, an autocratic black collectivist, inhabits a sterile desert along with his gang. One day, he encounters Loop perishing in the desert, and, instead of aiding him, criticizes this individualist cowboy as "a crazy dada nigger... given to fantasy and... far out esoteric bullshit... All art must be for the liberation of the masses. A landscape is only good when it shows the oppressor hanging from a tree." Loop's rejoinder could be the author speaking: "What's your beef with me, Bo Shmo, what if I write circuses? No one says a novel has to be one thing. It can be anything it wants to be, a vaudeville show, the six o'clock news, the mumblings of a wild man saddled by demons."

Yellow Back Radio Broke-Down may be vaudeville and the chant of a medicine man, but it is revolutionary art in the sense that it opens the form of the novel, recently supposed defunct, to new possibilities by these means, and liberates a host of demons to revitalize the culture. Ishmael Reed's next novel is concerned with the exorcism of an incredible being, broadcasting bad vibrations all around the world, called the Noxin. Here's hoping the spell works.

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RECORDS

BY GREIL MARCUS

Let It Bleed, The Rolling Stones (London NPS-4)

Goodbye Baby & Amen, David Bailey & Peter Evans (Coward-McCann)

Let It Bleed is the last album by the Stones we'll see before the Sixties, already gone really, become the Seventies: it has the crummiest cover art since *Flowers*, with a credit sheet that looks like it was designed by the United States Government Printing Office (all courtesy of the inflated Robert Brownjohn), and the best production since, well, "Honky Tonk Women." The music has tones that are at once dark and perfectly clear, while the words are slurred and often buried for a stronger musical effect. The Stones as a band and Jagger and Mary Clayton and Keith Richards and Nancie Newman and Dons Troy and Madelaine Bell and the London Bach Choir as singers carry the songs past "lyrics" into pure emotion. There's a glimpse of a story—not much more. And like *Beggars' Banquet*, *Let It Bleed* has the feel of *Highway 61 Revisited*.

On songs like "Live With Me," "Midnight Rambler," and "Let It Bleed," the Stones prance through all their familiar roles, with their Rolling Stones masks on, full of lurking evil, garish sexuality, and the hilarious and exciting posturing of rock and roll Don Juans. On "Monkey Man" they grandly submit to the image they've carried for almost the whole decade, and then crack up digging it: "All my friends are junkies! (That's not really true...)" And there are other songs, hidden between the flashier cuts, waiting for the listener to catch up with them: the brilliant revival of Robert Johnson's exquisite "Love In Vain," and Keith Richards' haunting ride through the diamond mines, "You Got the Silver."

And yet it's the first and last of *Let It Bleed* that seem to matter most. The frightening desperation of "Gimme Shelter" and the confused frustration of "You Can't Always Get What You Want" give the lie to the bravado of "Midnight Rambler" or "Live With Me." Not that those songs don't work—they do, of course, as crunching, soaring dreams of conquest and pop supremacy. They're great numbers. But "Gimme Shelter" and "You Can't Always Get What You Want" both reach for reality and end up confronting it, almost mastering what's real, or what reality will feel like as the years fade in. It's a long way from "Get Off My Cloud" to "Gimme Shelter," a long way from "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" to "You Can't Always Get What You Want."

That's not to say the Stones can't move fast and play all their roles at once—they can, right on stage—but the force of the new vulnerability blurs the old stance of arrogance and contempt. The music of these two songs is just that much stronger than anything else on the album—they can't be ignored, and the images and moods they raise blur the old stance of arrogance and contempt. Once the Stones were known, someone's said, as the group that would always take a good old-fashioned piss against a good old-fashioned gas station attendant. And now Mick sings it this way too: "I went down to the demonstration/ To get my fair share of abuse."

"Gimme Shelter" is a song about fear; it probably serves better than anything written this year as a passageway straight into the next few years. The band builds on the dark beauty of the finest melody Mick and Keith have ever written, slowly adding instruments and sounds until an explosively full presence of bass and drums rides on over the first crest of the song into the howls of Mick and a woman, Mary Clayton. It's a full-faced meeting with all the terror the mind can summon, moving fast and never breaking so that men and women have to beat that terror at the game's own pace. When Mary Clayton sings alone, so loudly and with so much force you think her lungs are bursting, Richard's frames her with jolting riffs that blaze past her and take it back to Mick. Their



Mick Jagger & Bonnie Bramlett [Mary Clayton]

You Get What You Need

answer and their way out matches the power of the threat: "It's just a shot away, it's just a shot away... it's just a kiss away, it's just a kiss away." The truly fearful owner of the music is that you know just a kiss won't be enough. This song, caught up in its own momentum, says you need the other too.

You remember the Stones' girls, the common, flirty (or was it "dirty") machine operator of "The Spider and the Fly," or for that matter the poor girl back home who said "when you've done your show go to bed"? They're all still here on *Let It Bleed*, with their masks on so you can use them—all the cooks and maids, upstairs and downstairs, in "Live With Me," or the presumably well-mangled victims of The Midnight Rambler. But the real women of this album seem to be women who can shout like Mary Clayton—gutty, strong, and tougher than any of the delightful leering figures that are jumping out of the old Stones' orgy. She can stand up to Mick and match him, and in fact, she steals the song. That's what makes "Gimme Shelter" such an overwhelming recording—it has from both sides, with no laughs, no innuendoes, and nothing held back. The Stones have never done anything better.

That's not a pace to maintain, obviously.

Meanwhile, as the Rolling Stones close out the Sixties and move into the Seventies with *Let It Bleed*, a new book's been published, photographs by David Bailey (once the Stones' photographer) of the celebrities who meant something in London these last ten years. It's called *Goodbye Baby & Amen*—to translate the subtitle, "A Wild Dance for the Sixties." It attempts to capture, in pictures and print, the liberation London found when the Empire was jettisoned, when Christine Keeler cut the boards out from under the platform of the British Establishment, when John Lennon, Mick Jagger and Peter Townshend drove out the old with the noise of the new music, when movie stars and directors and models took art out of the museums and took their clothes off at the same time. The book reaches for that sense of freedom already past, urging images of one long party lasting through the years, some

still looking for it.

There's a strange quote from Bryan Forbes, pictured with Nancie Newman, who sings on two tracks of *Let It Bleed*. "The curious thing is that ideas float in the air and a lot of us explored the same territory; there was no collusion. We weren't committing adultery with each other's permission. We never knew, in fact, that we were sleeping with the same girl." Forbes grasps a sense of excitement and creativity that was unconsciously shared, and the sexuality that pervades his talk only heightens its impact. In London, in the Sixties, when styles on Carnaby Street changed by the day, when each new group was exciting, when America looked to London with envy, joy, and, really, wonder, one could see a mad pursuit of every next day. They really seemed to be building some kind of flimsy freedom, those English.

Yet as you stare at the sometimes striking pictures of *Goodbye*—Marianne Faithful pure against the sunset, Susan York projecting and restraining sex, the Beatles and the Stones looking like kings of it all, and the weird, scary double-page of Christine Keeler vampirizing it to a close—you see that the book cannot really bring the era into focus. It's as if these people and the years they lived through were never there at all, like an American friend's vision of rock-and-roll-London at its finest peak of frenzy:

Tonight, to the consternation of the duly delegated authorities, an unkempt mob of anarchists clad in body paint and fright wigs stormed the Houses of Parliament following their frenzied participation in the Intergalactic Sonic Sit-In at the Royal Albert Hall. After laying seige to the speaker's podium, they used their cigarette lighters to fuse the works of Big Ben into a bronze statue of Smokey Robinson...

Gerard Van Der Leun

America's own Sixties—assassination, riot, war and the cold gloom of Richard Nixon—caught up with London's party: The mad, heroic student revolution of Paris gave the very idea of Carnaby Street a ludicrous tinge, while those same street-fights pushed the Stones into a new disenchantment with "sleepy Lon-

don town." You mean swinging London? Then the blinding eye of Godard suddenly revealed the directors of English films as second-rate.

It became hard for Americans to think of London as a *city*—for most of us, it became the place where the Beatles, the Stones, and the Who all lived. A few years before when Antonioni came to town, he made his movie about a photographer. That seemed to say it all. As the era faded Godard made his first English film—with the Rolling Stones. They and a few others have lasted, and if the rest have lost their meaning, at least to America, that is why Bailey's book, and really his own dated, stylized way of taking pictures, carries a truly pathetic message: "We were there! We really were! It was a grand time..."

This era and the collapse of its bright and flimsy liberation are what the Stones leave behind with the last song of *Let It Bleed*. The dreams of having it all are gone, and the album ends with a song about compromises with what you want—learning to take what you can get, because the rules have changed with the death of the Sixties. Back a few years, all of London's new lower-class middle-class aristocracy were out for just what they wanted and they damned well got it. But no one can live off a memory that vanished sense of mastery felt in, when was it, '65, '66? If "Gimme Shelter" is the Stones' song of terror, "You Can't Always Get What You Want" looks for satisfaction in resignation. And that sort of goal isn't what made "Satisfaction" the unanimous nation-wide poll-winning choice for the greatest rock and roll song of all time. But then the radio stations don't hold those polls anymore. You have to reach for this song yourself.

This is one of the most outrageous productions ever staged by a rock and roll band, and every note of it works to perfection: the slow, virginal choral introduction; the intensely moving, really despairing sounds of Kooper's horn and Keith's slow strum; and then the first verse and first chorus by Mick, singing almost unaccompanied. From there it dissolves and builds again with surges of organ, lovely piano ripples, long lead electric runs by Richards, drumming that carries the song over every crescendo—music that begins in a mood of complete tragedy and fatigue and ends with optimism and complete exuberance. The song, in a way, is as much a movie as *Blow-Up*—beginning and ending with a party in a Chelsea mansion, the singer meeting a strung-out, vicious girl he apparently knew from some years before, when things were different all around. It moves from there into street-fighting and frustration, and then to the strangest scene of all, a young man trying to strike up some sort of friendship with an old man who's past it. The results are much grimmer than anything out of "Midnight Rambler."

I went down to the Chelsea

drugstore

To get your prescription filled

I was standing in line with Mr.

Jitters

And man, did he look pretty ill

We decided that we would have a

soda

My favorite flavor's cherry red

I sang my song to Mr. Jitters

And he said one word to me

And that was death

From there, of course, it's back to the party.

So in *Let It Bleed* we can find every role the Stones have ever played for us—swaggering studs, evil demons, harem keepers and fast life riders—what the Stones meant in the Sixties, what they know very well they've meant to us. But at the beginning and the end you'll find an opening into the Seventies—harder to take, and stronger wine. They have women with them this time, and these two magnificent songs no longer reach for mastery over other people, but for an uncertain mastery over the more desperate situations the coming years are about to enforce.



"... the wrongest thing one can do is shut oneself off to new things." —Susannah York, *Goodbye Baby & Amen*

RECORDS



BY LANGDON WINNER

Let's Work Together, Wilbert Harrison (Sue SS LP 8801)

It probably won't make any difference if I thank Wilbert Harrison for putting out one of the most beautiful, funky and truly moving albums in a long time. It certainly won't change Wilbert a bit. He's been playing this music for two decades now in the face of extreme poverty and neglect. If he gave a damn about the lack of public acclaim for his songs, he'd have hung up his guitar pick years ago and started something more profitable like a paper route in the Mojave Desert. But Wilbert has to play his music. It's his life. It's all he knows.

Wilbert Harrison's music is the very best from the American tradition of rhythm and blues. A kind of spiritual grandfather to rock and roll, rhythm and blues was born and still thrives in the small night clubs and restaurants of the black ghetto. It's always been an authentic music probably because it never had a chance to become phony. Performers like Wilbert play night after night for the Colt Malt Liquor crowd who wander into the local club to forget a hard day on the construction crew. Any guy with a guitar on the bandstand had damn well better put out some hard, pounding and raucous blues or he's in for trouble. This is where the *real* critics hang out.

Wilbert got his start on this circuit in 1949 when some friends convinced him that he should sing Frankie Lane's "Mule Train" for the gang at a Miami club called The Pool. As Wilbert recalls it, "I was so scared I didn't know what to do or say, but the people was nice to me and they knew I had something to offer." From there it was a quick skyrocket to the top. "In Miami there's another club called the Rockland Palace which features an amateur hour on Wednesdays. I went there and signed up to appear. I went on that Wednesday night and sang 'Mule Train' and upset the place. I won first prize six weeks in a row."

Ever since then Wilbert's been singing in small clubs in the South and along the Eastern seaboard. In the late Fifties he achieved a brief glimmer of national prominence with his hit recording of Leiber and Stoller's "Kansas City." But switching from one small R & B record company to another Wilbert was unable to follow up with another successful seller. Fortunately for us, he never gave up.

Let's Work Together is marvelous evidence of Wilbert's years of hard work on the R & B backroads. Since his gigs seldom pay enough to support sidemen, he now uses a "one-man band" format playing guitar, drums, bass, harp and piano himself. The recording was accomplished through a very tasteful overdubbing of several vocal and instrumental tracks. The Harrison beat is a strong and unvarying two/four on the drums and (believe it or not) washboard. The chords are straight blues sevenths unembellished with any fancy harmonic frosting. The lyrics are simple and to the point—the poetry of a man who still thinks it will do good to sing a song for his listeners.

One one level the album stands as a tribute to the accomplishments of the rhythm and blues tradition. Wilbert does excellent new versions of several classics: Fats Domino's "Blue Monday," Lloyd Price's "Stagger Lee," Ben E. King's "Stand By Me," Chuck Willis' "What Am I Living For?" and his own "Kansas City." Each one preserves the brilliance of the original without being a sterile copy. In every case Wilbert adds his distinctive phrasing to the lyric and gives the song an entirely new glow. His singing and beautifully concise piano on "What Am I Living For?" are certainly the best tribute to Chuck Willis that one could imagine. "Stand By Me" is nothing short of hypnotic. At a time when

groups like Sha Na Na struggle with totally wrong-headed copies of the "oldies," Wilbert shows us exactly how this music should be done. He knows these songs, loves them and loves the people who did them. Unlike the oldies faddists, he understands the right combination of power and gentleness which can make the classic R & B hits come to life.

But the record should not be dismissed as a journey into the past or an exercise in nostalgia. There are several new songs here, two of them as good as you'll hear anywhere. The long version of "Let's Work Together" is by itself worth the price of the album. I'll not bore you with further raving about how great it is. Just listen. "Forgive me," also written by Wilbert, is a remarkable blues love song. If the word "plaintive" still means anything, the melody and lyric of this tune are truly plaintive. "Darling please listen / And understand this song / For in everyone's life they have done wrong / Please forgive me / And come back home..."

The surprise of the record for me was the astounding richness of Wilbert's voice. I knew the man could sing, but didn't expect that the effect would be this powerful. The warmth and conviction of his voice have the ability to make the listener happy and sad at the same time. There is a maturity here much like that of the Band's new album—a maturity which can only come from living a full, rich life. At several points on the album Wilbert pauses to preach his complicated message, a very old and often-tried one, that we should all love one another. Wilbert makes you know that he means what he's saying and that he's given up a lot in order to be able to say it.

There is much else in the record that could be described and interpreted. Both for what it is and for what it represents, it is a masterpiece. Here we have a collection of extraordinary songs from the heart of a very ordinary American—a man rather like you and me.

As I write this review "Let's Work Together" has finally made the "hit bound" list of the local programmed Top 40 station. I understand that a major programmed radio station chain has also picked up on it. I don't know if my irate comments in the earlier review had anything to do with this strange development, but let's face it, people, it's been nine months since the record was released! Now the DJ's are saying things like "It sure is good to see Wilbert Harrison making a great big come back blah, blah, blah..." But if the truth were known, this record is no comeback at all. Wilbert has always been here strumming and singing his songs. The real "comeback" has to be made by his audience. For the question is not "Say, where has Wilbert Harrison been all these years?" The real question is "Where have we been all this time?"

Wilbert Harrison One-Man Band



Coming Soon. Gene Vincent's Greatest on Capitol and his new album on Elektra.



*Rising again into being or vigor, (Webster) that's Howard, all right. For longer than it's nice to remember, H. R. has been crowned with that dubious accolade, "the guitarist's guitarist." Now, thanks be to fate and David Axelrod (that's right, the same David Axelrod of "Song of Innocence" and "Mass in F Minor" repute) and the combination of Mr. Axelrod's fine producing and Mr. Roberts' fine (albeit somewhat undiscovered) talent Howard Roberts is about to become your favorite guitar player. "Spinning Wheel" is available on record & tape (ST-336) from Capitol, the happy ending record people.



RECORDS



BY ED WARD

Waiting for the Electrician on Some-one Like Him, The Firesign Theatre (Columbia CS 9518)

How Can You Be In Two Places At Once When You're Not Anywhere At All?, The Firesign Theatre (Columbia CS 9884).

Philip Austin, Peter Bergman, David Casman, and Philip Procter. Why are these four refugees from broadcasting school laughing? Probably because they've done something that nobody has ever done before — they've conquered the comedy record syndrome. Also probably because they're the funniest team in America today, combining elements of W. C. Fields, James Joyce, Lord Buckley, contemporary television and Thirties radio, scrambling it all up in a collective consciousness that defies description, and then spewing it out in a free-form half-hour epic presentation of sheer insanity.

There are three of these epics on these two records, as well as three shorter ones, and believe me, trying to write a coherent review of them is no easy task. Why? Well, here's sort of a scenario for "Waiting for the Electrician": The side opens with a language record teaching Turkish, including the phrase "May I see your passport, please?" to which another voice, belonging to the main character, answers "Certainly." There is a conversation between the customs official and the main character concerning send-

ing a telegram, checking the baggage ("Is this your bar of soap?" "I suppose so." "So do we"), finding a hotel, etc.

The main character gets into an elevator, has a conversation with an English-speaking passenger and his "Russian"-speaking friends, and he gets out of the elevator in a place where a testimonial for "generaled, venerated" Lord Kitchener stands to speak and dies of a coughing fit. Someone mentions that it is no longer safe there, so they go through a door into an arena where the Berlin Ice Capades are being held. There, a dwarf on ice skates named Johnny shoots it out with the ringmaster and...

Well, that's about the first five minutes, anyway. Later on, the main character goes in and out of jail, appears on a television program called *Beat the Reaper*, where he is shot up with a disease and has ten seconds to identify it and Beat the Reaper, escapes through a plague-infested city, crosses the border, crawling on hands and knees, and meets a man who gives him his next three words of Turkish.

On paper, of course, it's all very two-dimensional and dull, but that's because with the Firesign Theatre, to paraphrase Little Richard, it ain't what they do, it's the way how they do it.

Comedy records are a very fragile art form at best. You buy one, play it once, and hear this guy standing before an audience in some nightclub telling some jokes or doing a routine. If the nightclub audience is really sozzled maybe they laugh too much, or maybe there's some guy out there going HAW HAW at all the wrong places, or maybe the comedian, like most good comedians, has a very important visual presence, and the audience laughs at things you can't see. At any rate, I'll bet the average Bill Cosby record really starts to wear thin on most people (to the point where any laughter is more automatic than spontaneous) after three or four playings.

The Firesign Theatre leans heavily on sound effects, using stereo to create a sense of space just like these old *Sport Cars in Hi-Fi Stereo* records, and using over dubbing and electronic effects to create a galaxy of character voices and background sounds. Layer upon layer of dialog and sound effects are present throughout most of the productions. One listen is hardly enough to begin to grasp what is going on, and six or seven tries later you're still unearthing juicy tidbits.

Their timing is dynamite, their dialog kaleidoscopic, and their satire is, so to speak, acidic.

The two records are not, however, uniformly brilliant/incredible/mindblowing/classic. At their worst they are merely very good. At their best, one begins to run out of hyperbole to describe them. The first record, *Waiting for the Electrician*, was released well over a year ago, and not too many people picked up on it. The first side has three short skits, all connected by electronic sound. "Temporarily Humboldt County" is a short history of the American Indian's search for the True White Brother who has been promised to him by the Great Spirit. It gets a wee bit preachy at some points, but still throws darts that sting when they hit.

One little scene that has alienated scores of people, I'm sure, is the one where a soft voice says to an Indian "There's a lot of young people in this country who really dig where the Indian's at, and pretty soon we're all gonna be out here livin' on the reservation, doin' all the simple beautiful things you Indians do... Got any peyote?" "W. C. Fields Forever" takes a different tack on the same theme and presents us with a typical day on a hippie dude ranch, and you can hear such fascinating things as someone knocking on a door made of pure oleomargarine and a horse turning into an elephant before your very ears.

"Le Trente-Huit Cuneponde" is marred by perhaps trying to do too much in too little time, concentrating on a whole world in the hands of stoned-out people, with stoned-out cops, stoned-out armies, presidents, etc. It's grim and funny at the same time, but it is a bit overambitious. And then there's "Waiting for the Electrician," a masterpiece of paranoiac which must be heard to be appreciated fully, since as you can well see, I have considerable difficulty in trying to describe it.

But *Waiting for the Electrician* (there must be some subtle joke in the title that I've missed) was put out a while back. The second album shows a quantum leap in quality, and the title side is a masterpiece of twenty-century satire. Firmly based in the Dietpepsical Materialism of (G.) Marx and (J.) Lennon, it is a panorama of the building of America and the triumph of the Little Man. It starts with the hero buying the car being advertised by the archetypal Los Angeles used-car salesman, and tak-

ing off onto the freeway "which is already in progress."

From there on, there is no real story line—just a succession of brilliant bits of verbal effluvium and freewheeling panache. Examples: "Ah, yes," says a W. C. Fields voice, "at times of dexterity like this, my wee native compendium, Mo-ha-meet, would pray to the diveenitas, his brown froggy body quiver at my loun, chanting a long stream of Ancient Egyptian holograms." Or the chant: "You ain't got no friends on the Left (You're Right!). You ain't got no friends on the Right (You're Left!). Hound dog (One two) Poontang (Tree Frog) Hound dog, poontang, coontown (Ise white!)."

Or "Ask the cop on the corner; ask the cop in the store; ask the cop on the rooftop; ask the cop in the woodpile; ask the cop that's knock, knock, knockin' at your back door. (Knock knock...)" A whole twenty-eight minutes and twenty-seven seconds of it, concluding with a brilliant parody of late night television winding up with the same used-car salesman, only selling dope this time, his rap eventually turning into Molly Bloom's soliloquy from *Ulysses*.

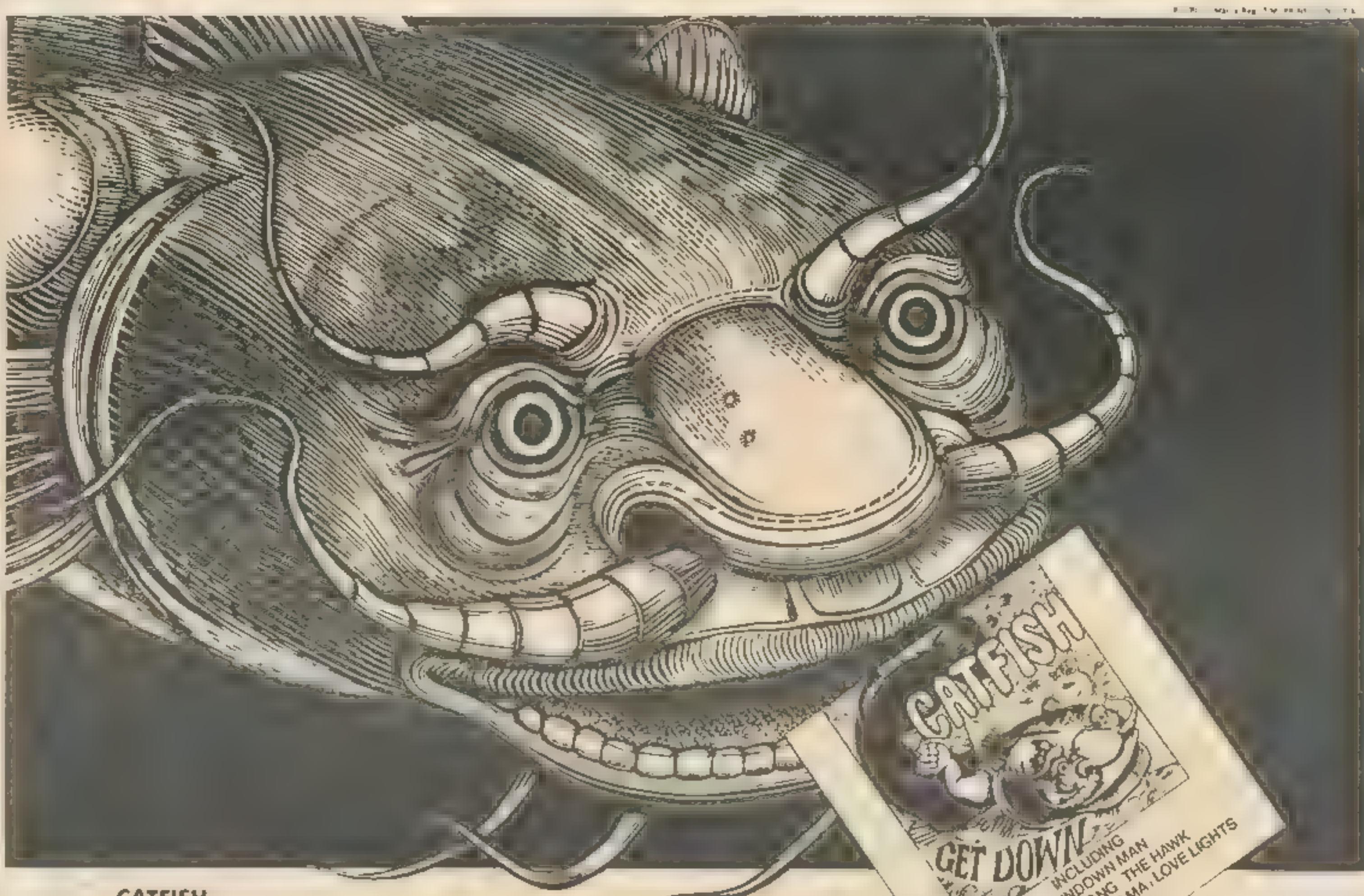
The second side is not quite the masterpiece that the first is, being "The Further Adventures of Nick Danger, Third Eye," but it has plenty of the same elements. For example, how many puns can you spot in this sentence: "There was something fishy about the butler — I think he was a Pisces, working for scale." Fishy-Pisces, working for (union) scale, Pisces-Scale-Libra, etc. Towards the end of this classic of detective drama, the program is interrupted by Franklin D. Roosevelt himself (or a fine imitation of him, anyway) announcing the unconditional surrender of the United States after the dastardly attack by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor. In fact, there are several references to the U.S. losing the Second World War, and they may have a point—we were fighting again Fascism, weren't we?

At the moment, the Firesign Theatre is adapting their material to live presentation (now that'll be a feat!) and working on the script for a Western called *Zachariah*, which will star Ginger Baker. All I can say is that you're going to be confronted with these guys a lot in the years ahead, and you'd better start getting used to them now so you won't feel obsolete a year from now.

Ask the Cop on the Rooftop



Firesign Theater:
Brilliant bits of
verbal effluvium and
freewheeling panache



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RECORDS

Second Winter, Johnny Winter
(Columbia KCS 9947)
The Johnny Winter Story
(GRT 10010)

Johnny Winter has been maturing for a long time, as the Imperial Sonobeat and GRT releases show; the latter is an unmitigated abortion, an offal heap of very early tries for the Top 40 that sound like nothing so much as some nasal kind laboriously aping Jimmy Reed. That it was released at all is a travesty, and a triumph of the recording industry's undying tradition of greedy entrepreneurship.

The new Columbia release is a universe apart—a solid advance over his

sounds nothing like Dylan's version while it rumbles unmistakably with Dylan's deepest ethos. Winter is an alchemist making paradoxes.

Winter's own compositions also show a distinct advance over the first Columbia release, when his songs sometimes came across as little more than uncredited cops from his black mentors. Here he quashes categories with a stunning succession of musical constructions that are often trailblazing, sometimes standardized, but always overwhelming. "I Hate Everybody" is a woolly ramble that builds one of the most banal fifties riffs—resounding waves of basic sock-hop bop—into a roaring musical juggernaut—Bill Haley preaching Armageddon and pressing on toward electronic renaissance. The album's most fully realized experiment, "Past Life Rider," is built

it's Robert Johnson's "Come On In My Kitchen." But Jo-Ann wrote it herself. It says so right here on the album.

And talk about authentic! This record wasn't even recorded in a studio, because Nick Perls, the guy that discovered her (and Son House) followed her around to all these obscure pubs and taped the songs right on the spot. So the album even sounds like it was remastered from someone's collection of old 78s.

Oh, guess what else, Jo-Ann Kelly is so down and out she doesn't even care about money: Nick Perls "wooed her not with money... but with blues re-issue albums..." Really heavy.

As the liner notes note, Big Bill Broonzy said that there are a few white singers who can play the blues, and that some blues singers would even call them Negroes. And it says that Jo-Ann wouldn't mind being called a Negro. Alright, Jo-Ann. You're a Negro. Far out.

Just between us, this record knocks me for a loop. But just so Jo-Ann won't get any of that money she hates, don't buy it. I'll give you my copy.

CHARLES BURTON

Silk 'n' Soul, Gladys Knight and the Pips (Soul SS 703)

Feelin' Bluesy, Gladys Knight and the Pips (Soul SS 707)

Nitty Gritty, Gladys Knight and the Pips (Soul SS 713)

Every Motown group must have at least one super-stone masterpiece, a production so powerful it moves you far

ley of the Dolls" and "The Look of Love." Maybe it's true when they say that a true artist can make any kind of shit, no matter how intractable, into something beautiful. The reason it's so convincing here is that the treatment Gladys gives those lame Broadway/Hollywood songs seems like a radically toned-down expression of that same fierce urgency with which she ignites songs like "Grapevine." The tenderness so often has just the tangy edge of ever-so-subtle bitterness, with none of the oozy, gushing histrionics all those white chicks give these songs on the *Merv Griffin Show*.

Nitty Gritty is a beautifully balanced album, with a refreshing variety to the songs and arrangements. Aside from a "Cloud Nine" almost identical to the *Tempis* version, there's not a dull or banal moment on the album, and one song, "The Stranger," is extraordinarily good, with an unusual melody and arrangement as haunting as some of Martha and the Vandellas' old masterpieces like "Dancin' in the Streets," impressing its subtle twists of tone and feeling in your consciousness until it's the first thing you play on getting home from a day of it running mesmeric circles in your head. Shirley Ellis' old "Nitty Gritty" also gets a gutty, propulsive workout.

But *Feelin' Bluesy* has still gotta be my favorite, because this is where Gladys and the Pips excel: on the one hand, throat-wrenchingly soulful ballads that pass the usual Motown pyrotechnics



Winter: A joy, despite the hypes

PHOTO BY R. RAULS

first set for the label—an unrelenting flood of throbbing, burning sound, a work of folk art which captures the tradition of blues and rock from the prehistoric Delta bottleneck sardine moans to the white-hot metal pyrotechnics of today and tomorrow. Winter has recognized that the blues is fluid and ever-present, from Robert Johnson to Little Richard to Dylan to the rampant feedback exorcisms of the Velvet Underground. He doesn't need to plow the same old pastures. *Second Winter* features few of the blues standards which glut releases from the Canned Aynsley Mac slaveyard. Beginning with Percy Mayfield's "Memory Pain," he wails through new, soon-to-be-classic versions of "Slippin'" and "Shinin'," "Johnny B. Goode," and "Highway 61 Revisited." Winter is stunning, with imaginative arrangements of very familiar material, ginnin' earthy musicianship, and definitive rock and roll by anybody's standards.

Take "Highway 61 Revisited." Few but the Byrds seem able to transform a Dylan song into anything but a demonstration of self consciousness. Folks strain their imaginations to smother trying to conceive an alternative approach that might measure up to that of the composer. But Winter doesn't need to sight it from such a self-defeating angle: he just takes the song and bends it to his own cry as he would any other, forgetting about Dylan entirely, for the moment. The performance is a masterful processing of the blues tradition that bodes new idioms by simultaneously sounding like everything that the blues emotionally is while sounding like no blues we've ever heard before. The cut

from Bo Diddley drums and changing modern blues guitar into a rippling, searing improvisational foray aeons removed from the amphetamine strain of most "heavy" music. It's a triumph.

It's a joy that Johnny Winter has been brought among us, however irritating the hypes that accompany him. All the bullshit becomes meaningless now, precisely because the forced enthusiasm of flacks and ad copy is so totally antithetical to the vibrantly instinctive eruption of his talent.

LESTER BANGS



Jo-Ann Kelly (Epic BN 26491)

Jo-Ann Kelly—you might remember her from those British Blues Anthologies, where she sounded exactly like Memphis Minnie, but like it says in the liner notes, she's been woodshedding for a long time, and now she sounds exactly like Robert Johnson. Wow!

She even writes songs like Robert Johnson. Wait'll you hear her "Come On In My Kitchen." You'll just sweat

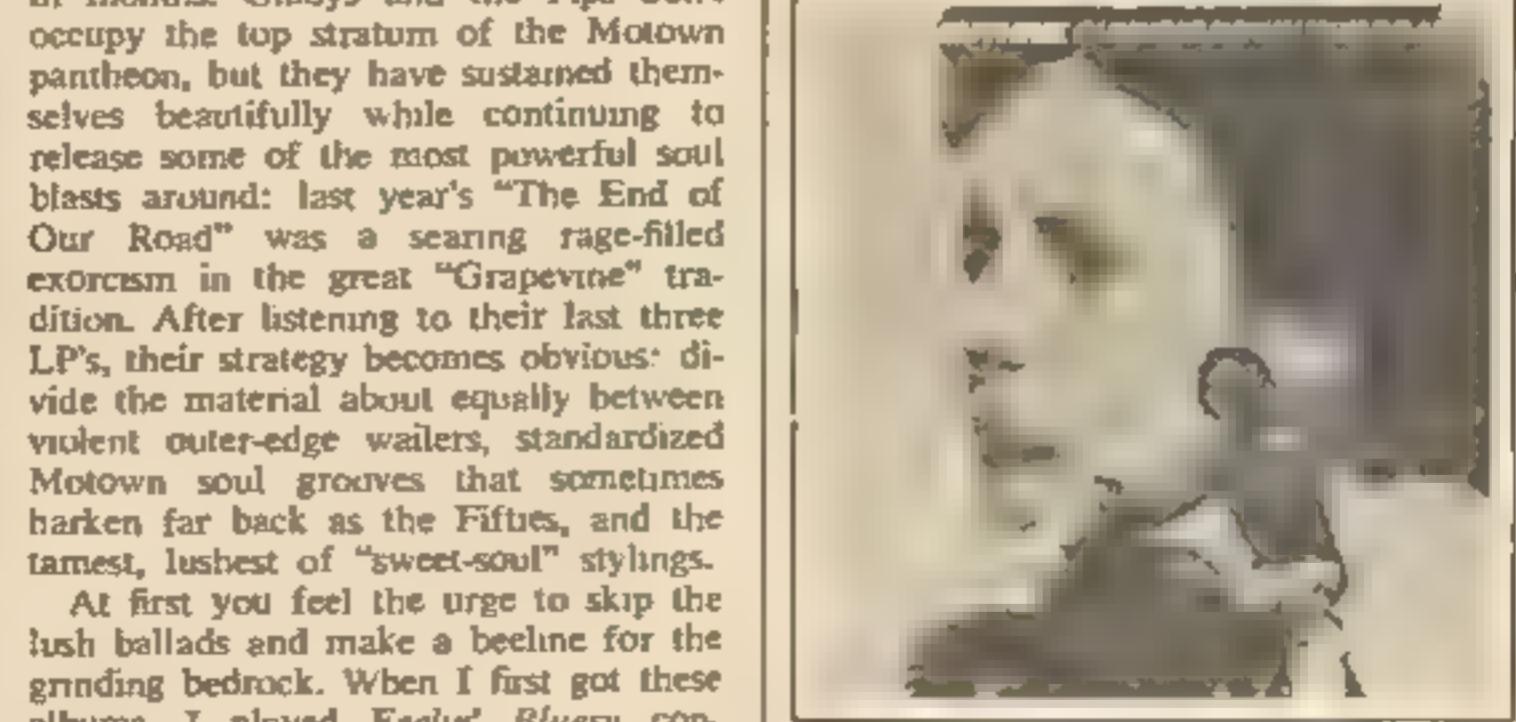
past the boundaries that keep you from bestowing the obsessions on most soul music that you get almost daily in hard rock. Martha and the Vandellas capitalized the summer of '64 in one smoky vision in "Dancin' in the Streets," and I still get chills every time I hear Stevie Wonder's "I Was Made to Love Her." When I first heard Gladys Knight and the Pips' "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" on the radio, I stopped stockstill and just listened, openmouthed, to the most searing single I'd heard in months. Gladys and the Pips don't occupy the top stratum of the Motown pantheon, but they have sustained themselves beautifully while continuing to release some of the most powerful soul blasts around: last year's "The End of Our Road" was a searing rage-filled exorcism in the great "Grapevine" tradition. After listening to their last three LPs, their strategy becomes obvious: divide the material about equally between violent outer-edge wailers, standardized Motown soul grooves that sometimes harken far back as the Fifties, and the tamest, lushest of "sweet-soul" stylings.

At first you feel the urge to skip the lush ballads and make a beeline for the grinding bedrock. When I first got these albums, I played *Feelin' Bluesy* constantly, dipped into *Nitty Gritty* on occasion, and filed *Silk 'n' Soul* impatiently away after one half-completed playing. After a while, though, I found myself beginning to dig their soft sides almost as much as the churning blues, and before I knew it I was playing *Silk 'n' Soul* repeatedly and listening to it in amazement at the sincere bluesy melancholy Gladys imparted to such slices of pure schmaltz as "Theme From Val-

ley of the Dolls" and "The Look of Love." Maybe it's true when they say that a true artist can make any kind of shit, no matter how intractable, into something beautiful. The reason it's so convincing here is that the treatment Gladys gives those lame Broadway/Hollywood songs seems like a radically toned-down expression of that same fierce urgency with which she ignites songs like "Grapevine." The tenderness so often has just the tangy edge of ever-so-subtle bitterness, with none of the oozy, gushing histrionics all those white chicks give these songs on the *Merv Griffin Show*.

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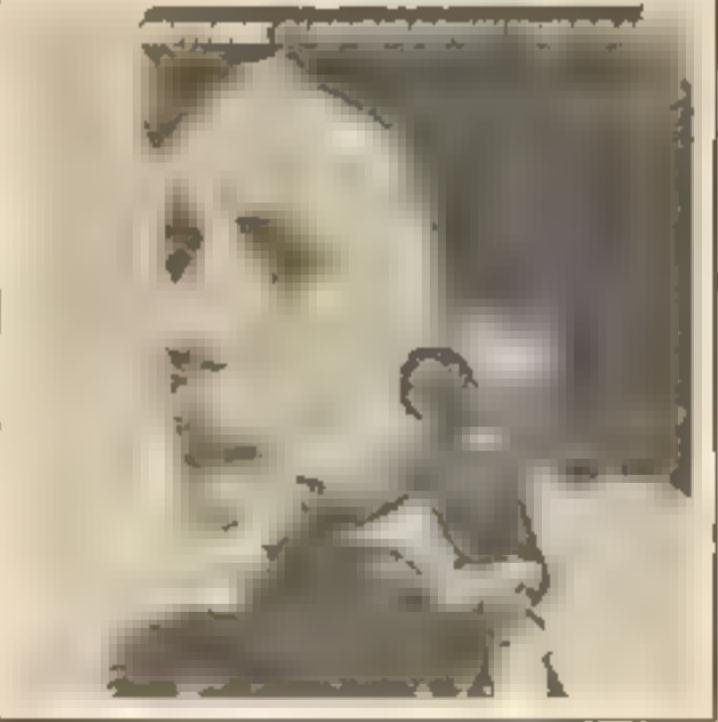


Gladys & the Pips: Beyond pyrotechnics, to the heart

to touch the heart; on the other, showcase pieces like "The End of Our Road"—burning, incredibly intense blues shouts slashing through charging, grinding rhythms as razor-edged chorus exclamations explode from the Pips with sizzling ferocity.

Many more albums like these, and Motown just might reclaim its lost throne as supreme force in the soul music industry. In any case, the rewards for our ears are all right here, right now.

LESTER BANGS



Running Down the Road, Arlo Guthrie (Reprise 6346)

It's been a good year for Arlo Guthrie—movies, cover of *Newsweek*, a wedding (Time covered that)—and at last, Arlo Guthrie has given us a good record.

His first, *Alice's Restaurant*, was strong enough for the title song to support his career, but what remained were

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RECORDS

poor songs with irritating arrangements. When Arlo came out with all those Alice-y talking songs, it seemed he'd settled down as the Bill Cosby of folk music.

But now we have the "new" Arlo Guthrie. He got all he could ask for at Warner's, coming up with Lenny Waronker (who did the Everly Brothers *Roots*) and Van Dyke Parks as producers. They pointed Arlo towards music this time, and succeeded in making something more than just another Arlo Guthrie album.

When it comes to roots, Arlo has something to work with, and he uses his background to good advantage. His C&W version of Woody's "Oklahoma Hills" is pleasantly understated, and on



"Creole Belle" by Mississippi John Hurt and on "Stealin'" by Gua Cannon, Arlo takes his normally cute voice to hitherto unknown heights of cuteness, making them two of the nicest songs in the set.

As a songwriter, Arlo's improving "Coming Into Los Angeles," about smuggling dope past customs, is the best tune he's written, and it shows that now he can tell a story in a song, instead of giving a half-hour rap while his guitar gently vamps.

Running Down the Road ends with "Running Down the Road." It's magnificently produced, with explosions of electric violin and ravaged feedback (seems like Van Dyke Parks must have passed through here)—but feedback or no, a song is a song, and this one doesn't match up to its showcase. If you've ever heard Dylan and the Band sing "This Wheel's On Fire" (it seems Arlo has) you'll notice the similarities, but what that band accomplished on their down-home equipment sends more chills down the spine than all of Arlo's electronics.

It's a fine album. But I get the feeling it's no coincidence Arlo's riding a Triumph 500 on the cover. Next time you see a kid hustling down the road on that big bike, it probably won't be Bob Dylan's gatekeeper—just Arlo trying to keep up with Van Dyke Parks and Lenny Waronker. CHAS. BURTON

The album begins by setting the scene with "21st Century Schizoid Man." The song is grinding and chaotic, and the transition into the melodic flute which opens "I Talk to the Wind" is abrupt and breathtaking. Each song on this album is a new movement of the same work, and King Crimson's favorite trick is to move suddenly and forcefully from thought to thought. "Epitaph" speaks for itself: "The wall on which the prophets wrote/Is cracking at the seams . . . Confusion will be my epitaph."

"Moonchild" opens the second side, and this is the only weak song on the album. Most of its twelve minutes is taken up with short statements by one or several instruments. More judicious editing would have heightened their impact; as it is, you're likely to lose interest. But the band grabs you right back when it booms into the majestic, symphonic theme of "The Court of the Crimson King." This song is the album's grand climax; it summarizes everything that has gone before it: "The yellow jester does not play/But gently pulls the strings/And smiles as the puppets dance / In the court of the Crimson King."

This set was an ambitious project, to say the least. King Crimson will probably be condemned by some for pomposity, but that criticism isn't really valid. They have combined aspects of many musical forms to create a surreal work of force and originality.

Besides which they're good musicians. Guitarist Robert Fripp and Ian McDonald (reeds, woodwinds, vibes, keyboards, mellotron) both handle rock, jazz, or classical with equal ease. Bassist Greg Lakes and drummer Michael Giles can provide the beat, fill in the holes, or play free-form. While Dylan and Lennon are still safe, lyricist Peter Sinfield does show a gift (macabre as it may be) for free association imagery.

How effectively this music can be on stage is, admittedly, a big question. The answer is probably not too well. Still, King Crimson's first album is successful; hopefully, there is more to come.

JOHN MORTHLAND



Ballad of Easy Rider, The Byrds (Columbia CS 9942).

Your Saving Grace, The Steve Miller Band (Capitol SKAO-331).

Somehow it doesn't matter that these two bands have gone through enough internal and external hassles to cover the New York Metropolitan Opera for

relating back to something on *Sailor*, say, and linking it to *Brave New World*. One of these years, the whole opus will fall into place.

But musicians like to confound critics. Everyone who's written about the Byrds has detected, in retrospect at least, their all-along C&W soul; now McGuinn is denying that as mostly mythical, as having been merely the influence of Parsons and Hillman on the group. His claim won't wash for *Dr. Byrds* (cut after their departure), but it just might for *Ballad of Easy Rider*—because this album exhibits several cuts with a whole "new" sound.

Unfortunately, it's also only intermittently successful. The title cut, for example, adds strings (!); but it flows gently, sweet Dylan, brief and to the point, and McGuinn's voice truly makes you feel free. "Fido" comes next—"Bud Dog" revisited—with cowbells and conga rhythms and a definitely non-Byrds harmony (evidently McGuinn's no longer requiring the other voices to complement his). Followed then by old-time Byrds-gospel, "Oil in My Lamp." Jaunty guitar interplay, but a paltry song. McGuinn's feeling vocal and Clarence White's pickin' bring it all back home with "Tulsa County Blue": "I don't know just where I'll go . . ." A bizarre rendition of "Jack Tarr the Sailor" closes out the top side.

The bottom side's equally confused—strong and sure for "Jesus Is Just Alright" and a slow-as-molasses-or-Fudge "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." For the latter, McGuinn contributes a much more inventive vocal than he did for *Easy Rider* (the film), and White's guitar splices and spruces everything up. But the rest's a long dying fall—nice enough, but from the Byrds you expect more and better.

From the Miller band, on the other hand, you never expect as much, so it's always a pleasure and somehow a surprise to hear a good new Miller release. *Brave New World* proved so much better than it had a right to be after Boz Scaggs' departure. *Your Saving Grace* is even more outstanding—due in no small part, I expect, to the presence of Nicky Hopkins on five of the album's eight cuts. It all works here, even the down-South scene updated, "Don't Let Nobody Turn You Around," and the freaky "Lost Wombat in Mecca," with Connie Somebody on slide guitar.

Four tracks strike me as potential classics. "Little Girl," light-footed and glad-hearted, could make it as a single, while "Motherless Children" has a little bit of everything: "dark" ensemble backing, limber harpsichord from Hopkins, electronic squeaks and squawks, a spare, brilliant guitar solo from Miller himself—and all the pieces fit. Another blues bash with fine guitar thrown off almost casually is "Feel So Glad"; as Hopkins' piano pushes and prods, Miller rises to inspired heights.

My favorite track, however, is the nine-minute romance called "Baby's House." It's merely beautiful, as the young lady's abode goes from silver-forlorn to purple-filled. Miller's voice should tickle the fancy of every chick who hears the record; Hopkins' keyboarding seems like a capsule history of techniques from high-church-chorale organ to ricky-tick rock and roll. His touch is gentle and immaculate as he just goes on and on, playing umpteen styles at once. Play "Baby's House" for somebody you love.

The Byrds are still on the wing, but seem a little woozy and wobbly, while Steve Miller just keeps takin' care of business.

ED LEIMBACHER

From Memphis to Vegas/From Vegas to Memphis, Elvis Presley (RCA Victor LSP 6020)

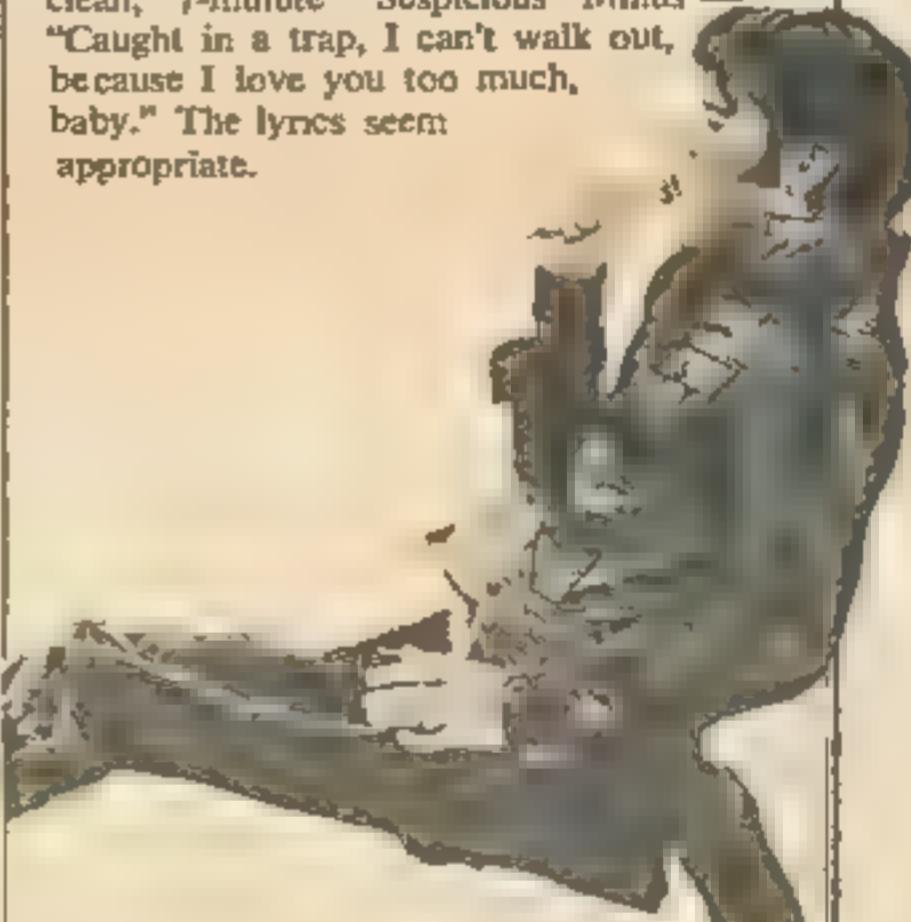
This new double-record set is just mediocre. First off, my copy at least has excessive surface noise—especially, of all things, on the Memphis studio-session disc. That session, by the way, resulted in 10 new numbers; but the secret spirit, the extra oomph, the right-up-front Presley baritone are mostly absent this time. Instead, the majority of the tunes are ballady and—while, as an old Elvis freak since the first Sun singles, I feel like Judas for saying it—insipid. "Inherit the Wind" and "The Fair's Moving On," for example, seem better suited to someone like Barbra Streisand. The magical moments are few: twangy Boxtops guitar on "You'll Think of Me"; Elvis' big deep voice in a tender version of Neil Diamond's "And the Grass Won't Pay No Mind"; a full-bodied country rouser called "From a



Jack to a Queen", and best of all, maybe a cut leftover from the previous Memphis album, "Stranger in My Own Home Town." More Boxtops guitar, all-over-the-map drums, even a bit of subdued harp—and the King himself, boozing and shouting and scatting his way to glory.

The live-in-Vegas disc has nothing to match that cut, but it averages out higher over all. The Las Vegas gig, of course, was a major triumph: the media apotheosized Elvis all over again; even Nat Hentoff dug him! RCA's moment of that occasion is a boon for all us old-time fans who couldn't make it to Nevada, because you really can hear Elvis working out with the drinks-and-blue-chips crowd. And he gets plenty of help from the Sweet Inspirations and the Imperials Quartet, his rock-solid backup band.

What went down at the International Hotel? A whole lot of squealing from the twentybopper set, some horrendously self-conscious and unfunny between-tunes comedy, a few blah-blah casino numbers, and these several gems: a movin'-and-shakin' "Johnny B. Goode" (with title misspelled, however); hard-driving versions, faster than the originals, of "Hound Dog," "All Shook Up" and "Mystery Train"; a pull-out-all-the-vocals stops "I Can't Stop Loving You"; a frenzied, crashing "My Babe"; and a clean, 7-minute "Suspicious Minds"—"Caught in a trap, I can't walk out, because I love you too much, baby." The lyrics seem appropriate.



It all boils down to this: there's enough strong stuff, material and performances, for one good record. Spread out over two, both albums wind up sounding half-hearted. Maybe the King'll come back again in a year or two or ten. I'll wait.

ED LEIMBACHER



A Special Award to Elektra Records for their nifty "assassination collage," used as a commercial for Judy Collins Reflections.

Coven (Mercury SR 61239)
Partyin', *Wild Thing* (Elektra EKS 74059)

Fucked Mind

Then we see 3 raccoons by the door

They're wearing visors.
They're exactly Jessica's size.

They're very out front.
It's all I can do to get behind them.

—Tom Clark

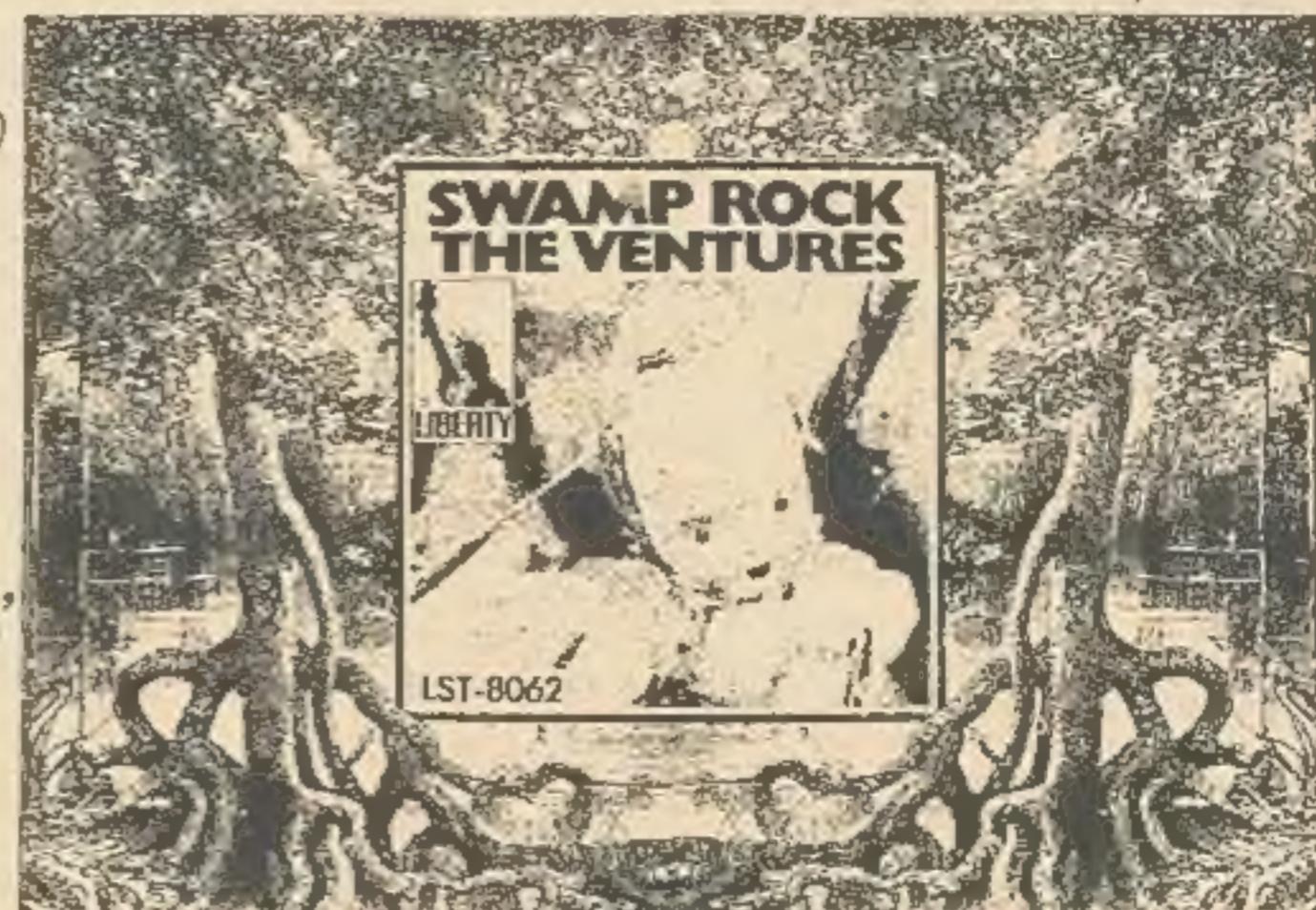
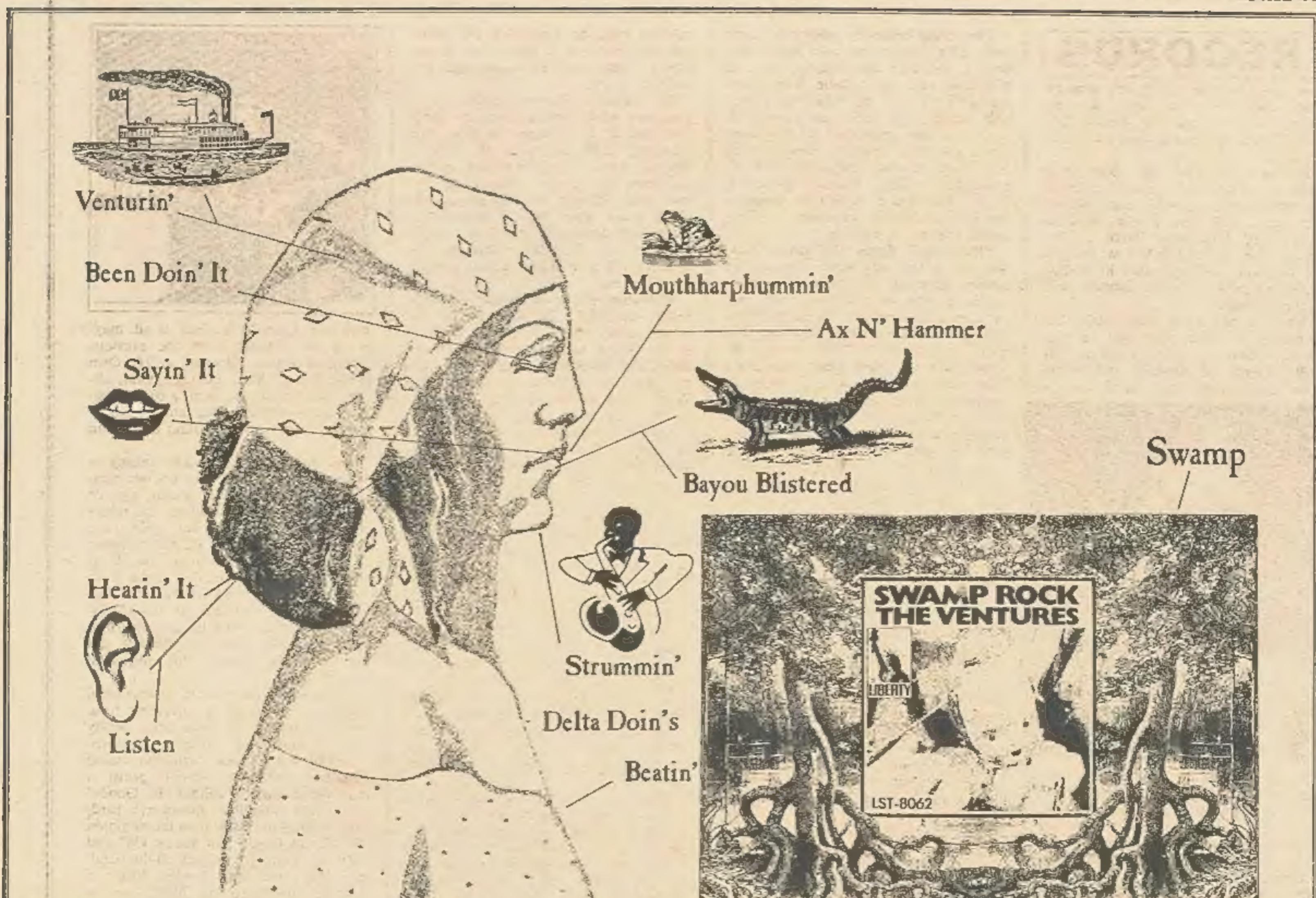
In the Court of the Crimson King, King Crimson (Atlantic SD 8245)

There are certain problems to be encountered by any band that is consciously avant-garde. In attempting to sound "farout" the musicians inevitably impose on themselves restrictions as real as if they were trying to stay in a Top-40 groove. There's usually a tendency to regard weirdness as an end in itself, and excesses often ruin good ideas. Happily, King Crimson avoids these obstacles most of the time. Their debut album drags in places, but for the most part they have managed to effectively convey their own vision of Desolation Row. And the more I listen, the more things fall into place and the better it gets.

the next ten years. They just keep producing wave after wave of fine music.

The Byrds, of course—under the aegis of McGuinn the Survivor—are renowned for a rich, thickly-textured instrumental sound and equally distinctive vocal harmony. Every new Byrds album seems a continuation of the last; few surprises occur—instead, it's just like a visit with old friends.

Steve Miller's music, in contrast, seems more jigsaw-puzzleish. Rather than the Byrds' unending stream—with the water never the same, yet always the same—Miller's albums and individual tracks seem more like a Work in Progress, little disparate pieces that fit together in odd ways, bits on a later album



RAY GRAY

The Ventures—gonna tell you all 'bout it with Carry Me Back, Honky Tonk Women, Green River, Proud Mary, Catfish Mud Dance and more on their saucy new album "Swamp Rock"

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SAN FRANCISCO

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DRUMMER, 22, wants to join or form blues-rock group. Own equip. Jim—538-5782, Hayward.

SINGER / SONGWRITER/arranger needs piano, bass & drummer. Blues, jazz & pure R&B. Equip necess. 626-8192, SF.

BASS PLAYER looking for musicians or group. Jay—851-9930, Woodside.

BEGINNING DRUMMER wanted. Must be hard core (able to relate to Chuck Berry, acid, bikes, arms & ammo. Pat Boone & other freaks you'll be playing with). Call Nels or Whacker—548-0775, Berkeley.

TEMOR & SOPRANO sax, 28, 10 yrs. exp. in No. 803 NY, seeking group to jam or gig with. Elec jazz blues, rock, back vocals, anything. Dave Sherwood—441-2214, 2400 Van Ness, SF.

DRUMMER & BASSIST wanted: very expd., heavy, sensitive, able to play real music of all kinds. Tom—843-8231, Berkeley.

LOOKING FOR authentic lead singer? Look my way. No pretenses. I can get it on. Call Sylvester George Quast—848-6890, 2001 Aliston Way No. 306, Berkeley.

WANTED: GIRL lead singer with strong voice, expd. in R&B, urban blues & rock for estab. working recording group. 828-1490, SF.

HORN SECTION, tight, together & expd. in rock, looking for band with same. Trombone, tenor sax/flute & trumpet. Serious. Call Rod—286-9351, San Jose.

GIBSON 125-CD for sale. \$180. Call 883-4191, eves.

HUNGRY BANDS: Some gigs will be avail. in early Jan. in PA-Stanford Community. Call Dick Caswell—327-9700, Palo Alto.

ACOUSTIC 6-STRING steel guitarist with blues/folk bkgd. wanted for an acoustic group. Flutist also wanted. Call Tom—567-9478 or Scott—564-8009, after 6 p.m., SF.

EQUIPMENT MANAGER wants job with estab. rock group. Scotty—861-6798, SF.

LEAD GUITARIST, sax & singer need expd. tasteful group. Dig Traffic, Springfield & Band. Orig. mater. David—222-4672, SF.

OSESSESSIVE, FLOATING, heavy drummer, with a free head from W. Va. seeks dedicated musicians that want to make music, not money. 19 yr. old, Pisces. Call Mo—785-5188, Cotati.

CHICKS NEEDED for chick band. Beautiful music, hard work & lots of fun. Katie or Alice—379-9024, Saratoga.

LOS ANGELES AREA

GUITARIST SEEKS female singer. Blues, ballads & rock. Digs Rush, Cocker & Neil. Keone—556-4671, LA.

MATURE, HARD-WORKING soulful drummer seeks funky serious group like Otis, Aretha, Wes Montgomery. Also seeks studio work. Joel—874-6813, Hollywood.

LEAD GUITARIST seeks work in heavy (mentally & physically) group. Anywhere, free to travel. 20 yrs. old, 8 yrs. ex. Michael—536-6042, LA.

HAMMOND ORGANIST/pianist/writer, 16, 4 years exp., seeks serious musicians for rock, blues & jazz. Deep into chords & lead. Robert—474-6479, LA.

COLLECTORS R&B & R&B for info. on new newsletter with sales, discogs & blogs write Vintage Records, Box 2144, Anaheim.

MOUNT FORMING. Want to dig on free, heavy & non-doping rhythm & bassmen. Call Bill Erwin—276-1071, LA.

FEMALE MUSICIANS needed for all-girl rock band. Write Box 972, Laguna Beach.

LYRICIST NEEDED inmed. Bob or Dick—1949½ Emerson, Hollywood.

NEW YORK AREA

GUITARIST LOOKING for gig—can handle anything from country to blues to soul. Expd. Call Eric (516) 239-3102, Long Island.

LOOKING FOR good funky hard rock band to play hip wedding, 1/31/70. Must be able to play 90% rock & 10% society wedding music, belong to 802. All you can eat & drink. Lydia—827-7791, NY, after 8 p.m.

FEMALE VOCALIST & songwriter, dependable, ideas. Wants all hell to break loose with the right group. Call Loraine—(201) 778-0877, Wallington, NJ.

ELVIS-TYPE SINGER wants to join group. Can't play instrument, but will learn if necesa. Nick—597-4364, Bronx.

GROUP HOUSE in Woodstock. 5 acres, 11 room house. Meadow, woods, 6 bedrooms, 3½ baths & large building for studio. Fireplaces. Jim Young—(914) 679-5550, Woodstock.

WE NEED great organist with own equip. call Hip Colon—491-7660, 1279 Madison, Brooklyn.

BLUES COUNTRY. Looking for group or single musicians. Play lead guitar & piano & sing. Call Elliott—(914) 664-8270, Westchester.

DRUMMER AND guitarist looking for serious musicians. Will join or help form heavy group. Funk, blues & rock with orig. style. Call Teed—(201) 861-2416, N.J., 5-7 p.m.

GUITARIST, 18, jazz and jazz rock, expd. Wants to join or collab. with similar people. Call Cliff—383-1785, c/o Castle Sound Studios, 157 Newell St., Brooklyn.

PIANIST LOOKING for folk-country-rock group of people interested in forming same. Want to do orig. mater. Carl—942-1785, NY.

YOUNG LEAD guitarist & drummer, 14-18, wanted for blues-rock group. Do some Mothers or Bonzo-type weirdness. Good voice helps. Steven—584-1323, Bronx.

LEAD GUITARIST looking for gig with heavy blues/rock group with new directions. Success-oriented. Pat—387-7304, Bronx.

GUITAR PLAYER into jazz/blues & country-rock wants good people to play with. Not necesa. for quick bread but for good music. Peter—533-2522, NY.

ELECTRIC FLUTIST into blues/jazz rock. Expd., have classical training & orig. mater. Ira—859-4397.

CREATIVITY IS godly. I play drums & I am looking for someone who can play melody. 834-0178, Brooklyn.

LEAD SINGER needed. Must play an instrum. dig harmony, rock, blues, country, anything. Tenors outasight. Robert or Nicky—834-8797, NY.

LEADER ELSEWHERE

LOOKING TO form country/jazz/blues/folk-rock group. I play 6 & 12 string keyboards, banjo & sitar. Paid my dues. To do orig. mater. In 3 or 4 part harmony. Edd—445-1563, Chicago.

CREATIVE GUITARIST & keyboard man to complete orig. group. Should be serious & ready to work hard. Stan—823-5350, Phila.

HEAVY BASSIST needs prof. rock group to live & work with. Top equip. Practice 24 hours a day. Gary Brown, 715 11th Ave. N. So. St. Paul, Mn.

GUITARIST AND drummer looking for musicians, 16-21 in Ill. & Ind. for orig. Music. Springfield & C. S. & N. No. Heavies. Contact M. Berg, 321 Lincoln Way, Dixon, Ill. or K. Teare, Box 102, Howick Hall, Muncie, Ind.

LEAD WITH 2 Marshalls & bass with 2 Acoustics going to Calif. in June. Have orig. mater. Looting for damn good drummer & lead singer with Plant/Stewart voice. Call Chuck—337-6086, Cahokia, Ill., 12 M-2 a.m.

BASS PLAYER wanted for rock/blues group forming. Many gigs set. Dan—931-9148, Cincinnati.

EXCELLENT LEAD guitarist & songwriter looking for bassist & drummer to form blues group. Neil Hackman, 8334 Ridgeway, Skokie, Ill.

LEAD GUITARIST seeks to form Zep/Who-type group in Boston area. Les Paul/Telecaster/Marshall. Joel—862-3350, Lexington, Ma.

NYC DRUMMER, 21, formerly with top East Coast group, relocating in Miami. Seeking new rock group. Ray—864-7941, Miami or Robert—251-5722, New York.

ELECTRIC BASS, 21, desires work in hard rock, folk. Very serious & creative. Can read & write music. Call Jim—237-2148, Atlanta, Ga., after 6.

ORGANIC KEYBOARD player into Procol, Band & Traffic styles wanted by orig. group. Vocal & writing ability welcomed. Peter—547-7379, Cambridge.

DRUMMER WANTS to start or join hard rock group in Stamford area. Expd. & have good equip. Bob—348-2561, Darien, Ct.

FLAMENCO GUITARISTS: interested in exchange of mater. & info. related to authentic & pure flamenco, esp. de Huelva & de Marchena. Also the accompaniment of song & dance. Ron Simpson—321-0152, 1339 E. 63rd St., Vancouver.

FRANK ZAPPA: I advocate you pick up Presley Zoom. Call John—246-4894, Portland, no collect calls.

BASS PLAYER & male vocalist needed for blues/jazz-exp. group. Must sight-read & improvise. Two Fools Kaufee Howz, 1315 Loyola Ave., Chicago.

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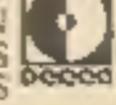
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